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IRISH

TOURS IN IRELAND;

OR,

Guides

TO THE

LAKES OF KILLARNEY;

THE

COUNTY OF WICKLOW;

AND THE

GIANTS CAUSEWAY.

BY

THE REV. G. N. WRIGHT, A. M.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAPS; AND ENGRAVINGS, AFTER DRAWINGS BY GEORGE PETRIE, ESQ.

London:
PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

1823.

Engraved by G. Cooke from a Drawing by G. Petrie for the Guide to Killarney.

Printed by
R. Pannem.

TURK LAKE, from the ascent to MANGERTON.

Pub. by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, London, May 1822.

A

GUIDE

TO THE

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH there have been published many picturesque and poetic descriptions of the sublime scenery of Lough Lein, not a single *Guide* or *Directory* for Visiters has yet seen the light. The earliest and most original work upon the subject, is Bushe's Hibernia Curiosa, written at a period (1764) when the intercourse between Dublin and the distant counties of Ireland was much restricted, and attended with difficulty and expense; when the remote parts of the kingdom were imperfectly known, and shamefully misrepresented. In the present very improved state of society, and with such facility of communication as now exists in this country, the Hibernia Curiosa can hardly be expected to preserve the character of being a work either of information in matters of research, or of utility as a directory for Travellers. Sir R. C. Hoare has very briefly, but with the hand of a master, touched upon the enchanting

scenery of this admired spot. The few pages he has written are the result of learning, taste, and observation.

Mr. Young and Mr. Curwen have introduced brief, but interesting sketches of Killarney, in their agricultural tours of Ireland; and Smith, in his inimitable History of the County of Kerry, speaks of the Lakes, Islands, Monasteries, &c. of this very romantic spot, in a manner highly creditable to his talents as an historian, and has given an imperishable record of the original importance of this neighbourhood in a civil and ecclesiastical point of view. Such a series of county histories as these of Smith, would greatly contribute to establish the past and present importance of Ireland as a kingdom; and to patronize and encourage such a work, would immortalize the character of the Royal Dublin Society, and vindicate the Irish from the imputation of being deficient in that national feeling, on which their neighbours of North Britain so greatly pride themselves.....

To speak, then, more immediately of the tourists who have written upon the scenery of Lough Lein,—Mr. Holmes is the author of a very pleasing and instructive Tour through the South of Ireland, into which he has introduced a true and accurate, but too concise account

of Killarney and its adjacent scenery. There is, besides, a work of infinitely higher character upon this subject, now some years before the public, containing considerable local knowledge, and manifesting a variety of information on matters of general interest,—we allude to Weld's Illustrations. It contains also an historic and general account of Kenmare and Bantry; yet, although an extremely interesting and useful work for the residents of Kerry, it does not point out what measures the Tourist is to adopt, the moment he arrives at the Inn in Killarney, and at each subsequent period of his stay.

It is in this latter capacity, viz. of a *Guide* to the different objects of curiosity and amusement, that the present little publication is offered to the world. It professes to afford every necessary direction to the Tourist whose object is to visit the Lakes of Killarney, and their surrounding beauties: it points out the time required, the modes of conveyance, the inns on the road, and the probable expense: it treats of the Natural, Civil, and Ecclesiastical History, of the various productions of Nature and remains of Art; and concludes with such directions as will enable the expert Tourist to dispose of his time so judiciously, that the scenery and phenomena of Killarney may be perfectly viewed and admired in a tour of either three or two days, or even of one. In

the concluding pages will be found a list of all the Islands, to which names have been appropriated, and the heights of the surrounding Mountains.

The Author of the present Volume, then, professes to be without a rival; for this reason, that none of his predecessors have been content to appear in a less dignified character than that of Historian, Tourist, &c. while he will rest satisfied, and consider the ends of his labour fully accomplished, if he shall prove a useful or entertaining companion to the visiter, even in the humble, unaspiring character of a *Guide*.

Dublin, March 30th, 1822.

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GUIDE

TO THE

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Road from Cork to Killarney.

THE Town of Killarney is situated in the barony of Magunihy in the county of Kerry, at a distance of 167 miles, three furlongs, from Dublin, by the Cork road, and 162 miles, six furlongs, by the Limerick road, (by way of Tarbert.) The inconvenience attending the journey from Limerick to Tralee generally deters the tourist from venturing by that route, whilst on the other hand, the extreme facility and convenience of travelling on the Cork road, would induce it to be preferred, although the advantage in the actual number of miles might be in favour of the former. Supposing, then, that the traveller has reached Cork by the usual mode of conveyance, the mail, he will there find a coach ready to start at six the following morning for Tralee, by way of Killarney. The Town of Killarney is but forty-five miles and one furlong from Cork, and as the coach starts at so early an hour,

the journey is made totally in day-light. The intervening country does not possess many attractions of a picturesque description, but its vicinity to the interesting scenery of Lough Lein, renders it an anxious drive; at every step, some remarkable remnant of the strength, or ancient splendour, of the feudal castles, and many a venerable monastic pile, excite attention and awaken curiosity. At the distance of four miles and six furlongs from Cork, upon the south side, stands the Castle of Ballincolly; it is a large square building, on the summit of a natural eminence of rock, rising perpendicularly in the centre of an extensive plain, in which not another hill, mound, or elevated spot of any sort is to be seen. From its situation it must have been impregnable; the out-works and flanking towers, besides much of the castle, are in a tolerable state of preservation. The Barretts, an ancient and illustrious family, were the proprietors of this noble castle; the last of these, William Barrett, being concerned in the Earl of Desmond's rebellion, submitted to the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1600. Its estimation, as a place of strength, may be gathered from this, that Cromwell constantly kept troops here, and it was also garrisoned in the wars in James the Second's time.

On the other side of the road, on the banks of the Lee, is an extensive barrack, with a powder-mill attached to it; but both these are in a great measure disused since the termination of the continental wars.

Within a short distance of Ballincolly, stand the Castle and Abbey of Kilcrea; the former is in a ruinous condition, but the abbey and steeple are still sufficiently perfect to gratify curiosity, the barbicans, platform and fosse still remaining. The monastery was founded in

the year 1456, under the invocation of St. Brigid, by Crò-mac M'Carthy, the Great Prince of Desmond, who was murdered by his brother Owen, and was interred in the centre of the choir, in 1494, as the inscription on his monument testifies.* The quantity of human skulls and bleached bones, strewn amongst the ruins, sufficiently declare the veneration in which the abbey grounds have always been held as a cemetery. The nave and choir are still standing, and there is a very beautiful arcade of three pointed arches, supported by massive pillars of marble, still remaining on the south side of the nave. In the choir are several tombs of the Clancartys and Barretts, whose families have always resisted the total demolition of the castle and abbey. The steeple is only eighty feet in height, nor does it appear to have ever been more lofty; it stands between the nave and choir, and rests on pointed arches.

The approach to the abbey is really terrific and appalling, and cannot fail to excite the consideration of a future state, in the most unfeeling, obdurate, and unbelieving minds. A long narrow passage is enclosed by high walls, entirely composed of human skulls and bones, cemented by moss; the gloom and desolation are increased by the shade of a range of lofty oaks, which are at a sufficient distance to produce an awful gloominess, without relieving the deadly, melancholy, despondence, by an interposing contrast even of vegetable life. There is an old wooden cross, at the termination of the avenue, which has not yielded to the pelting of the pitiless storm during a lapse of two centuries and upwards. This

* See Ulster Annals, MSS. Trin. Coll. Dub.: also MSS. in Marsh's Library, and the Monasticon Hib.

valley of death is watered by the river Bride, which, flowing tranquilly by the abbey, winds towards the north, and falls into the Lee.

At the dissolution of religious houses in Ireland, the lands of this abbey were granted to Lord Muskery, but, after the wars of 1641, Oliver Cromwell bestowed them upon the Lord Broghil. In these wars the castle and abbey were much injured, but were afterwards repaired by Captain Wm. Bayley. Ware says, the Roman Catholics repaired the abbey in 1604.

Near the junction of the Bride and Lee stand the Church and Village of Ovens.* Here is an extraordinary cave, beneath a limestone arch; in some places it is upwards of twenty feet high, in others, not more than six; there are numerous diverging corridors within about twenty yards from the entrance, some of them returning back into the cave, and others continuing to a length as yet unascertained. Strangers should be extremely cautious of venturing into this Cretan labyrinth, without such a clue as Ariadne gave to Theseus, for the guides are not at all acquainted with the intricacies of this subterranean wonder. The sides and roof are covered with a stalactical matter, or gypsum, which is a most efficacious cement. Persons are said to have proceeded for a quarter of a mile, or upwards, into this grotto in safety, and the peasantry about the village assert, that it reaches as far as Gill-Abbey, near Cork.

Several other castles are seen, but at distances too great from the highroad to admit of being visited, unless by residents in the neighbourhood; amongst them are Crookstown, Inch, and Kilcowra. Near Crookstown, on the

* Perhaps a corruption of Owens.

south, lies Rye-court, the seat of Colonel Rye. The next village of consequence is Macroom, fourteen miles, two furlongs, from Ballincolly, and nineteen miles from Cork. The Castle of Macroom, the seat of R. Hedges Eyre, Esq. is a stately building, modernised. It was at first built by the Carews, shortly after the English conquest, though its erection is also attributed to the Daltons. It was repaired and beautified by Teig Macarty, who expired there in 1563, and who was father of the celebrated Lord Muskery mentioned by Camden. The late Earls of Clancarty rebuilt and altered it, after its destruction by fire in the wars of 1641. When Dean Swift visited this country, he expressed the warmest admiration of this castle and demesne; and in one of its apartments was born the famous Admiral Sir William Pen.* The Roman Catholic Chapel of Macroom is also worth visiting.

At a little distance to the south is seen the Castle of the Two Views; farther on, Drishane Castle, the seat of Captain Wallace; and Mount Leader, the seat of —— Leader, Esq. Mill-street, the next post town, is ten miles and two furlongs from Macroom; it consists of but one street, and could afford but wretched accommodation to travellers. From Mill-street to Killarney, sixteen miles, two furlongs, the road winds through a dreary, desolate wild of heath and moss.

On the left, the mountains gradually raise their lofty heads, and indicate the approach to scenes of a far different character; a long range of continuous hills extends from the boundary of the County of Cork to the Lakes

* For many more extremely interesting anecdotes relative to this ancient building, the reader is referred to the Pacata Hibernia.

of Killarney: two of these hills, called the Paps, are particularly remarkable for the regularity of their convex or conical form; these are connected with the hills of Glan Flesk, which overhang O'Donohoe's country; and in the midst of this pathless waste, stands the castle of this once illustrious chieftain, still preserving the appellation of O'Donohoe's Castle. Adjacent to these mountains is the stupendous Mangerton, sullenly over-looking his less important neighbours. The approach to the town of Killarney increases henceforth in interest, in beauty, and in grandeur, at every step; Mr. Colesman's Castle, in a most conspicuous and commanding situation, first attracts the attention; and Mr. Cronan's (the Park) is a very beautifully situated demesne.

By the arrangement lately adopted, the coach from Cork arrives at Killarney for dinner.

Town of Killarney.

The Town of Killarney consists of two principal streets, called the Old and New Streets; it was first brought into notice as a place of trade, by the iron-works in its vicinity; and the improvements effected by the encreased expenditure, while the mines were worked, are still obvious in the comfortable appearance of the town in general.

There are three tolerable inns, two in the main street, nearly opposite the church, and the Kenmare Arms in New-street. The most agreeably situated is that immediately opposite to the church. Near this inn is a public reading-room, to which strangers are politely invited,

by a singular advertisement upon the door, stating, that "None but Members, or Strangers are admitted." The church contains a few handsome monuments, has a pretty specimen of stained glass in the eastern window, and is in excellent repair. The exterior has been so much altered from the original elevation, that it is a continued succession of contradictions to all the laws of architecture.

The Roman Catholic Chapel stands in New-street, and beside it is the residence of the Titular Bishop. Shaded by a screen of arbutus, laurels, and jessamines, trained against the chapel-wall, is a very attractive inscription, upon a beautifully-designed, and well-executed monument. A marble urn, partly concealed by a funeral pall, rests upon a sarcophagus, whose pannel bears the following beautiful and pathetic epitaph:—

Entombed
Near this Monument, lie the Remains
Of the Right Reverend Gerald TAHAN,
Doctor of the Sorbonne, and R. C. Bishop of Kerry;
His Doctrine and his Life reflected credit on each other.
In him were blended
The easy politeness of a Gentleman,
With the purest principles of a Christian.
Given to hospitality, gentle, sober, just, holy, continent,
His charity was diffusive and exemplary.
The Patron and Protector of Honourable Merit,
He was learned without ostentation,
And religious without intolerance.
His affable manners and instructive conversation
Charmed every ear, and vanquished every heart.
To perpetuate the memory of so beloved a character,
His mourning Friends have erected this Monument,
A frail memorial of their veneration for his virtues,
And a faint testimony of their grief for a misfortune,
Alas! indelibly engraved upon their hearts.
He died the fourth day of July, 1797, aged 54 years.

This very feeling composition was written by a clergyman of the Established Church. There is a nunnery

also in this street, and a very numerous school of poor children in that by which the Cork mail enters.

The Mansion of Lord Kenmare is hardly worth the attention of strangers: it is an old-fashioned fabric, indifferently furnished, placed on a flat, marshy plain, enclosed by full-grown trees, planted in the formal, tasteless, manner of the days of Charles II. By means of underwood, hedges, walls, &c., every prospect, however trifling, of mountain or lake, is totally excluded from the front of the house, and at the rear is an extensive strait terrace that is protected by a deep fosse, and from which only a glimpse of the mountains can be caught.

The hall of his lordship's house is flagged with very beautiful marble, raised on the lands of Cahernane, and at either end are busts of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, and Field Marshal Blucher. The ball-room is the largest apartment in the house; the walls are hung with tapestry of rather inferior merit to that at Kilkenny Castle, or Tyrone House, in Dublin; in this room is a table made of a single plank of yew, more than three feet broad. Over the chimney-piece is an admirable painting of Apollo crowning Handel. On the principal staircase stands an admirable bust of the late Henry Grattan, by Turnerelli, and another of George II. In the attic story is a private chapel for the celebration of divine service, according to the rights of the Roman Catholic Church.

The gardens of Kenmare House, which are separated from the lawn by the Mucruss road, are new, and in excellent order, but derive no advantage from their vicinity to the enchanting scenery of Lough Lein. His Lordship has now (1822) been absent from Ireland about

eight years, and the management of his estate is intrusted to his agent, Mr. Galway, who resides in the town of Killarney.

The first thing to be resolved upon, on arriving at the inn, is the route that is to be adopted for the following day. If it be the Gap of Dunloe, horses are to be provided, which are to be had here on much more reasonable terms than in Westmoreland; but if the intention be to visit the Lake, the cockswain who steers the boat, the bugle-man, gunner, &c., are to be sent for, and directed to be in readiness. And here certainly the most disgraceful circumstance connected with a visit to the Lakes of Killarney is discovered: the hire of a boat is a very extravagant sum in the first instance, but this the cockswain, or boatmen, cannot interfere with, the boats being the property of Lord Kenmare, from one of whose stewards they are procured; but, in addition, the boatmen and cockswain (five persons at least) are to be paid two shillings each for their labour, a bottle of whiskey a man, with dinner for the entire party, including a bugle-man and fisherman. How different from the modest charges of Derwent and Windermere! The boats are large, convenient, and in excellent order, but without cushions.

The greatest inconvenience, however, chargeable upon Killarney, is the distance of the town from the Lake. It was not possible to have fixed, in all the neighbourhood, upon a worse situation for the site of a village; the back of the houses are turned towards the Lake, the view of which is totally excluded by Lord Kenmare's woods, and but for the supply yielded by a few wells, there would not be any fresh water in the village, although there are rivers at a short distance on every side. It is very unpleasant to have a mile of uninteresting road to pass every

morning before reaching Ross Bay, but this is actual pleasure compared with the annoyance of having the same road to return at night, after the fatigue of ten or twelve hours exercise, and probably drenched by the breakers, if the weather should be stormy. Here again the English Lakes have the advantage in accommodation for travellers, which he who has visited Coniston Head, the Ferry House, or Lowood upon Windermere, will acknowledge.

Had the town been built at the mouth of the River Flesk, and a handsome building erected for the accommodation of strangers, there would not have been room for so much complaint as there is at present. Mr. Arthur Young, who visited Killarney in 1776, writes on this point as follows:—"Before I quit it, I have one other observation to make, which is relative to the want of accommodation and extravagant expense of strangers residing at Killarney. I am surprised some one, with a good capital, does not procure a large well-built inn, to be erected on the immediate shore of the Lake, in *an agreeable situation,* at a distance from the town; there are very few places where such an one would answer better; there ought to be numerous and good apartments; a large rendezvous-room for billiards, cards, music, dancing, &c., to which the company might resort when they chose it; an ordinary for those that liked dining in public; boats of all sorts, nets for fishing, and as great a variety of amusements as could be collected, especially within doors; for the climate being very rainy, travellers wait with great impatience in a dirty, common inn, which they would not do, if they were in the midst of such accommodations as they meet with at an English spa. Then strangers would not view it post-haste, and

fly away the first moment to avoid dirt and imposition." Mr. Young did not thus write from personal ill-treatment, as the hospitality of Colonel Herbert prevented the necessity of subjecting himself to inconveniencies, which he regretted on the account of others.

Let us now return to the visiter, for whom we are more sincerely interested; should his intention be to remain any length of time at Killarney, we hope he will find our Guide useful both as an index to the picturesque scenes, and as a record of ancient historical facts connected with the County of Desmond. But, if the duration of his visit be limited to a short period, he will find, at the end of this little epitome, directions which will point out the most economic disposition of time, and the most comprehensive routes.

LOWER LAKE.

Ross Island,

Which is the most considerable of those in the Lower Lake, containing about eighty plantation acres, is connected by a causeway and bridge with the main land: in summer, the morass, separating the Island from the continent, is completely dry; but in winter, Ross becomes again perfectly insulated. On this Island, or rather Peninsula, stands Ross Castle, which held out so obstinately under Lord Muskery, in 1652, against the English, commanded by General Ludlow. Upon the 26th of July in that year, at Knockniclachy, in the county of Cork, a battle was fought between Lord Muskery, at the head of the Irish, and the Lord Broghil, commander of the English forces,

in which the former were defeated with great slaughter, and Colonel Mac-Gillicuddy, a native of Kerry, and greatly beloved by the Irish, slain. Upon this defeat, Lord Muskery withdrew to Ross Castle, whither he was followed by General Ludlow, with a body of 4,000 foot and 200 horse.* This experienced officer and upright statesman thus describes the siege of Ross Castle:—

"In this expedition I was accompanied by the Lord "Broghil, and Sir Hardress Waller†, Major-general of "the foot. Being arrived at this place, I was informed "that the enemy received continual supplies from those "parts that lay on the other side, and were covered with "woods and mountains; whereupon I sent a party of "two thousand foot to clear those woods, and to find out "some convenient place for erecting a fort, if there "should be occasion. These forces met with some "opposition; but at last they routed the enemy, killing "some, and taking others prisoners: the rest saved "themselves by their good footmanship. Whilst this "was doing, I employed that part of the army which "was with me in fortifying a neck of land, where I "designed to leave a party to keep in the Irish on this "side, that I might be at liberty, with the greatest part "of the horse and foot, to look after the enemy abroad, "and to receive and convoy such boats and other things "necessary as the commissioners sent us by sea. When "we had received our boats, each of which was capable "of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered "one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to "find out the most convenient place for landing upon the

* Ludlow's Memoirs, Vol. 1. p. 415.

† One of the Judges of King Charles 1st.

"enemy; which they perceiving, thought fit, by a "timely submission, to prevent the danger that "threatened them; and having expressed their desires "to that purpose, commissioners were appointed on both "parts to treat."

The garrison of Ross Castle was greatly intimidated and urged to a surrender by the appearance of an armed vessel floating on Lough Lein; for there was a prophecy amongst the inhabitants, that the Castle would not be taken until a vessel of war was seen to swim upon the Lake. The influence of forebodings on the ignorant mind, in the hour of danger, has long been known and practised: the noble Brutus was not above the terrors of a midnight apparition at Philippi; and Shakspeare, who understood human nature perfectly, bestows upon his Caledonian hero not only a charmed life, but renders him invincible till "Birnam's wood should come to Dunsinane." The fact is, that nothing would have been more improbable than that a ship of war should ever have appeared upon the Lake of Killarney, and, had it not been for the unerring energy of Ludlow in the discharge of his trust, the long boats sent by the parliament to Castlemain, had never been hauled up shallow streams, and carried over rugged tracts of land.

After one fortnight's debate, says Ludlow, articles were agreed upon, by which it was settled that the estates of the Irish should be at the mercy of the parliament; that no promise was given relative to the exercise of their religion; and that exceptions should be made in the case of those who had murdered any of the English; besides other articles, the same as were granted in the treaty of Leinster; for the performance of all which, Sir Daniel O'Bryan and Lord Muskery's son

were delivered up, as hostages, to Ludlow. The surrender of this castle terminated hostilities in Munster, and induced about five thousand of the Irish to lay down their arms. The conditions of the treaty of Ross Castle were accurately fulfilled by parliament, by which Lord Broghil was granted £.1000 yearly, out of the estates of Lord Muskery.

The castle, which was built by the family of O'Donoghoe-Ross,* is now an important ruin, standing upon a rock: it consists of a lofty, square building, with embattled parapets, formerly enclosed by a curtain wall, having round flankers at each corner, the ruins of which are yet visible. The interior possesses some extremely-well-proportioned apartments, and from the battlements may be had a most extensive panoramic view of Mangerton, Turk, Glenà, and all the surrounding scenery. A small building has been erected against one of the side walls of the castle, for the accommodation of an officer and company of men, which does not harmonize very well with the general character of the scene, and is particularly hurtful to the eye in looking from Inisfallen towards Mangerton. There is a governor also on the establishment of Ross Castle; and a garrison was kept here in 1690, in the wars between William and James. (See Articles of Limerick.)

The Island of Ross is of considerable extent, and though the woods were cut down in 1803, they have sprung up again sufficiently high to upbraid their destroyer and delight the admirer of the beauties of Nature. On Ross Island are to be found great varieties of trees and plants, oaks, yews, &c. Amongst the plants are the spleen-

* So called to distinguish them from that of O'Donoghoe-More.

Engraved by T. Barber from a Drawing by J. Petrie for the Guide to Killarney.

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ROSS CASTLE.

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wort, the true-love or one berry, which the peasantry make use of as an excellent alexipharmic in malignant fevers; the tutsan or park-leaves, which is supposed to possess vulnerary and balsamic powers; the raspberry-tree; the common mother-thyme; the service-tree, &c.

Besides the beauty which Nature has so bountifully scattered over the surface of this Island, she has buried immense treasures in its bosom. Here lead and copper are to be had in great abundance, and though the working of the mines is discontinued, yet it is rather for want of capital in the proprietors, than from a deficiency of ore. These mines were worked at a very early period, and some of the rude implements used for breaking down the ore, are to be found on the Island; they are large oval stones, quite smooth, and round the centre of each is a mark, evidently caused by the fastening on of a convenient handle; they are called by the country people "Dane hammers," a belief still existing that they were formerly used by those invaders. Besides the various ores, there is a vein of tolerably rich marble in the centre of the Island, used frequently by the peasantry for tomb-stones, which they seldom omit placing over the remains of their relatives.

The shores of Ross Island are beautiful and interesting in the extreme, being deeply indented and possessing endless variety of commanding promontory, and retiring bay; the rocks along its margin are worn into the most fanciful shapes, for every group of which the helms-man is supplied with an appropriate appellation; the most aptly denominated are those to be seen in passing from Ross Bay to Inisfallen, called the Books.

Immediately opposite the little wharf, erected for convenience of strangers embarking, is Lord Kenmare's boat-

house, where a number of large boats, in excellent order, are sheltered and preserved for the public use; the deep water, at that side of the bay, being the most desirable for lying in. Near the boat-house is a spot from whence the effect of a bugle, with the mouth directed to Ross Castle, infinitely exceeds any other echo to be met with about the Lakes; the first echo is returned from the Castle, the second from the ruined Church of Aghadoe, the third from Mangerton, and afterwards innumerable reverberations are distinguished, which appear like the faded brilliancy of an extremely multiplied reflexion, lost by distance and repetition.

Nature seems to have been more playful in the production of echoes than in most other subjects of natural history; there is hardly any part of her works, for which some satisfactory theory cannot be adduced, save this. Lord Bacon has written several popular articles upon the reflexion of sounds, in his Centuries of Natural History; and Matthew, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, has rendered greater service to this branch of Philosophy than any of his learned predecessors, (see Young on Sounds.) The Lakes of Killarney are particularly calculated to produce reflexions of sound, from the height of the mountains, and the expanse of water; for water assists the delation of echo, as well as that of original sounds: if a few syllables be uttered in a soft tone over a well of great depth, the water returns an audible echo. Besides having the advantage of an expanse of water, with a tranquil surface, such as Lough Lein possesses in a mild summer's evening, the Castle is situated in the *centre* of an amphitheatre of mountains, which is also the most advantageous for the production of echo, and the obstruction of the sound by hills at different distances, situated as it

were in the peripheries of a series of concentric circles, is consequently adapted to the creation of numerous reflexions. For these reasons it is, that the return of sound from Ross Castle, at evening time, will be found more curious than in any other situation about the Lakes, contrary to the general belief, and of this the tourist can satisfy himself by experiment. Lord Bacon mentions (Cent. iii. 249.) an instance of sixteen repetitions of the voice in the ruined church of Pont-Charenton, on the Seine, near Paris; it was here that intelligent scholar discovered the inability of an echo to return the letter S, for having pronounced the word *Satan*, the echo replied *ba t'en*, which in French signifies '*away!*' from this extraordinary coincidence, the Parisians concluded that some guardian spirit prevented the walls of the sacred edifice from pronouncing the name "Satan."

O'Donohoe's Prison.

Leaving Ross Bay, the Lower Lake expands itself in glorious majesty; the promontories of Ross Island to the left of the fore-ground, O'Donohoe's Prison and Inisfallen to the right, and immediately opposite, but at a distance of about two miles, Tomies and Glenà mountains, rise in the most abrupt, bold, precipitous manner from the surface of the waters, having their bases thickly wooded with oaks and hollies. O'Donohoe's Prison is a perpendicular rock, thirty feet above the general surface of the waters; it does not appear to be covered by a coat of earth sufficient to give nutriment to

the smallest plant, yet upon its very summit, shooting from the fissures of the rock, the arbutus, ash and holly may be seen, adorned with the most luxuriant foliage. The tradition relative to O'Donohoe states him to have been a man of gigantic stature, warlike boldness, and great bodily strength: upon this rock the most obstinate of his enemies were doomed to perish by cold or famine, or were bound in fetters until they acknowledged submission to his will. His native historians relate, that being pursued by a number of enemies, upon one occasion, his charger, in attempting to cross a morass, sunk below the saddle bow, upon which the Herculean rider dismounted, and, placing a stone under each of his feet, pulled his gallant steed completely out by the ears. The shade of O'Donohoe,* say his traditionary biographers, still haunts the scenes of his former greatness, and is seen moving on the surface of the waters at particular periods; the memory of his snow-white steed is perpetuated by a rock, not unlike a horse drinking, near the shores of Mucruss, which preserves the name of O'Donohoe's horse. The sole surviving heir of this distinguished family is a minor, at present educating at a public seminary; his mother, who resides in the village of Killarney, is universally distinguished by the appellation of "The Madam," as a mark of respect to the matron of the family.

To the north of O'Donohoe's Prison are Herron and Lamb Islands, and to the west, Brown or Rabbit Island: this last is only remarkable for its quarries of limestone, which are worked for the purposes of manuring land: latterly the trees have grown up so much on this

* For the legend of O'Donohoe, see the Poem of Killarney.

once desolate waste, that it considerably relieves the monotonous character of the northern extremity of the Lake. Not far from Ross Island, and between it and Inisfallen, is a little rock, crowned with rich foliage, which, from its diminutive appearance, is called Mouse Island.

Inisfallen Island.

More to the west is seen the Island of Inisfallen, a fertile and enchanting spot, containing eighteen acres of land, and richly clothed with wood. There are only two landing-places, although the shore is indented by numerous sinuosities, owing to the shallows on one side, and the bold rocks on the other: however, a convenient mole for disembarking has been erected at one of them, and Nature has provided accommodation for the visiter at the other. The view of Inisfallen, on the approach from any side, is of a totally different character from that of any other island on the lake; it impresses the visiter with an idea of luxuriance, comfort, and tranquillity; the surface of the glebe is spread with the brightest verdure, over which flourish, in rich foliage, the greatest possible varieties of trees and shrubs. Groups of lofty oaks fling their arms over the sward beneath, and the intervals between them are generally occupied by various shrubs, so that only an occasional glimpse is permitted, through the woods, of the Lake and distant mountains; occasional openings are left, where the richest imaginable pasture is unfolded, beautified by an undulating surface, and embosomed in sylvan scenery. In walking round the island,

the variety to be met with in so small a compass almost exceeds belief, and delights the admirer of the soft, the beautiful, and the gentle in Nature, to ecstasy. Here a forest scene, in whose centre stands the royal oak; a little farther, trees of less commanding, but not less beautiful aspect, present themselves. The loftiest trees enclose and shelter occasional lawns, affording the richest pasturage, while the smaller shrubs crowd so closely together, as to form an impenetrable barrier. In some places gleams of light pour through the thickening shade, and enliven the retirement of the interior; and again, an opening to the Lake recals the idea of the watery boundaries, which here seclude us so completely from the scenes of the busy world, and induce us to reflect upon our remoteness from the haunts of men. The very trees, in their rarity of species and form, appear to rival the surface of the island itself; a gradually ascending hill sinks into a pleasing vale, and this swelling and undulation of the surface, which art has never been able to effect, exists in such pleasing variety, that the imagination of the artist could not conceive, nor his pencil execute, more varied slopes, more gently falling declivities, or more pleasing inequalities on the face of a landscape.

Oak, ash, alder, holly, both bald and prickly, with the arbutus, grow spontaneously and luxuriantly in every part of the island; the service (or Sorbus) tree, is also to be found here.—Smith (in his History of Kerry) seems to think that these trees were planted by the monks of Inisfallen, contrary to the general opinion of the natives, who finding them to be the production of *every other island* equally, conclude they are the natural product of the soil.

In one part of the island a holly is shown, the circum-

ference of whose stem measures fourteen feet; in another place, a large hawthorn has made its way completely through the centre of a monumental stone in the vicinity of the monastery. At the northern extremity of the island stands a crab-tree, in the trunk of which is a large oblong aperture, called the "eye of the needle;" the guide, who points out this phenomenon, never fails to recommend ladies to pass through it, in consequence of a certain charm which he assures them this adventure will call into action. At the most remote extremity of the island, a projecting rock, overshadowed by an aged yew, is designated the "bed of honour:" this distinguished appellation is commemorative of a visit paid to this spot by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, when chief Governor of Ireland. There are now (1822,) six persons residing upon the island, who tend the cattle sent there to fatten; four head of black cattle and forty sheep are grazing on the little lawns scattered amongst the woods, for the soil has long been celebrated for its exuberance. Bush, in his* Hibernian Curiosa, asserts that "the fat of a beast, in a few weeks feeding on the herbage of Inisfallen, will be converted into a species of very marrow, even too rich for the chandler's use, without a mixture of a grosser kind;" and though this may be an exaggeration, it is generally stated by the inhabitants as a peculiarly rich pasturage.

Not far from the harbour, where visiters generally land, are the ruins of an ancient monastery, founded by

* The Hibernia Curiosa contains the first description of Killarney ever published; and though there are numerous absurdities in it, yet there is also much truth and acuteness of observation: modern tourists have drawn largely upon this small work, without the candour to acknowledge it.

St. Finian Lobhar, (or the Leper,) the son of Alild, King of Munster, and disciple of St. Brendan, towards the close of the sixth century. In the year 640, St. Dichull was abbot, who, with his brothers Munissa and Nerlugis, were worshipped by the votaries at Inisfallen, and the island was then called Inis-Nessan or Inis-Mac-Nessan, *i. e.* the island of the sons of Nessan, from Nessan, the father of Dichull. St. Finian founded also the abbey of Ardfinnan, in the county of Tipperary, which takes its name from this saint, who was buried at Cluanmore Madoc, in Leinster, in an abbey also founded by him. He died on the second of February, though his festival is observed on the sixteenth of March.* The name Inis-Nessan has been rejected for its present very appropriate designation, Inisfallen, *the beautiful or healthy island*, or Inisfaithlen, *the island in the beautiful lake;* this lake is called by Colgan, Lough Lein, and the Lake of Desmond, indiscriminately. The latter name was borrowed from the Earls of Desmond, once petty Princes in Kerry, but whose greatness has long since gone by.

After the Abbacy of Dichull, a considerable *hiatus* occurs in the annals, and neither abbot nor occurrence is registered until 1180, if we except the name of one Abbot, Flannan; "at this period," says Archdall, "this Abbey being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of its clergy: notwithstanding which, the Abbey was plundered by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donaghoe; many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the M'Carthys: but God soon punished this act of impiety

* See Colgan's Acta Sanctorum, March 18th, St. Finian.

and sacrilege, by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

It is said, that a collection of bones was discovered beneath the threshold of the oratory hanging over the water, which Weld supposes to have been the bones of the clergy slain by the O'Donaghoes in 1180; but why not suppose them to be rather of more recent date, *viz.* 1652, when the vicinity of Lough Lein was wasted by fire and sword, by Ludlow and the Parliament's army.

The annals are continued uninterruptedly down to 1320, but do not contain any matter of interest; M'Mugy and O'Haurehen were Abbots, immediately after the barbarous and inhuman murder of the Monks; and, "in the year 1197, in this monastery," say the annals, "on the nineteenth of December, died Gilla Patrick O'Huihair, in the 79th year of his age: he was Archdeacon of Faithlin, Superior of this convent, and the founder of many religious houses, to all of which he presented books, vestments, and all other necessary furniture; he was a celebrated poet, and was in the highest estimation for his chaste life, piety, wisdom, and universal charity." In the year 1204, the Abbot Lidga, or Nial, died of the plague; and four years after, Gillacolman O'Riadan, a reverend Priest of Cloonvama, died here, "where he passed," says the annalist, "the evening of a life, chequered by misfortune, in penitence and prayer."*

* This is the passage as Archdall has it, but the unpublished MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin, read as follow:—"Gilla Colman O'Riadan, a reverend priest of the *people* of Cloonvama, *died in Inisfaithlin a happy death, after due devotion, penance and great tribulation, and was buried there.*" This apparently trifling difference would not have been noticed, but that other parts of the annals, quoted in the Monasticon, are incorrect; which induces a supposition that Archdall did not consult the MSS. himself,

In 1320, Dermod M'Carthy, King of Desmond, who was murdered at Tralee, was interred here. The writer of the early part of the annals of Inisfallen, lived only to the year 1215, from which period to 1320 they are continued by another historian. These annals contain a history of the world from the creation to the year 430, after which they treat solely of Irish History: a perfect copy of them is preserved in the library of the Duke of Chandos, according to Bishop Nicholson, and there is an imperfect copy in the manuscript-room in the University of Dublin. The Dublin Society possess a copy of Sir James Ware's MSS. of these annals, translated by Walter Harris, the Irish antiquarian.

By an inquisition taken the eighteenth of August, in the 37th of Elizabeth, the Monks of Inisfallen appeared to be possessed of 120 acres of arable land, with four town and three plough lands, together with extensive church patronage in the county of Limerick; all which, besides the Abbey of Irrelagh (Mucruss) and its possessions, were granted to Robert Collan, for ever, in fee farm by fealty only, in common soccage, at an annual rent of 72*l.* 3*s.* sterling.

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and that there may be passages of importance altogether neglected. The nature of this work does not admit of antiquarian controversy, or display of ancient ecclesiastical knowledge, yet there is so great an *hiatus* in the annals of Inisfallen, as they appear in the Monasticon, that the opportunity of filling it up from the College MSS. which this little description affords, should not be neglected. The *hiatus* extends from 1208 to 1320. In the College MSS. we find this passage:—"1281, Murtagh O'Donagh, Archdeacon, died in Inisfaithlin, on Sunday, at night, in the feast called '*the division of the Apostles*,' chief head of all the churches and clergy of the West of Ireland, and in wealth, generosity, hospitality, learning and devotion, the blessing of all Ireland be upon his soul! God grant him eternal rewards through the intercession of the saints and angels in Heaven!"

The ruins of the Abbey are very inconsiderable, and the workmanship of what still remains, extremely rude; indeed there can be little hesitation in pronouncing the remains of the monastery, now pointed out, not to have been part of the *original* building. There was a garden attached to the monastery, and a few plum-trees are shown close to the ruined walls, which, it is supposed, were planted by the religious inhabitants of the Island; from one of the walls of the cloister a very picturesque yew shoots up. The only trace of the ancient edifices erected on this Island, which possesses the character of the architecture of those times, is an oratory, standing on a projecting cliff, at the south-eastern extremity of the island, on either side of which are the coves where strangers land. The door-case is a Saxon arch, enriched with chevron ornament, one side of which is quite perfect, and very beautiful; but the soft stone of which it was composed has yielded to the decay of a lapse of centuries. This little oratory has been fitted up, by Lord Kenmare, as a banquetting-room: in one side is placed a large bay-window, from which a delightful view may be had of Ross Island, Mucruss shore, Mangerton, Turk, and Glenà. Some have thought the oratory profaned by being repaired in its present manner; but the truth is, that had it not been converted into its present purpose, it would, like the adjacent mouldering walls of the monastery, have now been nearly level with the ground. It is not upon this point the tourist can complain of the noble proprietor, for in this he has endeavoured to preserve some remnants of the ancient greatness of Inisfallen, and to accommodate the visiter also; but it is greatly to be regretted, that the complaints of so many travellers of the neglected state of the *walks* and *lawns* of the island, should be so totally

despised as they have hitherto been. The scenery of Inisfallen is of the soft, gentle, and civilized character, in which a degree of neatness is necessary to beauty; there are scenes of wildness, sublimity, and command, where the very ruggedness of neglect and want of cultivation compose the principal and noblest features of the view; but here the walk through the grass should be cleaned and strewn with gravel taken from the shore; the briars and brambles, that are daily choking up the natural evergreens, should be removed, and *sheep alone* permitted to pasture on the lawns.

Had the noble proprietor of Inisfallen witnessed the improvements of Mr. Curwen's island on Windermere, which does not possess a moiety of the natural beauty of Inisfallen, he would perceive what can be accomplished by a man of taste, in despite of Nature, and what an enchanting and terrestrial paradise could be made of his little island, with the most trifling degree of attention to neatness. Were this accomplished, we might conclude, that if there be a spot on earth where happiness could not refuse to be a guest, it is the Island of Inisfallen.

O'Sullivan's Cascade.

Leaving the Island of Inisfallen, and sailing out into the broad expanse of waters, a grand mountain-view presents itself; Tomies and Glenà directly opposite, the group of hills closing up the entrance to the Upper Lake

adjacent to them, and Turk and Mangerton to the south. Owing to the low, swampy grounds to the east and north of the Lower Lake, and the complete absence of mountains, the remaining prospect quite fails in exciting that interest which the visiter will expect to find created by every scene in the neighbourhood of Killarney. The rising grounds of Aghadoe afford a rest for the eye, but they are too insignificant to form a back-ground to the view. The mountains of Tralee are seen at a distance, but too remote to produce any effect, save at noon or evening, when a distant outline, harmonizes beautifully with the character and colouring of the scene. Here then is the most extensive sheet of uninterrupted water amongst all the enchanting Lakes; and here the only danger in boating on them is to be apprehended, chiefly originating in the difficulty of getting under shelter with sufficient expedition, when a hurricane sweeps down the mountains' side, and rages over the surface of the waters; whereas in any other part of the Lakes, Islands are so numerous that it is hardly possible to be many minutes sail direct from land.

Steering towards Tomies Mountain, which is about one mile and a half from Inisfallen, the eye is delighted by the never-ending variety and change of scenery, momentarily occurring; at first, Tomies and Glenà appear rising abruptly from the water, half clothed with hanging woods, and rearing their naked summits to the skies; upon a nearer approach, they hide their rugged heads, and present a range of forest, nearly six miles in length, and apparently occupying the entire face of the mountains. Reaching the base of Tomies a little bay is perceived, where is a small quay of rude workmanship,

completely characteristic of the scene: on landing, a rugged pathway, along the bank of a foaming torrent, and winding through an almost impenetrable forest, conducts to the famous waterfall, called O'Sullivan's Cascade. The roaring of the torrent, dashing with violent agitation from rock to rock, kindles expectation to the highest, and the waterfall retires so far into the deep bosom of a wooded glen, that, though almost deafened by its roar, you do not catch even a glimpse, until it bursts at once upon the view.

The cascade consists of three distinct falls; the uppermost passing over a ridge of rock, falls about twenty feet perpendicularly into a natural basin beneath, then, making its way between two hanging rocks, the torrent hastens down a second precipice into a similar receptacle, from which second depository, concealed from the view, it rolls over into the lowest chamber of the fall.

Beneath a projecting rock, overhanging the lowest basin, is a grotto with a seat rudely cut in the rock.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum
——————————— vivoque sedilia saxo. Virg. *Æneid*, i. 170.

From this little grotto the view of the Cascade is peculiarly beautiful and interesting: it appears a continued flight of three unequally elevated foamy stages. The recess is encompassed by rocks, and overshadowed by an arch of foliage, so thick as to interrupt the admission of light; the height of the cascade is about seventy feet, and the body of water so considerable, that the noise soon becomes intolerable. Such a combination of circumstances can hardly fail to produce the effect of grandeur and sublimity in a very striking manner.

The stranger not unfrequently sits down to rest within the grotto of O'Sullivan, to contemplate and reflect upon the beauties and the works of Nature, and unless his nerves be of considerable strength, he may chance to be somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of visiters on each side of him; these are the inhabitants of the glens and valleys in the mountains' bosom, who, perceiving the boat making for the shore, hasten to greet the stranger in the rustic cave, and present him with the wild fruit of their happy vales.

The appellation of "*O'Sullivan*" is bestowed upon this fall, from an illustrious family of the name, who were proprietors of the barony of *Dunkerron*, formerly called O'Sullivan's country, and were styled Princes by the Irish. Of this distinguished family there were two branches, the one called M'Fineen Duff, to whom the castle of Ardea belonged, the other O'Sullivan More, proprietors of Dunkerron Castle; from the latter this cascade is most probably named.

Embarking at the rude, unfinished causeway, before mentioned, and coasting along the base of Tomies and Glenà, the scene increases in picturesque effect with every effort of the rowers: the woods of Tomies are not so luxuriant as those of Glenà, being interspersed with birch, while the oak and arbutus in the woods of Glenà enrich the view with colouring of a deeper dye.

In this voyage the deepest water is sailed over, at the bottom of which, the peasantry inhabiting the borders of the Lake assert, that a species of precious stone, called a carbuncle, is to be seen in clear weather. O'Flaherty mentions that pearls have been found in this Lake, "*Et in eo stagno margaritæ multæ reperiuntur, quas ponunt reges in auribus suis;*" latterly but few have been

found in the Lake itself, but several in the river Laune.* Irish pearls have been known and valued, according to Ware, for many centuries; in 1094, Anslem, archbishop of Canterbury, was presented with a pearl of great value, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick. In the Blackwater river, between Cappoquin and Lismore, a species of muscle is constantly found, containing a kind of seed-pearl; the country people make use of the shells as spoons. A muscle possessing excellent pearls is also found in the river Arigadeen, in the county of Cork: these fisheries were once of some value, but so many of the pearls found in the south of Ireland are of a dusky colour, and besides, they have been so successfully imitated in France, by Sieur Janin, that those of an inferior quality are not worth gathering.

Amethysts have been frequently found in the county of Kerry; the Earl of Shelbourne had some very valuable stones of this description gathered here; and the Countess of Kerry presented a necklace and ear-rings of amethysts, found near Kerry-Head, to Queen Caroline (Consort of George II.)

In coasting along the bases of the majestic Tomies and Glenà, towards the Upper Lake, several islands are passed, particularly Stag and Burnt Island, near Glenà Point, under which a narrow channel is formed by an island called Darby's Garden. The cockswain generally informs visiters, that this island was so called from an angler of that name, who addressed Lord Kenmare, as he passed in

* The similarity of proper names, in England and Ireland, has induced a strong belief of the identity of the original languages of both countries: thus the Laune is the same as Lune, which runs by Lancaster, and is pronounced Lune, by the inhabitants of Killarney. Top. Hib.

his yawl to the Upper Lake, and besought the commonage of this rock from his Lordship: but the stranger will find that much more trifling occurrences have been the occasions of naming the islands of Killarney.

Leaving Castle-Lough Bay, studded with islands, and Mucruss Promontory to the left, the usual course is under the woods of Glenà; perhaps there is scarcely any thing in the sublime, the horrible, the picturesque and beautiful, that is not illustrated in the bay of Glenà:—the majestic Turk, the gloomy Mangerton, with a continued chain of dark and lofty mountains behind them; then, the entrance to Turk Lake, and the channel to the upper, possessing beauty and variety; with the bay of Glenà, sheltered by a lofty hill, possessing the scenic character of both the others. The summit of Glenà is bare, naked, barren, wild, and rugged, while the base is clothed with a deep mass of unbroken wood, of rich and varied shades, almost dipping their foliage in the water. On the western shore of Glenà bay, stands a most singular phenomenon, thus described by Bush in his Hibernia Curiosa: "I have seen an oak, an ash, an hazel, a birch and a thorn, so incorporated into the trunk of an old lively holly, that they appeared to grow out of its very body, and to exist by feeding on its vitals." *Bush*, 145. *Holmes*, 126.

In the bay of Glenà will be found a most pleasing echo, from the impending mountains, which is much increased in strength and distinctness of articulation, by the auditor being stationed at a considerable interval from the origin of the sound. This may be readily accomplished, and to the best possible advantage, by a party, attended by two boats, having placed the bugleman in one of them, in the best position for producing an echo,

and then rowing away some distance. This echo, like all others, is much improved by the stillness of evening.

In the bay of Glenà is an excellent fishery of salmon, trout, and perch, but there are no pike in the Lake; parties intending to dine at Glenà Cottage are tolerably secure of being provided with a salmon, taken for the occasion, and drest in a very peculiar manner. The salmon fishery is let for an annual sum, on condition that the persons taking it, supply the market of Killarney, at the rate of 2*d.* per pound. The cottage of Glenà is situated at the base of the mountain of that name, sheltered by a hanging wood of oak, ash, holly, &c. and close to the margin of the lake. The most romantic disposition of mind cannot conceive, nor the most picturesque fancy sketch, a scene more beautiful, more animating, or more captivating; the cottage in the wood, at a little distance, produces ideas of comfort, neatness, beauty and happiness, but upon a nearer approach, the visiter must prepare to see, in a state of extreme neglect, a residence capable of being made one of the most enchanting cottages in the universe. The peasant who resides here has a comfortable little hut behind the cottage, and receives every stranger with courtesy and good-nature; and although the decorations of Glenà Cottage are poor and miserable, yet many happy days have been spent beneath its roof, for its visiters are so enamoured of the natural beauties of the scene, that the embellishments of art are quite forgotten.

Here the salmon, taken alive from the lake, are dressed in a most extraordinary mode, and which, though not prepossessing in appearance, will be found much so in reality. The salmon is split from head to tail, and cut into junks; these are pierced with skewers, made of

arbutus wood, stuck perpendicularly into a sod, and is thus roasted at a turf fire: the arbutus is supposed to impart a very peculiar flavour to the salmon, and the tourist should not condemn it without trial. In this cottage, in 1821, a remarkable instance occurred of the cultivation of the classics among the peasantry in Kerry; the son of the cottager, who attended at table, was admitted and introduced as a poor scholar; some of the party in the cottage addressed him in Latin, upon which he, at first, apologized for not replying in the same language, as he had not read beyond Virgil, but being pressed closely, he shortly proved himself a worthy adversary, and concluded this exhibition by capping verses with greater ease and facility than any person present.

There is a tradition prevalent in this neighbourhood, of a party of Oxford lads, who, coming to visit the Lakes, were heard to express a wish of meeting some of the gentry of Kerry, to hazard a game of capping verses, or other classical feats with them; a few young gentlemen of Killarney, who happened to be present, suggested to them the possibility of being worsted in the contest, for in that county, the very peasants spoke Latin; the Oxonians were not to be deterred, and setting out in their cabriolet next morning, arrived at a ford, where some young women were employed beetling clothes, upon whom they jocularly lavished some lines of Virgil, when, "mirabile dictu," the washerwomen replied in the same language. The Oxonians gazed on each other with surprise and dismay, and hurried along in their cabriolet as fast as their mountain shelty could move this unusual conveyance, without once reflecting upon the possibility of deception: these washerwomen being no other

than their Irish companions of the preceding evening, in female habits. The peasantry, of both sexes, are also extremely fond of dancing, and cultivate this accomplishment with extreme industry.

Before we conduct the reader beyond the confines of Glenà Bay, the joys of a stag-hunt should be described. Amongst the various phenomena, beauties, amusements, &c. to be witnessed or enjoyed at the Lakes of Killarney, tourists seem to estimate the stag-hunt as the most interesting of all. The joys of the chase were always attractive to the ancient Irish, and Bede calls Ireland, *an Island famous for stag-hunting;* but the sport thus alluded to was of a much more manly, arduous, and warlike character, than the effeminate task of participating in the prepared pageantry of a Killarney stag-hunt. Few visiters have the good fortune to be present at these amusing exploits, although any person who pleases to encounter the expense attendant upon the preparations for the hunt, need not be apprehensive of being refused permission to indulge himself and his friends with the agreeable spectacle.

After leave is granted, a considerable number of persons are employed to conduct the hounds to the appointed rendezvous, from whence they are liberated at an appointed time; some beat the wood and rouse the stag from his retreat in the thicket, while others ascend the heights to prevent his escaping to the mountain's top; although this is not much to be feared, as deer seldom run against a hill. In the mean time the spectators assemble in boats upon the Lake, and row backwards and forwards, directed by the echoes of the hunters' horns, and the baying of the hounds; during the chase amongst the woods the

pursuers submit to much fatigue, without enjoying equal gratification, as the closeness of the trees seldom gives them an opportunity of seeing the stag pursued by the dogs. Meanwhile the patience of the aquatic hunter is put to the test, being frequently obliged to remain several hours on the water, in expectation of ultimately seeing the poor tired creature leap into the deep, and seek for shelter in a distant island: the number and experience of the hunters seldom fail to conclude the chase in the expected manner, and the stag leaping into the Lake, and trying to make the opposite shore, is surrounded by the sportsmen in boats, and borne triumphantly to land.*

The species of deer, inhabiting the woods of Killarney, is called the stag or red deer; it was introduced into England from France, but appears to be an old inhabitant of this country: and, although the red deer continue wild in the Highlands of Scotland, yet those in the woods about Lough Lein are the only remaining part of the great herds that were to be found in the forests which once covered the face of this country; the few remaining in England are confined to the moors that border on Cornwall and Devonshire. Various animals are much pleased by harmonious tones, but none so completely overcome by their influence as the large stag, or red deer, as a proof of which take the following interesting anecdote from Playford's History of Music:—"As I travelled, some years since, near Royston, met a herd of stags, about twenty, on the road, following a bag-

* It would not appear to the reader that this species of stag-hunt is as laborious or dangerous as that spoken of by the venerable Bede, but the author of the Hibernia Curiosa, with his usual extravagant pourtraying, says, "there is one imminent danger that awaits the hunter, which is, that he may forget where he is, and jump out of the boat."

pipe and violin, which, while the music played, they went forward, when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court." It may be observed, that as the state of the soil is altered, either by cultivation or the course of Nature, the creatures that enjoyed its bounty, are exchanged or annihilated. The red deer, the inhabitant of the forest, disappears according as its places of shelter are removed by the agricultural innovations of man; and the fallow deer is substituted, as ministering more gorgeously to his luxurious appetites.

The wolf, once a well-known and dreaded inhabitant of Ireland, has been totally extirpated: first his retreats were destroyed, next a reward offered for his head, and the last ever taken in this kingdom, was caught in these woods. Edgar was so resolved upon destroying this hateful species of animal, that he commuted the punishments for certain crimes, upon the production of a certain number of wolves' tongues. This determined conduct soon cleared England of these blood-thirsty animals, while Ireland still continued to be oppressed and inconvenienced by their depredations; and even so late as 1710, a presentment was laid before the Grand Jury of the County of Cork, for the destroying of wolves. The Welch were also relieved from this natural grievance, by the wisdom of some of their early legislators; Camden informs us, that certain lands were held on the express condition, that the tenant should clear them of wolves; and it is an authenticated fact, that the annual tribute of gold and silver, levied upon Wales, was not unfrequently commuted for one of wolves' heads and carcasses.

Another animal peculiar to Ireland, and which abounded in this country, is the dog called by natural-

lists "the Irish greyhound," or wolf dog. Some of these noble animals, Goldsmith affirms he saw arrived at a height of four feet; and Bewick assures us it is an over-match for the mastiff or bull-dog. It resembles a common greyhound in form, but is stronger made, and was used formerly to clear the country of wolves; but its services being no longer necessary, the race became nearly extinct, along with its old and inveterate enemy; for some years since, but eight Irish greyhounds were in existence, the property of the Earl of Altamont; and, at this day, it is supposed two remain, which are in the possession of a gentleman in Dublin; but even this is erroneous, for, although these dogs greatly resemble the Canis Graius Hibernicus, they are really of a Danish breed.

It would be almost unjustifiable to overlook this opportunity of introducing a few observations upon an animal of enormous size, once also an inhabitant of this island, but of which, except the horns and bones found in the bogs in various parts of the kingdom, nothing remains to demonstrate its existence: this is the Moose Deer, of which the fossil horns and teeth have been dug up in several places. This animal has neither been perfectly classified, nor scarcely even treated of by any writer, the natural history of Ireland having been almost totally neglected.

Naturalists are not agreed to what precise class the animal, whose horns are dug up in Ireland, belongs. The conclusion to be drawn from the majority of opinions is, that they must have been those of the Moose Deer, *not the elk*. The horns are of different lengths, varying, in the chord of the antlers, from twelve to fourteen feet, and the sum of the lengths of the antlers and *os frontis*,

from fifteen to eighteen. Such an enormous weight must have required an animal of extraordinary strength and size to support it; and from this, as well as from the skeleton also dug up, it has been concluded, that the stately creature, who once bore such stupendous antlers on its head, must have been upwards of twelve feet high. The horns found, branch very differently from those of the elk; they are palmated at the upper extremity, and possess projections both on the inferior and superior processes. The extinction of this species of animal cannot, probably, be satisfactorily explained; but the following account may, perhaps, lead the reader to happier explanations of the circumstance:—In Lapland, where this animal, or certainly one approaching indefinitely near to this species, exists, a murrain, or pestilential disorder, frequently destroys the whole race in a season; yet from the connection or continuity of land, the loss is supplied by a body of migrators from a neighbouring country; supposing, therefore, a pestilence to have raged in this island, so as to cut off the remaining part of a species, already thinned by the sport of the huntsman, the discontinuity of land would prevent the possibility of a fresh supply, and thus the species would become extinct in this country for ever, and its existence ascertained, in after ages, only by the fossil horns, which may be called the medals of creation.

This conjecture is somewhat strengthened by the circumstance of several heads and antlers being discovered in the same spot, particularly those found in Mr. Osborne's orchard, at Dardistown, in the county of Meath, which were all close together, and, like all others, found deposited in a bed of marl.

A very large pair of antlers, found in the county of

Clare, by Mr. Vandeleur, was presented by his Grace the Duke of Ormond to King Charles II, and suspended in the horn-gallery at Hampton Court. Antlers of the same description were preserved in Portumna Castle, the seat of Earl Clanrickard; at Turvey, the seat of Lord Trimlestown; at Stack Allen, the seat of Lord Boyne, in the county of Meath; and at other places.

Though antlers of considerable dimensions have been dug up in other parts of Europe, yet they do not appear to be precisely the same, nor in such numbers as those found in Ireland. Fossil horns were found by Mr. Knowles, near North Dreighton, in Yorkshire, and others in the canal of Ourcq, near to Seviau, in the Forest of Bondi; but the induction from so few specimens might be very fallacious.

It is said that this animal is to be met with in Canada, and is particularly plentiful amongst the Algolquin nation, from whose language the name *Musu* is borrowed: they hunt them frequently with their canoes on the Lake, in a manner somewhat analagous to the Killarney stag-hunt*; and here it may be remarked, that the productions of Ireland, particularly those of the western coast, greatly resemble those of the Transatlantic world†.

Turk Lake.

Leaving Glenà Cottage and Bay, the Islands of Dinis and Brickeen invite our attention; these Islands separate Turk from the Lower Lake, and form narrow passages, or

* See Jocelyn's New England Rarities, and Baron Le Hontan's Voyages.
† Phil. Trans. No. 368.

canals, by which alone Turk Lake can be entered. There are passages on *both sides of Dinis* Island, and a third under Brickeen bridge. This bridge unites the extremity of the promontory of Mucruss with Brickeen Island; it consists of one gothic arch, whose altitude is seventeen feet, and span twenty-seven, and was built by the late Colonel Herbert. The most desirable entrance is by the Glenà side of Dinis Island, which, though more circuitous to navigate, is much the most beautiful, and of the most novel character. The passage is like a river enclosed by rich and verdant banks, crowned with the most luxuriant groves of various trees, close to the water's edge: it is a sylvan and aquatic scene of the most delicate and pleasing character, without any mixture whatever of the sublime or grand, but confined to the beautiful solely, and of such beauty as the eye loves to dwell upon.

After being enclosed for some short time in this enchanting and retired scene, Turk Lake suddenly appears, through a narrow vista, and produces a very singular effect by the extreme abruptness with which the view of the expanse of water breaks in upon you. The visiter should land, however, on the banks of the wooded canal, upon Dinis Island, and wander through the lawns and groves of flowing arbutus, which enrich and beautify this little Eden. The taste of the Colonel was too chaste, and his judgment too discerning, to neglect this happy little spot, so much adorned by Nature; and, having cut walks through the woods, he erected a large and comfortable cottage on a sloping lawn, looking towards Mangerton, and Turk Cottage. Here parties frequently dine, and are very comfortably accommodated, and treated with that politeness which is characteristic of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood. The banqueting-room commands

a view of the Lake from one extremity to the other, with Turk and Mangerton Mountains, and the Cottage of Turk, with its improved pleasure-grounds. Here also the visiter will have his salmon, which is perhaps some of the finest in the south of Ireland, dressed upon arbutus skewers, as at Glenà. While the passengers are engaged in wandering over the Island, or refreshing within the cottage, the boat is generally rowed to the front of the cottage in Turk Lake, where it awaits at the foot of the gently sloping bank. Coasting along the south-side of the Lake, Turk Mountain appears particularly sublime, having acquired, by proximity, that apparent height which its neighbour Mangerton denies it at a greater distance. The precipitous brow of Turk appears thickly wooded to a considerable height, and down to the very water; the Lake itself, which multiplies its forests, at the same time receives a dark and gloomy colouring from the reflection of the impending height. The opposite shore forms a striking contrast to this: there the peninsula of Mucruss is extended, elevated but a little above the Lake, and consisting of a bed of mouldering and excavated rocks, thickly covered with wood. It has been for some time in contemplation to carry the new line of road from Kenmare to Killarney, across the front of Turk Mountain, and immediately over the Lake; but this has been opposed, under the impression that it would interrupt the beauty, retirement, and tranquillity of the scene: although this appears very questionable. The new road in the vale of Avoca is an improvement to the beauty of the scenery; and how has the new line in North Wales interrupted the sublimity of that beautiful region?

At the remote or eastern extremity of the Lake, stands Turk Cottage, a private retreat of Mr. Herbert; it con-

tains several small, neat apartments, with a library of miscellaneous books. The pleasure-grounds around are highly improved, and carefully attended to.

Behind the cottage, at the distance of about a furlong, in a chasm between Turk and Mangerton Mountains, is Turk Cascade, a fall of about sixty feet, which, in rainy seasons, exhibits one continued sheet of foam, from the stage whence it shoots to the natural basin below: it is supplied from a small lake, formed in the hollow of the summit of Mangerton, called the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the rivulet is thence denominated "The Devil's Stream." This cataract, after falling into a deep and gloomy reservoir below, hurries impetuously along the bottom of a rocky glen, and passing beneath a small bridge of Gothic arches, mingles its waters with those of the lake. One side of the glen is completely perpendicular, and richly clothed with larch and fir, planted by Colonel Herbert. Owing to the extreme perpendicularity of the sides of the glen, immediately near the waterfall, the men employed in planting the firs, were obliged to be lowered by ropes from the top, carrying the young trees with them, and seeking for a bed of earth of sufficient depth to protect their roots; and in this tedious, expensive, and dangerous manner, Turk Cascade has been so improved by human aid, that the majority of strangers would prefer it to O'Sullivan's Cascade on the Lower Lake, or Derry-Cunnihy Waterfall on the Upper.

There is a bridle road leading from Turk Cottage to Mucruss House and Abbey, which is not very interesting, being overhung by the bleak brow of Mangerton; and visiters have an infinite advantage by viewing the surrounding scenery from the lake. Rowing round the

eastern extremity, there is an uninterrupted prospect of the whole of Turk Lake, which is about two miles long, and one broad; then sailing by a little embayment, in the very centre of which is a small island, the course is along the rugged shores of Mucruss Peninsula. Devil's Island and Bay particularly demand notice. The Island is a mass of rock of considerable elevation, having some shrubs upon its summit, and appears to have been thrown off from the shore of Mucruss by some convulsive shock of nature.

Coasting along the northern shore of Turk Lake, pass Brickeen Bridge, and return to the cottage on Dinis Island. A walk round this little richly-wooded spot will amply compensate the tourist, by the endless variety of scenery presented at every change of place or position, and the foliage on this island is the most luxuriant imaginable.

Passage to the Upper Lake.

Entering the river again, the navigation against the current is found very difficult; and though the visiter is completely enraptured by the pleasing character of the scenery to be met with in this watery defile connecting the Lakes, the boatmen are occupied in a very different manner, being obliged to put forth all their energies to overcome the violence of the stream. In the most rapid part of the river, not far from Old Weir Bridge, an eddy is shown, usually called O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl; it is extremely like those whirlpools near Bangor

Ferry, called the Swillies. The company generally disembark, and walk along the banks, while the boatmen draw up the boat by a rope attached to the prow. The interest of the scene is rather increased by this little interruption, and the difficulty of pushing the boat through one of the arches of Old Weir Bridge, heightens it still farther. The bridge, which consists of two arches of equal dimensions, is thrown across the stream where there is a rapid of great violence; and in returning from the Upper Lake, it is necessary to undergo the ceremony of shooting the arch, which persons of weak nerves should not attempt; for any confusion amongst the passengers, would destroy the equilibrium of the boat, and most probably cause it to strike against a rock. But although accidents might occur, it is also certain that scarcely any serious injury has ever been sustained in passing either up or down the current.

Pursuing the voyage along this natural and serpentine canal, various small islands and grotesque rocks are pointed out. Miss Plummer's Island is soon passed, and shortly after a large mass of rock, called the Man of War, presents itself; it is exceedingly like the work of art, to which the cockswain compares it, and the analogy is farther preserved by a large yew upon its summit, whose stem and branches are the representatives of the mast and sails.

The Eagle's Nest is the next important object in the passage. It is placed in a hanging crag, near the summit of an almost perpendicular rock of a pyramidal form, and twelve or thirteen hundred feet in height. When viewed from a distance, this much-celebrated rock, so frequently the subject of the painter and the poet, appears quite contemptible, from the superior height of

Engraved by T. Higham from a Drawing by G. Petrie for the Guide to Killarney

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

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the adjacent mountains; but the approach to its base, by the river, is picturesque and sublime in the highest degree, since the river runs directly to its foot, and there turns off abruptly, so that the rock is seen from its base to the summit, without interruption; and the projecting masses of huge broken fragments in the centre, tend to complete the magnificence of the object. The base is covered with wood, and a few shrubs appear scattered over the face of the rock up to the very apex of the pyramid.

It is from this sublime and stupendous rock the sound is returned in so miraculous a manner, that it is considered one of the most singular phenomena in existence. A small hillock on the opposite side of the river, usually called the "Station for Audience," is used as the resting place of a paterara, which is carried in the boat from Killarney: the gunner is placed on one side of the hillock, and the auditor on the other, and upon the discharge of the piece, a roaring is heard in the bosom of the opposite mountain, like a peal of thunder, or the discharge of a train of artillery, and this echo is multiplied a number of times, after which it gradually fades away, like the rolling of distant thunder.* The exact residence of the eagle may be distinguished by a black mark near the vertex of the rock, and the noble inhabitant is frequently seen soaring above the heads of passengers on the river, and directing their admiring gaze towards his inaccessible retreat. The sound of a musical instrument produces reverberations of quite a different character from that of the musket or small cannon. The only instrument that

* See echoes more minutely treated of p. 16.

can be procured at Killarney is a bugle, which is peculiarly appropriate for the production of echoes, and in 1821, one of the best performers in Great Britain, Spalane, afforded the visiters to Lough Lein an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by listening, amid the rude recesses of the mountains, to the most ecstatic tones, and the most dulcet harmony, apparently produced by preternatural influence.

Leaving the Eagle's Nest, rocks and islands succeed in endless variety of form. Holly Island, the Four Friends, &c. and the mountain denominated Newfoundland, begin now to appear southward. The river meanders even more than at its northern entrance, and, at the precise opening to the Upper Lake, narrows so much, that there appears no egress from the last basin of the river.

In sailing along the Channel of Communication between the Lakes, many sublime mountain views may be had, particularly at the northern extremity of the Man-of-War Rock, looking towards Lord Brandon's Tower, and again near the rocks called the Cannon and Balls.

The passage is generally considered to be about three miles in length, and in point of beauty, extent, and situation, is quite unique, in mountain scenery, neither Wales, Wicklow, nor the English Lakes, possessing any thing of a similar description. It is bounded on the north-west by Glenà and the *Long Range* Mountains, and on the south-east by the Drooping Mountain (Cromiglaun), and the base of Turk. In the Summer season the rocks enclosing the channel of the river are much disfigured by the falling of the waters; being of a cellular nature, the soft slime and mud carried down by the wintry torrents, are deposited in the inequalities of the rocky substance;

and on the falling of the surface of the lakes in dry weather, a dark water-mark remains, extremely unpleasant to the eye.

The entrance into the Upper Lake is contracted into a narrow passage, of about thirty feet in breadth, usually called Coleman's Leap, from a tradition that a person of this name once leaped across the chasm; and on the west side may be seen the impression of the adventurer's feet in the solid rock.* The contraction in this place is occasioned by a peninsula, called Coleman's Eye, which strikingly represents the form of the human eye, when viewed upon a map.

Here the boatmen having given several violent pulls of the oars, are compelled to ship them altogether, trusting to the impulse given by their efforts for being able to pass the gap, for it is not of sufficient breadth to permit the oars to ply. Coleman's Leap once passed, you are upon the Upper Lake.

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* Impressions of feet in the solid rock are not uncommon "*lusus naturæ*." About five miles from the head of Kenmare River, in the heart of the mountains, and near a small brook, is a rock, usually called by an Irish name which signifies "The Fairy Rock." On this are to be seen the impressions of several human feet, some naked, others with shoes on, and those of all sizes from infancy to manhood. From the appellation bestowed upon the Fairy Rock, it is plain the peasant has attributed this effect to preternatural causes, but the naturalist removes the difficulty, by supposing that this and other rocks may once have been in a fluid or soft state, and consequently susceptible of impressions, and become petrified in the course of time, as we know many kinds of clay do. This hypothesis might also explain the phenomenon of the impressions of two large feet on the summit of Adam's Peak, in the Island of Ceylon, as well as those mentioned by Dr. Behrens in his Natural History; one, the impression of a young woman's foot, who was supposed to have been escaping from the hands of a too importunate gallant, in the forest of Hartz, in Germany; the other of a horse-shoe in a solid rock, near the village of Thal, in Switzerland.

Upper Lake.

The character of the Upper Lake, which has frequently been compared with the Derwent-Water, in Cumberland, is quite distinct from that of Turk or the Lower Lake. It is entirely encompassed by mountains; and, on looking back, the pass by which you entered upon its surface, is totally lost in the confusion of hill, promontory, and bay. In this retreat from the busy scenes of life, the beautiful and the sublime are exquisitely united; the expanse of water is no where very great, except near the entrance, by Coleman's Leap; but the number of islands is very considerable.

To the south, Cromiglaun Mountain rises from the very water, behind which is *Esknamucky*, from which runs a considerable stream, falling into the Lake, in a bay parallel to the passage between the Lakes, and possessing a beautiful fall, called Esknamucky Cascade. To the west of Cromiglaun, or the Drooping Mountain, is Derry-Cunnihy; in a glen to the west of which is a pretty little cottage and demesne belonging to the Rev. Mr. Hyde, in the vicinity of the beautiful fall called after the mountain itself. Mr. Hyde's cottage is a private residence; therefore, although the politeness of the proprietor permits the approach of strangers to his cottage, they should not expect nor wish for permission to disturb this gentleman's domestic retirement. The cockswain should inform his party, that this cottage is not intended as a banqueting-room, and that permission to walk through these grounds is a special favour. To the west of Derry-Cunnihy Mountain, and separated by the river *Kavoge*, is Derry-Dimna Mountain, one of whose sides is clothed

Engraved by T. Barber from a Drawing by G. Petrie for the Odds to Killarney.

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R. Preston

MAC GILLA-CUDDY'S REEKS from AGHADOE.

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with a rich wood. The *Coombui* Mountains are seen in the distance towards the south-west point, and *Barnasna* more westerly. In the west also are seen *Baum*, with its coni-formed summit, and Mac Gilly Cuddy's Reeks, with their lofty, shattered, and shelving tops. These hills, the highest in Kerry, are composed of a sort of stone, which is easily shivered by the storms, after Winte and slides down the steep precipitous face of the mountains, nor rests until it reaches the deep ravines at the foot of these almost inaccessible cliffs, so that it may, perhaps with some reason, be concluded, that their height is somewhat diminished in the lapse of time. The nearest of the Reeks to the Lake is called Ghirmeen, or Gheramine.* At the foot of Ghirmeen is the entrance to the wild and beautifully sequestered valley of Comme Duff. The river which waters this enchanting vale, is navigable as far as the boat-house of Lord Brandon, where is a place for disembarking, whence a path-way leads to the cottage of his Lordship, totally embosomed in wood.

In the centre of the garden attached to the cottage, on the summit of a little eminence, stands a round tower, about forty feet high, erected by his Lordship, probably in imitation of the ancient towers in Ireland, of which it is an exact resemblance; the situation too, being not unlike that of the tower of Glendaloch, in the county of Wicklow, is precisely such as the ancient projectors of these extraordinary edifices would have selected. There is a ladder inside, (rather inconvenient on account of its extreme perpendicularity,) by which you may ascend the summit, where is an extensive prospect of the

* Ghirmeen is also called Doogery, and Derry-Carnagh; opposite Ghirmeen are the hills of Cahirnee, Derry-Lishigane, Galloveely, and Derry-Arde. Cromiglaun includes also the hill of Bolinendra.

unexplored valley and lakes of Comme Duff, the sides of the prodigious mountains closing up the vale, and the islands of the Upper Lake, with the always-obtruding Turk, which appears of a perfectly different form and outline in this situation from its general shape and appearance. Perhaps it would not be proper to direct the tourist to the cottage of Gheramine and to Lord Brandon's tower, as being completely accessible to the "foe and the stranger," since an introduction to his Lordship is thought necessary.

North of the Lake are Ghirmeen and the Purple Mountain, at a distance; the Long Range, backed by the Purple Mountain, Tomies, and Glenà. The Purple Mountain is very properly so denominated from the purple hue it possesses when seen from almost any quarter, and by any light. This extraordinary colour is attributed by most tourists to the heath, "*or rather to a little nameless plant, bearing a purple flower, that covers the surface of the mountain ;*" but this is certainly a mistake, and the cause of its continuance was the want of originality in the writers who described the beauties of Killarney, and who took up this idea without sufficient examination, merely because it was current before. When the sun shines strongly upon the summit of this mountain, a quantity of loose stones shivered on its surface may be seen, which reflect a purple colour, and to which the hue of the mountain is to be attributed; this opinion is also adopted by that accomplished, judicious, and learned tourist Sir R. C. Hoare.

The islands in the Upper Lake are very numerous, and many of some importance; they generally consist of a green stone, which, close to the water, assumes a dark, muddy hue. This does not occur in the Lower Lake, nor

in Turk, to the same extent, the islands in them being of limestone, which admits of such varieties of fantastic forms.

And here, as in all her works, Nature has proved herself the most accomplished artist, in adapting the light and airy tints of the limestone rock to the gay and luxuriant shores of Glenà and Mucruss; and the more dingy shadows to the bold, terrific, and savage features of the Upper Lake. This exposure of the rocky bases of the Islands, and stony strands, which occurs in the Lakes of Kerry, forms a distinguishing character between these and the English Lakes, where the green sod always confines the apparently overflowing waters, producing the idea of eternal plenitude.

The most prominent of the Islands, upon entering the Upper Lake, is Oak Isle, or Rossburkie, a very beautiful object, rising from a rocky base, and crowned with wood; from its shores is a splendid and majestic view of the loftiest mountains, grouped in the most varied manner. The Reeks, Sugar Loaf, and Purple Mountain are most striking and grand, and Turk, which is now left behind, assumes a totally different aspect. The space between this and Turk is occupied by the fantastic promontory of Newfoundland, over-hanging the inlet into which the Esknamucky falls. A walk along the banks of this last-mentioned stream will surprise and delight the tourist; but such little expeditions can be undertaken and enjoyed only by one who has a longer period at his disposal than visiters generally bestow upon the Lakes.

Doubling Coffin Point, the headland sheltering the bay or inlet of Derry-Cunnihy, the waterfalls in the river Kavoge are approached; these are more numerous, and generally better supplied than any amongst the Lakes,

and embosomed in the most enchanting sylvan scenery. From Coffin Point is a commanding view of the Long Range, Ghirmeen, and Mac Gillicuddy's Reeks. Coasting along the shores of Derry-Cunnihy and Derry-Dimna Mountains, a little archipelago is entered, containing seven islands.

Passing Eagle's Island the visiter is surprised at the sight of a solitary cottage on one of these little water-girt isles, more lofty than the rest. It was built by Mr. Ronan, a gentleman of independent fortune, who usually spent two or three months in each year, in this secluded spot, devoting most of his time to shooting and fishing. In the Summer of 1821, Ronan's cottage was in a state of wretchedness and ruin. Parties, sometimes, bring their provisions from Killarney and dine here; but owing to the miserable accommodation, the cottages of Glenà, Dinis, and Inisfallen, are generally preferred. The island is thickly wooded with oak, arbutus, &c. and is accessible only in one spot, close to the cottage. A path winding round the island conducts at last to an eminence about thirty feet above the surface of the Lake, whence there is a very extensive prospect towards Carriguline, Derry-Cunnihy, and all the surrounding mountains. The surface of this island is covered with infinite strata of decayed leaves and brambles. Those at a great depth are bound and united in such a manner, as to form one continued mass of putrefied matter, becoming, in proportion to its depth from the surface, darker in colour, until at the bottom, where the dissolution is most perfect, and the pressure greatest, it is one continued black turf. This fact may tend to explain how many of the bogs in Ireland may have been formed; for it is perfectly ascertained, that most of the mountains, and even

a great portion of the plains, were once thickly covered with forest trees.*

The same combination is also discoverable in other islands in the Lakes, but is most obvious upon Ronan's.

Leaving Ronan's Island, and pursuing a westerly course, Stag Island next presents itself, of a similar character to the others in this Lake, its rocks crowned with rich foliage. Beyond this, the valley between Ghirmeen and Barnasna lies expanded before you, and in centre the stately tower of Lord Brandon is seen rising above the woods. The other islands in this cluster are called M'Carthy's, Duck, and Arbutus. The channels between them open to new and varied scenes, which, combined with panoramic views of rock, wood, and mountain, produce one of the most awfully sublime pictures in Nature. The northern shore affords equal beauty and variety of prospect; and, after sailing under the Long Range, conducts back once more to the singularly contracted entrance at Coleman's Leap.

The stream now carries the boat along so pleasantly, that the assistance of the oar is hardly necessary. The former views along the passage are transposed, and Turk is hardly recognised, appearing so black and shapeless.

The navigation of this natural canal is peculiarly delightful at evening time: the smoothness of the water, in which are seen reflected the woods and hills; the stillness

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* Upon a close inspection of the Irish turf, it will be found to consist of fibres of moss, grass, branches, leaves, with a small quantity of earth, whence it is easily reduced to ashes. Whereas the Dutch turf consists entirely of earthy matter, which is very heavy, even when dry, and burns for a considerable time, producing also an excellent charcoal.

of the atmosphere, so appropriate to the production of echoes beneath the Eagle's Nest, the meandering of the river, and the exuberance and luxuriance of the arbutus, yews, and hollies which clothe the banks, produce the most delightful and gratified feelings.

It is quite absurd to point out particular stations where advantageous views may be had, for the precise spot can seldom be discovered; and besides, every tourist finds the greatest pleasure in making such discoveries for himself; and stations would be multiplied *in infinitum*, if all those that are worth mentioning were pointed out here: yet general hints may sometimes be given with advantage. In visiting the Upper Lake, the stranger ought to endeavour to ascend Cromiglaun, from whose summit is a most agreeable bird's-eye view of the Lake and Islands; for, in consequence of their irregular disposition, a person merely sailing round the Upper Lake, carries away a very imperfect idea of its shape or magnitude.

The Upper Lake is about *two miles and a half in length*, but its breadth irregular. The rocks and islands are inhabited by hawks, ospreys, eagles, and other birds of prey. In a tour through Ireland, made in the year 1797, by Mr. Holmes, is the following very just estimate of the comparative picturesque merits of the three Lakes of Killarney, and the serpentine river which connects them: "I should distinguish the Upper Lake as being the most sublime; the Lower the most beautiful; and Turk, or Mucruss, the most picturesque: the winding passage, leading to the Upper, contains a surprising combination of the three, and probably is not to be exceeded by any spot in the world."

Mr. Curwen, whose taste and feeling as a tourist are

acknowledged and admired, and whose admiration of the beauties of Nature is sufficiently testified by his residence on Windermere, institutes a very just comparison between the Lakes of Killarney and those in the north of England. "As a landscape for casual contemplation," says Mr. Curwen, "I should prefer Killarney; as a permanent residence, I should choose Windermere." No tourist has ever indulged in more rapturous expressions of admiration and ecstasy, or been so sensibly affected by the sublime scenery of Killarney, as the celebrated agriculturalist just quoted; but there is one passage in his interesting narrative, which seems to have been written under different feelings, and when memory refused to renew his former pleasures: that is the description of the passage between the Lakes, which has here been spoken of in terms of extravagance and delight. Mr. Curwen says, "We had to pass for two miles up a narrow rapid river, whose rushy sides, with the flat, boggy ground between the mountains, were by no means consonant to the high ideas we had formed of the approach to the Upper Lake. As a foil, however, nothing of contrast could be more effectually disposed." To this opinion he will hardly procure a proselyte.

Mucruss Abbey.

Leaving the village of Killarney to the north, and directing our course towards Mangerton, several gentlemen's seats are passed: Woodlawn Cottage, on the river Flesk; Cahernane, the seat of R. T. Herbert, esq.; Lord Headly's Lodge, on the opposite side of the road; and Castle Lough demesne, the seat of Dr. Lawler. The demesne of Cahernane is extensive and interesting, although the grounds are perfectly flat, and Castle Lough formerly boasted a strong but small fortress, built upon a rock, which, having surrendered to Colonel Hieromè Sankey, was so totally demolished by the Parliament's army, under Ludlow,* that scarcely a trace of it can now be discovered. A broad and level road, over-shaded by full-grown limes, leads from Flesk bridge to the village of Cloghereen, a distance of about two miles from Killarney. Here is the entrance to the beautiful and romantic demesne of Mucruss.

On entering the village, a small mean gate-way on the right admits to Mucruss grounds; just within the gate is an old building, formerly occupied by the miners employed on the peninsula. Crossing a little stream, and stretching a short distance across a beautifully sloping and verdant lawn, the steeple of † Irrelagh, or Mucruss Abbey, rears its venerable head amongst the lofty Limes and Ashes.

The visiter is at first disappointed by the lowness of the steeple and walls of the Abbey in general, but this defect is amply compensated for by other attendant circumstances.

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* See Ross Castle.

† i. e. on the Lakes.

According to Archdall this Abbey was founded by Donald, son of Thady M'Carthy, in 1440,* for conventual Franciscans, and further improved and repaired by him in 1468, a few months before his death. In 1602 it was re-edified by the Roman Catholics, but was soon after suffered to go to ruin.

The Abbey consisted of a nave, choir, transept, and cloisters, with every apartment necessary to render it a complete and comfortable residence for the venerable inmates who once dwelt there. It is even now so perfect, that, were it more so, the ruin would be less pleasing. The entrance is by a pointed door-way, ornamented with an architrave, highly enriched by an infinity of plain mouldings. The interior of the choir is awful, gloomy, and solitary, heightened almost to the terrific, by the indecent custom of piling the melancholy remains of mortality in every corner; and so familiar is the care-taker with these sad relics, that he has even had the indelicacy and hardihood to group them here and there in fantastic forms. Sir John Carr speaks of this in very strong language: "So loaded with the contagion is the air in this spot, that every principle of humanity imperiously calls upon the indulgent owner, to exercise his right of closing it up as a place of sepulture in future. I warn every one who visits Killarney, as he values life, not to enter this Abbey. Contrast renders doubly horrible the ghastly contemplation of human dissolution, tainting the surrounding air with pestilence, in a spot which Nature has enriched with a profusion of romantic beauty." This statement is ra-

* There was a religious house on the same site before this period, as appears from a MS. in Trinity College, Dublin, wherein it is stated that "the Church of Irrelagh was burned in 1192."

ther overcharged, and the request here made of closing the cemetery totally impracticable in a country where religious superstition prevails so strongly.

The choir is entered by a narrow pointed arch of sufficient breadth to admit a distant view of the tomb of the M'Carthy Mores, and the great eastern window. The steeple rests upon four lofty, narrow, pointed arches, and is of rather trifling dimensions.

This Abbey, says Archdall, has continued to be the cemetery of the M'Carthys. Donald, Earl of Clancare, and Patrick, Lord Kerry, the Earl's nephew, who died in 1600, lie entombed here. In the floor of the choir is a large marble flag bearing the arms of the M'Carthy Mores. In the northern wall of the choir, in the corner, is a monument bearing an inscription to the memories of Donald M'Finee and Elizabeth his wife, dated 1631; and in the same wall is the following inscription in church text: "*Orate pro felici statu Thadi Holeni, qui hunc sacrum conventum, de novo, reparare curavit, Anno Domini* 1626."

Many valuable relics were said to be preserved in this Abbey. An image of the Virgin Mary, of miraculous powers, was also said to belong to it. The landed property, amounting to four acres, two orchards, and one garden, estimated at 16*s*. per annum, was granted to Captain Robert Collam, upon the dissolution of religious establishments throughout the kingdom, in the 37th of Elizabeth; but from the date of the inscription on the northern wall of the choir (1626) it is obvious the monks continued to inhabit it some time after.

A large stone in one angle of the choir, of rather modern date, bears the following extraordinary inscription:

T. S. D. m^{c} : m : Rahily : oR^{h}

Engraved by [illegible] from a Drawing by G. Petrie for the Guide to Killarney

INTERIOR OF MUCKROSS ABBEY

Pub. by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, London May 1822.

There is a small chapel branching from the choir, entered by a handsome pointed door-way enriched with plain mouldings. The steeple once contained a bell, which, not many years ago, was found in the Lough, and recognised, by the inscription upon it, as the former property of Mucruss Abbey.

The cloister is even more perfect than the steeple or choir; it is a dismal area of forty feet square, encompassed by an arcade, lighting the surrounding corridore, which is about five feet in breadth; on two of the adjacent sides are twelve arches of the *Saxon style*, while those of the two remaining sides, ten in number, are in the *pointed style* of architecture. The pillars of the arcade are composed of a greyish marble, unornamented, except by a few horizontal grooves at equal intervals. In the centre of the cloister stands a majestic yew, whose stem rises perpendicularly to the height of about thirty feet, and whose sheltering branches are flung across the battlements, so as to form a perfect canopy. The gloominess of the cloister is so much increased by this curious circumstance, that some persons have not nerves sufficiently strong to endure a lengthened visit within its precincts. The guide generally recommends visiters to beware of injuring this sacred tree; and a story is gravely narrated of a soldier who having the impious audacity to strip a small piece of the bark with his pen-knife, instantly expired on the spot where this sacrilege was committed. Beneath this gloomy shade four tombs, devoid of inscription, and of recent date, are discovered, probably belonging to persons of the religious order. The remaining part of the ruin contains the different apartments appropriated to the accommodation of the original recluses who inhabited these cloisters. On the ground-

floor is a long narrow room, but imperfectly lighted, called the cellar; the ceiling, which is an arch of stone, is rather a subject of curiosity, as showing most clearly the manner in which arches were thrown or turned by the masons of ancient days. A frame of wicker-work, tolerably strong, was covered with a thick coat of mud or *marl*, and being reduced into the required shape, used as the mould to build upon; the wicker-work being removed, the marl adhered to the arch, and is still perfectly obvious. The floor of the wine-cellar exhibits a spectacle shocking to humanity; lids of coffins, with their commemorating inscriptions, skulls and bones, which have not yet lost the odour of putrefaction, lie strewn upon the ground. In a small closet, near the wine-cellar, myriads of coffin boards are stowed in, so that all entrance is prevented. At Ardfert and Lislaghtin, in this county, the same abominable practice is also permitted.

Over the cellar is the kitchen of the monks, with its floor perfect, but without a roof, and there John Drake, a pilgrim, lived for the space of twenty years, and withdrew secretly after this long penance. Next to the kitchen is the refectory, preserving a chimney-piece, or rather fire-place, and might have been a very comfortable apartment. The dormitory is also tolerably complete, and was a long narrow room, capable of accommodating a number of persons of humble habits of life. A second pilgrim took up his abode in the upper chambers of the Abbey, but his devotion was not so sincere as that of his predecessor; for, after a lapse of two years, he thought proper to retire. The Festival of St. Francis, the patron saint, is celebrated here in the month of July, upon which occasion the peasantry assemble in great numbers, to receive the benedictions of their pastors, and

make their confessions amongst the tombs and ruined walls of this venerable building. Nothing can inspire a more sincere feeling of reverence and awe than a glimpse of the reverend minister seated on a tomb, within the dark and gloomy recesses of the Abbey, attentively listening, or fervently praying over the penitent prostrate at his feet. The cemetery on the south of the Abbey is crowded with tombs and monuments. Persons of property generally hollow out a rock, and throw an arch over, which permits the coffins to be pushed in at one end, and is afterwards closed by a large block of stone in which a ring is inserted; but the poorer classes are laid in the earth, seldom more than twelve inches below the surface.

The variety of trees and plants around the walls of the Abbey, is probably greater than in any other spot in the neighbourhood; limes, elms, ash, sycamore, horse-chesnut, &c. besides one plant, the wild hop, which is met with only here. There is one more circumstance connected with this Abbey, which, though not more peculiar to it than to other favourite burying places in Ireland, yet, from the frequency of its occurrence here, and the scene where it may be witnessed, is interesting to a stranger, and is quite characteristic of the Irish nation,—I mean the "Irish Cry."

The custom of pouring forth a loud strain of lamentation at the funerals of their friends and relatives, though now, probably, peculiar to Ireland, is of very ancient date, and can be traced back to heathen origin with tolerable certainty. As far as the analogy of languages will prove, there is very singular testimony to this point: the Hebrew is *Huluul;* the Greek, Hololuzo; the Latin, Ululo; and the Irish, Hulluloo. If it be then of heathenish origin, it may be supposed to arise from despair,

but if otherwise, from hope. That it is not a fortuitous coincidence of terms, but also a similarity of customs, to which these mixed modes are applicable, may easily be proved. We find in the sacred scriptures, many passages proving the existence of this practice amongst those who used the Hebrew tongue: "call for the mourners," &c. "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets," &c. Its existence amongst persons speaking the Greek tongue, is proved from the last book of Homer, where females are introduced mourning over Hector's dead body:

> "Alternately they sing, alternate flow
> "The obedient tears, melodious in their woe."

It is not alleged that the Greeks introduced the name, or the custom; but that the Greeks were in Ireland, might perhaps be proved from the Greek church at Trim, in the county of Meath, and also from the life of St. Virgilius, bishop of Saltzburg, where mention is made of bishop Dobda, a Grecian, who followed St. Virgilius out of Ireland. Amongst the Romans there were women called *Præficæ*, who uttered the *conclamatio*, and Virgil, speaking of Dido's funeral, says, "*Femineo ululatu* tecta fremunt."

The analogy between the Roman and Irish funeral ceremony, before the government of the Decemviri, was amazingly striking. The Keenaghers or Keeners (for so the *Præficæ mulieres* are called by the Irish), are in the habit of beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and wringing their hands. Now we find the following law relative to Roman funerals, amongst those of the twelve tables: "Mulier ne faciem carpito"—"Mulieres genas ne radunto." The antiquity of this custom is thus esta-

blished beyond doubt, and secures for the Irish peasantry the sanction of ages for a practice, which a stranger might otherwise contemplate with horror.

An Irish funeral is generally attended by an immense crowd, the Keenaghers leading the way, and some female relative frequently sitting upon the coffin as it is borne to the grave. For one or two evenings previous to the day of interment, the corpse is *waked*, a ceremony attended rather with merry-making than mourning. The songs of the Keenaghers are certainly by "distance made more sweet," and have then a plaintive, melancholy character, not without some regularity. They consist mostly of repetitions of a few words, "Why did he die, why did he die?" or some little sentence expressive of the good qualities of the deceased.

Mucruss Demesne.

This beautiful and extensive demesne belongs to Mr. Herbert, and was part of an enormous grant of lands, made by Elizabeth, to sir William Herbert of St. Julians, in the county of Monmouth, whose daughter and heiress married Lord Herbert of Cherbury, created Lord of Castle Island in this county, by letters patent, dated Dec. 31st, 22nd of James I; and by Charles I, a peer of England, by the title of Lord Baron of Cherbury in the county of Salop, 7th of May, in the fifth year of his reign. The first of the Herberts who settled in this county was Thomas Herbert, of Kilcow, esq. of

which lands and others, he was enfeoffed by Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Castle Island, April 18th 1656, from whom the present possessor of Mucruss is descended.*

The demesne includes a large tract of land on the borders of the Lower, and Mucruss Lakes, extending from Castle Lough to the foot of Turk, together with the Peninsula of Mucruss, which separates these Lakes. After visiting the Abbey, a pleasing walk through the woods leads to the summit of a hill called "Drumaouk;"† from this rising ground is seen the house of Mucruss, with its verdant lawn enclosed by a wood which fringes the Lake, and continues along the entire peninsula to the point of Cammillan, a distance of nearly three miles. On the opposite side of the Lake, Tomies and Glenà rise from the water with incredible magnificence, and possess a soft and gentle outline, while the Eagle's Nest exhibits a bold, broken, and savage aspect. Here it is, then, that the flat, swampy grounds about Killarney are enabled to contribute to the beauty of the scenery, by the contrast they afford to the opposite shore. The house of Mucruss is old and tasteless, and the gardens are remarkable for possessing more rock than earth, from which spring the most delicate shrubs, and in the most luxuriant manner. A road cut through the wood leads to a marble quarry, from which green, red, black, and variously coloured marbles have been raised. The quarry is a broken, bold shore, surrounding a small bay,

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* For a more minute account of this ancient family, see Smith's Kerry, page 33, *et seq.*

† Sir R. Hoare calls it Drum O'Rorke.

and ornamented with the most beautiful shrubs, scattered amongst the crags, and growing apparently in the fissures of the rocks.

In passing along this winding, irregular path, occasional glimpses are caught of the Lake, sparkling through the thick foliage; and sometimes an opening amongst the trees permits a view of the Lower Lake, and the lowlands near Killarney on the right; while Turk Mountain, hanging over the intervening Lake, is seen to the left. The shafts of a copper mine are also to be met with, on the peninsula, but the mine has not been worked for some years. When the works were discontinued, about twenty-five thousand pounds worth of ore had actually been sold. Besides marble and copper, this peninsula also contains iron ore, a quantity of which was also raised; and O'Flaherty, in his Ogygia, quotes Nennius, an author of the ninth century, to show that tin was also found about Lough Lein.

In pursuing the tour of this peninsula, several beautiful bays are discovered, one in particular, whose rocky arms, which embrace it, are crowned with arbutus and holly. The promontory of Dindog is another beautiful and interesting object; but it would be quite impossible to describe the infinite variety of scenes the pedestrian will discover in wandering along the shores of this extended peninsula.

Having reached the extreme end of the promontory, a bridge of one Gothic arch, whose chord is twenty-seven feet, and altitude seventeen, affords a passage to Brickeen Island; and it was the intention of Col. Herbert, at whose expense this arch was thrown across, to continue the communication between Brickeen and Dinis Islands; and thus, by means of Old Weir Bridge, the

Upper Lake might be visited, either by the pedestrian or by a rider mounted on a shelty.

Here again the English lakes afford facilities to the tourist, which those of Killarney refuse. There is scarcely a lake in Cumberland or Westmorland which cannot be perfectly seen and admired from the roads and pathways along the margin; for instance, from the road from Newby Bridge to Ambleside, along Windermere; from Ambleside to Keswick, by Rydal, Grasmere, and Lethes Water; and all round Derwent Water; whereas Killarney must be seen from the water, because there is no road or mode of conveyance for seeing it in any other manner; and though the mountains appear higher, when seen from the water, it ought not to be forgotten that the *lake itself* is excluded from the view taken from a boat on its surface. The views from the water are not the most enchanting about Lough Lein, and the tourist should avail himself of any opportunity of landing, and ascending a rock or hill from which he could look down on the lake below.

Mangerton Mountain.

From the little village of Cloghereen a road leads to the base of Mangerton, which, considering its height, is the easiest to ascend of any hill to be met with in a mountainous region. It was for many years considered the highest in Ireland, and set down in the old maps and surveys, as being 2,470 feet in height. But many valuable improvements have been made in the mode of measuring

the heights of mountains, by which this error, with many others of a similar description, have been detected. It is now ascertained, by the measurement of Mr. Nimmo, that the height of Mangerton is 2,550 feet, while that of Carràn Tùal is 3,410.

Near the village a guide, provided with a horn, is generally in attendance, and conducts you by the easiest path towards the summit. Here, however, the tourist is subject to great annoyance, arising from the number of men and boys, who run on every side of him, without uttering a syllable, but merely keeping up with his horse. Entreaties to desist from this undertaking, as *one* would be sufficient to point the way and tell the names of distant objects, are of no avail; one says, "No gentleman ever prevented *him* from ascending the mountain;" a second avers, "That he is the Man of the Mountain;" and a third declares his resolution of not quitting the party till their return to the village: it is useles to resist, and the visiter has often six or eight guides forced on him, whatever may be his inclination.

After an ascent of about half an hour, an elevation, equal to that of the summit of Turk, is reached, from which a most perfect bird's-eye view of the lakes, speckled with islands, is obtained, and a correct idea of their relative positions afforded. At every step after this the view becomes more and more commanding. The road between Mangerton and Turk, leading to Nedheen or Kenmare, which is eleven miles six furlongs distant from Killarney, may be traced along the brow of the mountain for a considerable distance. Keeping to the east of the mountain, the Devil's Punch Bowl is reached, without the trouble or necessity of once dismounting from your shelty. This celebrated pool is of an oval

form, and perhaps two furlongs in diameter; its waters are very dark and cold; on one side the mountain rises very precipitously over it, while the other is protected by an elevation merely sufficient to confine its waters.*—Weld mentions an anecdote of Mr. Fox, whom he states as having swam round this pool, but I should think the experiment hardly practicable; for although with respect to distance it might be done by a person of great bodily strength, and experience in the art of swimming, yet the cold would most likely produce cramps that would either endanger life or compel the resignation of so hardy an attempt. It has generally been considered that the Devil's Punch Bowl is the crater of an extinct volcano, but there are, at this day, no remains discoverable around the mountain to justify this conclusion. There is a path leading round the Bowl, and to the very summit of Mangerton, from which there is a most extensive and sublime panoramic view in clear weather. The most beautiful object is the river of Kenmare, an arm of the sea, insinuating itself amongst the recesses between the mountains. The coast towards Bantry is also extremely grand; but the most commanding and attractive objects are the Reeks and Sugar-loaf; to the north-west Castlemain and Dingle Bays, Miltown Bay, and the Tralee Mountains are seen. While on the edge of the Punch Bowl, the guide places his auditors behind a rock, and descending to the edge of the bowl, blows his horn in a

* Bushe's etymology of the appellation "Devil's Punch Bowl," is extremely ludicrous. "This pool," says he, "being supplied by an inexhaustible spring at the bottom, may and was, consequently compared to the bowl of punch round which a party was assembled, into the bottom of which Satan had inserted an invisible spring, imperceptibly recruiting the continued decrease of the liquor within."—*Hib. Curiosa.*

tremulous manner, which produces a most singular effect. This experiment was first suggested by Miss Plumtree.

There are several plants to be found on Mangerton, although its surface appears waste and barren in most places. Very near the top the London-pride, which is in England a garden flower, grows in great abundance. Close to the Punch Bowl grows the narrow-leaved mountain golden rod, besides the upright fir-moss, the fingered hart's-tongue, the cypress or heath-moss, the fenane-grass, the mountain millet-grass, and the mountain fern.

On Mangerton is found a species of whetting stone, whose grit is extremely fine; it is used by the peasantry for razor-hones: when found upon the mountains, it is of a light olive colour; but the process of preparation, by boiling it in oil, changes the colour to a darker shade, and makes it assume a more close, smooth, and compact texture.

From the Devil's Punch Bowl flows a well-supplied stream, the chief feeder of Turk Cascade.

After surveying the grand spectacle from the top of Mangerton, there is a descent by a different route, which the guide is unwilling to be at the trouble of showing you, but which is much more interesting than the path by which the ascent was made; it is that by the Glen of the Horse, called by the inhabitants of the mountain, "GLEANNA CAPULL." This Glen is divided from the Punch Bowl, by a lofty ridge or shoulder of the hill; its sides are quite precipitous, and a descent is, except in a few places, quite impracticable, and even in these not unattended with danger. One side consists entirely of broken craggy rocks, the habitation of the eagle alone; the bottom is occupied by two small dark

loughs, on whose banks a few sheep and goats are enabled to procure subsistence for some months in the year. In this solitary region of desolation, which the man of the world would turn from with fear and trembling, human beings are known to spend part of their wretched existence: their dwellings are in the dark and dismal caverns in the rocks, and their only companions the wild birds that scream over their heads, and the cattle which their time is employed in tending.

The easiest entrance to this secluded glen, is by the narrow opening through which the overflowing of the pool discharges itself. The name is derived from the circumstance of a horse's having fallen down its steep rocky side in Winter. The effect of the horn or bugle in this Glen is even more extraordinary than in the Punch Bowl, the buz or hum being louder and more tremulous.

From the separating ridge between *Gleanna Capull* and the Punch Bowl, other pools or loughs are discovered, one Lough Na-maraghnarig, in a very elevated situation, and Lough Kittane, about two miles in length and one in breadth, in the Glan Flesk Mountain. The view towards Glan Flesk, Filadavne, the Paps, &c. is waste and dreary: that part, usually called O'Donohoe's country, is particularly desert, wild, and desolate. And although at a remote period it was the lordly demesne of a petty prince, as O'Donohoe's Castle, still raising its ruined tower in the centre of this barren waste, sufficiently indicates, yet it is now almost ungrateful to the eye to rest upon.

The descent of Mangerton is more readily accomplished on foot than on horseback, and is equally easy, pleasant, and interesting as the ascent: on the way visiters are generally met by a few children, with bowls

of goat's whey in their hands; and although they do not request the stranger to notice them, they expect he will taste uninvited: these are the least troublesome, the easiest satisfied, and, after the fatigue of climbing the mountain, the most welcome intruders met with at Killarney.

The horses are generally led by one of the many attendants the tourist is compelled to employ, to a convenient place of rendezvous, from whence the ride to Killarney, by Cloghereen, is extremely agreeable and sheltered. Between Killarney and Mucruss, on the opposite side of the road, is a small ruined chapel on the very summit of a rath, from whence an extensive and distinct view of the Lower Lake might be taken, but it does not differ much from that seen from the top of Drumarouk hill.

Aghadoe.

The road north of Killarney leads to the ruined church and tower of Aghadoe, about two miles and a half distant. Within the deer-park of Lord Kenmare, the entrance to which is on this road, is a very pleasing view, and one in which the whole detail of the landscape can be minutely and satisfactorily gazed upon, from a green mound in his Lordship's park, called "Kneckriar Hill." Proceeding towards Aghadoe, we leave Prospect Hall, the seat of G. Cronin, esq. on the right; from the lawn of this demesne is a fine panoramic view of the Lower Lake, precisely the same as that from Aghadoe, except that the latter is more distant from the different objects.

From hence the road is bleak, dreary, and uninteresting for some miles, particularly when the mountain-view on the left happens to be intercepted by walls, trees, or hedge-rows. At the end of the second mile a narrow road leads to Aghadoe church, situated on the top of a long, low, green hill. The lane is impassable for carriages of any sort; but the visiter will not regret the trouble of walking, if the day be fine, and the weather clear, as at every step the view increases in extent, richness, and sublimity.

The church of Aghadoe is a venerable, ancient building, originally of but rude workmanship, measuring, probably, between eighty and ninety feet in length, and about thirty in breadth; the whole length is separated by a thick wall, in which traces of a door-way are discoverable. The chancel was lighted from the east by two long lancet loop-holes, but the whole is, at this day, in such a dilapidated condition, that but a very imperfect idea can be formed of what it originally might have been. The door-way is a very masterly specimen of the excellence of the art of sculpture in those days; six successive mouldings, of different patterns, chevron, or zig-zag, and others, ornament its architrave; and though carved in an exceedingly soft species of stone, are all perfect and beautiful specimens of a master's hand.

The date of the foundation of this Abbey has not yet been ascertained. In a MS. in the College Library, &c. the following passage occurs relative to this church, which differs from what Archdall quotes as being contained in the Annals of Munster, and therefore it may be concluded that he did not consult the MS. himself. The passage in the MS. Trin. Coll. is "aedh, alias Hugh Connor O'Donnagadhœe's son died, and was buried in *the (his* in

the Monasticon) old abbey of O'Mathgamna (Aghadoe), anno 1231." It is obvious that the difference between the College MSS and the Monasticon, leaves the founder still unknown. Seward mentions that the ancient sees of Ardfert and Aghadoe were united in 1663. *The latter see now possesses but one dignitary, an Archdeacon, who enjoys the entire rectory of Aghadoe, besides some small tithe interest, and glebe, of which there is no registry. The old cathedral was dedicated to St. Finian. [See Inisfallen].†

The present appearance of the ruin and cemetery is extremely disgusting, and the smell frequently offensive: skulls, bones, and coffin-lids are scattered every where, in the same horrible manner as at Mucruss, Ardfert, and Lislaghtlin; and although divested of the gloomy accompaniments of long dark aisle and shady yew, still appear chilling and terrific. The number interred here exceeds that at Mucruss, partly because this is considered a more ancient cemetery, and partly because it is free from charge for burial.

Near the church are the ruins of an old round castle, usually called the Pulpit, the interior diameter of which is twenty-five feet; its height, at present, is about thirty feet, nor does it appear to have been much more lofty. It evidently consisted of but two stories, of which the lower or basement was lighted by one window, the second, by three. The ascent was by a staircase constructed within

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* See Ware's Bishops.

† In the MSS. of Trin. Coll. Dub. is another passage relative to Aghadoe, of an earlier date than any hitherto quoted, (1176): "Cormack's (son of Daniel O'Carthy) army sojourned at Aghadoe two days and two nights, after the ransacking of Cork"—i. e. fifty-five years previous to the earliest date mentioned in the Monasticon.

the wall. Round castles are rather uncommon in Ireland; there are two others, however, nearly of the same height and diameter as this of Aghadoe, existing, the one at Waterford, called "Reginald's Tower," the other in the county of Tipperary, called "Nenagh Round." Dolbadern Castle, in the vale of Llanberris, in North Wales, is extremely like this at Aghadoe, which must have been a place of defence, as appears from the fosse and mound encompassing it.

In the Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis, may be seen a plate of a stone in the walls of Aghadoe Cathedral, on which is cut an inscription in the Ogham character. This mysterious hieroglyphical letter, whose powers are now totally lost, was used by the ancient Irish or Indo-Scythians. The inscriptions are merely horizontal, or perpendicular lines, intersected at right-angles by a number of parallel lines, or darts, of unequal lengths. The learned Mr. Pelham supplied General Vallancey with many instances of such inscriptions in the county of Kerry, which have been published in the sixth volume of the Collectanea.

A very remarkable stone of this description stands about fifteen yards from the church of Kill-Melcheder, in this county, and another, of a conical form, at Ballysteeny. Of the stone at Aghadoe Mr. Pelham speaks as follows: "In the north west corner of the old church of Aghadoe, near Killarney, is a rough stone, of the brown mountain kind, with a few Ogham characters upon it. The stone, as it now lies, is about seven feet in length; but it is probable it was once longer, and stood erect, as its larger end has an appearance of having been broken, and thrown down by violence into its present situation. This inscription is possibly imperfect, as there is an appearance of a scale of stone having come off from its smallest end.

The characters near the middle of the stone are three and a half inches long."

As to the meaning or translations of these mystical writings, the antiquarian should conjecture with caution; one instance from many may indicate the propriety of this advice. In the catalogue of inscribed stones, in the 6th vol. of the Collectanea, is one mentioned as being found in the county of Kilkenny by Mr. Tighe, and said to bear an inscription in the Pelasgic letter, which in *Roman* characters would be

BELI DI UOSE:

this, after much learned disquisition, General Vallancey has sagaciously translated thus: "To Belus, God of fire," whereas, had it occurred to these learned gentlemen, who really were an ornament and benefit to their country, to turn the inscription upside down, they would have found, in plain English, the following name and date: "E. CONID, 1731," it having since been found to be the fact, that it was cut by a stone-mason of that name, who lived in the neighbourhood.

One subject yet remains to be spoken of, before we quit the antiquities of Aghadoe, viz. the Round Tower, within a few yards of the church. The remains of this building are rather insignificant, not exceeding twenty feet in height, and completely filled with rubbish; it was built of brown stone, trimmed on the exterior surface. Of the origin and use of these extraordinary buildings, many conjectures have been formed by antiquarians, of the merits of which let the reader judge, when he has seen the structures, and perused and reflected on the theories founded on them. The followers of Giraldus Cambrensis conceive these towers to have been ecclesiastical buildings, and that probably they were the retreats of penitents or anchorites; others

suppose them to have been erected by the Danes, as watch-towers at first, and afterwards converted into belfries. General Vallancey supposed they were for the purpose of preserving the sacred fire, and consequently of much greater antiquity than is generally attributed to them. That they might have been anchorite towers is possible; but this theory rests on the weakest arguments: it is true they were divided into stories, as is manifest from the ledges upon which the floors were laid, and which are visible in all the towers; yet the lower chambers must have been totally divested of light, for loop-holes are found in very few of them. The conjecture of their being penitential residences, in which the sinner was removed from story to story as he improved in piety and awakened to a sense of error, rests on the sole evidence of an unauthenticated MS., found by Dr. Smith at Cork, in which they are termed "*Inclusoria.*" Dr. Molyneaux, as well as some others, attributes their erection to the Danes, in the ninth century, and he concludes, rather hastily, that they were *always* intended as belfries. If so, what was the occasion of their extraordinary height? why is the door at such an elevation from the ground—sometimes twenty feet? And could not the bell have been tolled by a rope reaching from top to bottom, which the stories seem to prove was not done? Besides, it ought to be observed, that granting they were used as belfries, we find churches built subsequently to the towers, and not many feet from them, with steeples for the suspension of bells, and these steeples of the *same diameter* as the upper stories of the towers, so that they could not be meant for the suspension of bells of *various* sizes. It has often been argued that the Round Tower at Ardmore has been *used* as a belfry, because part of the oak suspension-beam is still visible; to

this it may be said, that this is the *only* instance in which such remains have been found, and it may have been, and most probably was, a secondary application of the tower. The awkward position of the bell-ringer, outside the door, proves the thing to have been, even then, but badly contrived, as he was not only exposed to the severity of the weather, but the bell-rope was liable to the touch of any merry passenger who chanced to pass that way.

The supposition which would have them anchorite or penitential towers, rests on the authority of Mr. Harris, who says, that "*according to tradition*," an anchorite monk lived at the top of Drumlahan Tower, in the county of Cavan, which is still called Cloch-Ancoire, or the Stone of the Anchorite. The Pillar of Simon Stylites *upon* which he used to sanctify himself, is also made to contribute an analogical argument; and the Rev. Thomas Harmer's description of a *square* tower in the Holy Land, is also applied to this purpose, which, although the least noticed, is probably the strongest case that could be adduced in support of the anchorite doctrine.*

As to the name "Cloch-theach," the house of the bell or the belfry, by which the Irish peasantry continue to denominate these towers, it cannot be attended to, when we call to mind the ridiculous epithets they are in the habit of bestowing upon all the antiquities of their native residences, such as Giant's Rings, Giant's Cut, &c. and the Druidical Cromlech is never called by any appellation but "The Big Stone." The traditionary history pre-

* See Vol. 9 of the Archæologia.

served by such uninformed peasantry ought not to be valued; besides, it is not denied that these towers were converted into or used as belfries about the ninth century, and consequently the original name may fairly be supposed to have been lost by distance of time, as well as the certainty of their original application. The most original theory that has been advanced for a series of years, is that of General Vallancey, who says, that the old Irish, or Aire-Coti, the primitive inhabitants of the western isles, were the Aire-Coti of Caucasus, and were from the banks of the Indus, where they had mixed with the Brahmins, *at that time* in the habit of building *round* towers, for the preservation of the holy fire; and that it was in imitation of these, the round towers in Ireland and *Scotland* were built. It would be greatly out of place to introduce here the arguments urged in support of the last opinion; but it may be observed, that being almost entirely deduced from the similarity of terms in the Eastern and Irish languages, they exhibit ingenuity, although they fail to convince.

To conclude this interesting and difficult subject, let us inquire for what purpose most of the eastern towers have been built, and what the name *Tower* is derived from? Upon numerous hills and promontories the orientalists were in the habit of building obelisks and towers, consecrated to some guardian deity. These served a two-fold purpose, as land-marks and watch-towers by day, and as beacons by night. Granting, then, that these Irish towers are the workmanship of the old inhabitants (in which opinion the most learned antiquarians concur), built at first after the manner of the eastern beacons, and subsequently, in the time of Giraldus, "more patrio," why should they not have been for the same purposes?

The whole Island was divided into petty principalities, the rulers of which were eternally at variance; and wherever a settlement existed, a watch-tower appears to have been erected, most likely at the expense and by the assistance of the surrounding inhabitants; for they were raised of stone and mortar, when the adjoining monasteries were of wood, as if they were of vital consequence even to persons more remote. Their uses at night might have been of great importance; in a country infested by wolves, without the convenience of high-ways, and whose tranquillity was so much disturbed by the proximity of the enemy's territories, beacons would be as useful to the traveller, the wanderer, or the troops returning from predatory excursions, as to the mariner at sea, or the caravan in the wilderness, both of whom, when the compass and the star-light fail to guide them, pray for a glimpse of some terrestrial beacon to direct their erring steps. Arguments are not wanting to continue the defence of this suggestion, but this is not the opportunity to multiply them too much.

There is, however, one consideration more, that appears to contribute light and life to this idea, viz. the derivation of the word Tower. The Latin "turris" is not unlike, and this is derived from the Chaldee תר, *Thor*, a tower, and *Is*, fire, i. e. a fire tower, a beacon, a light-house,* which precisely corresponds to our suggestion. The Greek πύργος, a tower, is represented by Lexicographers as a boundary or land-mark, but some more rationally derive it from πῦρ, fire, to which might be subjoined, as a termination, ἄγος, any thing sacred, which would make

* Bryant's Antient Mythology.

πύργος, or πυρᾶγος, signify the sacred fire, and thus, from the derivation of πύργος, the relation between ancient towers and fire or light may also be established.

Those who attribute the erection of the round towers in Ireland to much later dates, and to Christian artificers, rest on one solitary proof (for Ledwich's translation of Cambrensis is decidedly incorrect) viz. the image of our Saviour on the cross, carved on the key-stone of the doorway of the tower at Donaghmore, in the barony of Navan, county of Meath.* But this sculpture might be of later date than the tower, and the work of some religious persons, with whom this country abounded; or this tower might have been erected at a late period; but, in any case, one instance cannot establish the fact, in opposition to a number of between fifty and sixty towers which have no device: and the most highly finished tower in Ireland, that on Devenish Island in Lough Erne, the key-stones of whose upper windows are ornamented with heads, is yet without any sculpture emblematic of Christianity.

There are two towers in Scotland, the one at Brechin, bearing a religious device, the other at Abernethy in Murray, but there cannot be the least doubt that these were erected by the Irish (who held intercourse with that kingdom, although they did not with England or Wales) and after the introduction of such buildings into this country.

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* The same occurs in the round tower of Brechin in Scotland.

Dunloe Castle.

The road from Aghadoe to Laune-bridge continues along a flat country, unvaried by improvements. Near the bridge the Castle of Dunloe appears raising its head amongst the forest-trees, and having its gloomy outline relieved on the surface of the still-gloomier mountains behind. The castle, the residence of Major Mahony, is an ancient hold, modernised in a comfortable manner; the floors are of yew wood, more beautiful than the closest mahogany, and the apartments extremely commodious. Owing to the extraordinary thickness of the woods, the views from the walks are interrupted, but from the embattled summit of the walls it is very commanding. This castle was frequently the retreat of the Kerry chieftains in the wars, during the reign of Elizabeth, and under the Commonwealth government.

A small well-made mountain road leads from Dunloe into a defile in the mountains between Tomies and M'Gilly-Cuddy's Reeks, called the Gap of Dunloe. The hill on one side of the entrance is called the Holly Mountain, that on the other the Bull Mountain, but both are mere shoulders or projections of the larger hills. The entrance to the gap is very narrow, and the mountains quite perpendicular on each side. In a little wild romantic glen, a short distance from the entrance, is a small lake, whose waters assume a particularly dark hue, from the reflexion of the enormous mountain which hangs so immediately over it. On penetrating into the defile, our admiration of the wild scenery is gradually exchanged for a feeling of awe and an impression of fear, until a pass is reached, so narrow that there is space merely for the scanty road and the little dark, gloomy, lake beside it; the hills on

either side ascend in steep, perpendicular, precipitous crags; masses of enormous bulk lie tossed about in all the terrific sublimity of chaos, and instances have been known of persons, who, when they have arrived at this spot, were so paralysed with terror, that no earthly inducement could persuade them to advance, dreading that the mountain might fall and overwhelm them. Two small bridges are thrown across the stream which runs through the defile, in the narrowest parts of the channel; yet, from the simplicity of their structure, these do not interrupt the character of the scenery. In one particular part of the pass, the road runs along the margin of a black pool, and is so unprotected, as to inspire the equestrian traveller with fears, that, should his horse trip, he might be precipitated into the lake. But a scene of this description defies the address of the most expert tourist, and the pencil of the ablest master: it must be seen to be understood. Those who have visited the passes of Borrowdale, in Cumberland, may form a faint idea of the chilling, dreary grandeur of Dunloe; but the pass of Llanberris, in North Wales, bears a still greater resemblance, and he who has seen the Gap of Dunloe, will not be over-awed by the sublimity of Llanberris, nor will the deep-rooted image of Dunloe be eradicated by the combined beauty and grandeur of Borrowdale.

From the entrance of the Gap to the farther end, opening into the vale of Comme Duff, thence to Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon, is about four miles; the road from the outlet of the gap to his Lordship's cottage, is in a rude, unfinished state, but improvements are daily making. Here a long-extended valley is opened to the view; at the western extremity of which is a very considerable lough, called the Red Trout Lake. Nearly

opposite the termination of the Gap is a beautiful waterfall, of considerable height, and always plentifully supplied; the waters of this fall flow into a succession of small lakes, occupying the whole length of the valley. In some are islands bearing shrubs upon their surface, and others are decorated with water-lilies. A visit to this valley would occupy only one day, and would richly compensate the visiter. The overflow of the three lakes of Comme Duff discharges itself into the upper lake at Cariguline.

Ascent of Carran Tual.*

THE youthful traveller seldom quits the scene of inquiry without ascending the highest mountain and penetrating the deepest glen. In all mountainous districts there is always one peak famed for its extraordinary elevation and difficulty of access. In the vicinity of Lough Lein, Carràn Tuàl is the cloud-capped summit, marked out as the highest. Mangerton was formerly considered higher, but the late measurements of Mr. Nimmo have shown Carràn Tuàl to be 3,410 feet above the level of the sea, while Mangerton is only 2,550.

Having taken horse at Killarney, pursue the Aghadoe road, and so pass over the Laune-bridge, by Dunloe gate; then, turning to the right, at the distance of a mile is a little village, at the very foot of the Reeks. Here a guide, who understands the shortest routes up the hill, and is consequently better qualified than any person from Killarney, may be had for a trifling sum. Being

* *i.e.* "The inverted reaping hook," which the outline of the summit strongly resembles.

properly equipped for an arduous and laborious pedestrian excursion, direct your course towards the mountain, either leaving your horses at the guide's cottage until you return, or, which is a much more advisable plan, sending them back to Killarney, having previously directed a boat to meet you, at Lord Brandon's boat-house, at the extremity of the Upper Lake.

The mountain bridle-road leads from the village over a low range of hills to Mr. Blennerhasset's shooting-lodge, on the banks of the river Giddah, a considerable mountain-torrent, flowing into the Laune. On Lishbaun Mountain is the first view of Dingle Bay; and, crossing the Gaddah River, and passing a gradually sloping vale of moss and rock (very fatiguing to the pedestrian whose feet are not protected by very strong shoes), the *Hag's Glen* is entered. To the right a lofty green mountain, called Konnock à Brianihn, *i. e.* the hill of the sheep-raddle, darkens the valley, and opposite, is the beetling brow of the lower reeks, perfectly inaccessible to all but the wild birds which nestle in their fronts.

The Hag's Tooth is a small conical projection from the mountain, resembling the flying buttress of a moulder-ing edifice, whose brow is shattered by the effacing finger of decay. Around and above are seen small black lakes, whose tints are borrowed from the impending crags, called the Devil's Lough and the Hag's Lough, &c., the latter having a small island in the centre. While gazing on the ruinous prospect which surrounds on every side, except the path by which this sequestered excavation is entered, the visiter forgets for a moment the task to be accomplished; but the suggestion of the guide that the sun delays not his daily course, quickly re-calls him to a sense of the voluntary labour he has under-

taken. To the query of "which way?" the guide only raises his cudgel, and points to a cleft in the face of the mountain, formed by a rill that occasionally forces its way down in rainy weather. A feeling of vanity, natural to pedestrians, prevents any observation upon the manifest difficulty and even danger of the ascent, and the attack is generally begun in silence and determination. For about a quarter of a mile the path continues up the steep, through rocks, stones, long grass, moss, and shingle; whenever a steady footing is obtained for a moment, you are induced to turn and enjoy the scenery; but from the deep retreat in which the path-way is embosomed, the view is greatly contracted, and altogether interrupted towards the west. This steep pass once overcome, the difficulties vanish, but are succeeded by ideas of danger. The way to the highest peak lies along the summit of a ridge, something like the red ridge on Snowdon, the top of which is narrow, convex, and covered with grass, so short and slippery that it can hardly be walked over in dry weather, unless in stocking feet. The tops of the reeks are composed of a species of shingle, which, after heavy falls of snow, loosens and unbinds, and glides down the mountain's breast in the thaw; for this reason naturalists say the height of the reeks may have been sensibly diminished in the lapse of time. The principal stone to be found upon the reeks is sand-stone, and the plants are the same as those on Mangerton, London-pride growing in great abundance.

The view from the top is most commanding towards the west. From hence are visible Dingle and Castlemain Bays, the Tralee Mountain, &c.; to the south, Bantry Bay, and the indented coast of Kerry.

The remaining reeks appear like so many inclined

planes, whose angles of inclination are all equal, so that they appear to lie in parallel strata. On the tops of several are small loughs, like those on Mangerton and the high mountains in the range.

The view to the south-west presents a mountainous scene of the boldest description, the Glencar and M'Gillicuddy's Mountains, with an endless succession of immeasurably extended wilds.

The descent into the valley of Comme Duff is tedious, but not difficult; the inclination is rather too precipitate to permit comfortable walking, and this renders it extremely fatiguing. Having reached the valley, there is a rugged, stony path, winding along through little deserted hamlets and barren wastes, which, after pursuing it for about four miles, brings you to the destined place of rendezvous—Lord Brandon's Boat-house. In a few minutes the anxious cockswain conveys the traveller to the cottage on Ronan's Island, where, after a journey of at least fourteen hours, the first opportunity of taking rest and refreshment is afforded. The lateness of the hour will not now admit of much delay, and Killarney will hardly be reached before eleven at night; supposing that five in the morning was the hour of departure.

Directions for Tourists.

The following directions are drawn up in such a manner as to be serviceable to visiters under any circumstances. It sometimes happens that while one traveller is

exceedingly limited in time, a second may be desirous of finding different routes for a succession of days. To the former of these, the most economic distribution of time,—to the latter, abundance of diversified amusement, is pointed out.

Route by which the Lakes and Beauties of Killarney may be seen in the space of a single day.

Taking horses at Killarney, and being attended by a bugleman, also mounted, start at five o'clock in the morning for Dunloe Gap; two miles and a half from Killarney, turn up a narrow road, to the right, and visit the ruined tower and cathedral of Aghadoe. Arriving at the bridge over the Laune River, cross and ride a few hundred yards farther to the gate of the demesne of Dunloe Castle: here there is not much to detain the traveller who is in haste, except the view from the battlements. Leaving Dunloe Castle, the seat of Major Mahony, about three quarters of a mile farther, enter the Gap of Dunloe. Here let the bugle be kept in constant employment. Halt in the narrowest part of the rocky defile, and observe the extraordinary effects of the bugle; ride through the pass, and reach the valley of Comme Duff: here it will be necessary to send back the ponies, having desired guide-boys from Killarney, the night before, to meet you at that place for the purpose. The remaining part of the vale must be traversed on foot as far as Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon. Here ask permission to ascend the tower in the garden, from the top of which is a very commanding prospect. Direct your cockswain and boatmen, the night previous, to have a boat, with a supply of provisions, to meet you near Lord Brandon's boat-house. Sail down the river into the Upper Lake, land on

Ronan's Island, dine and rest in the cottage; after which, ascend the peak, and view the amphitheatre of hills enclosing the lake. After taking refreshment, sail through the archipelago of the seven islands, and then direct your course towards Derry-Cunnihy; visit the waterfall, and Mr. Hyde's cottage; coast along the base of Cromiglaun Mountain. Time will not permit a visit to Esknamucky Waterfall and Glen. Entering Coleman's Leap, sail down the passage between the Long Range and Newfoundland, until you reach the Eagle's Nest. Here disembark, and take a station which the cockswain will not fail to point out, while the swivel is discharged by the boatmen from the most advantageous situation for the production of echoes.

Embarking again, continue your course with the stream, remembering to employ the bugle frequently along the passage between the lakes. The next object of surprise is the old Weir Bridge: here the unpleasant ceremony of shooting the bridge is to be submitted to. Arrived at Dinis Island, pass into Turk Lake, coast the base of Turk Mountain, and visit Turk Cottage and Waterfall; there leave the boat, directing the cockswain to meet you again below the house of Mucruss, in Castle Lough Bay; ascend Mangerton, still accompanied by the bugle, and arriving at the Devil's Punch Bowl, try its extraordinary effects. The Glen of the Horse cannot be visited upon this route. Descending to the village of Cloghereen, visit Mucruss Abbey, and passing on to the shores, embark once more upon the lake in Castle Lough Bay: sail round Ross Island to Inisfallen, thence to Ross Castle, where the guide-boys generally have a mode of conveyance ready to carry the traveller to Killarney.

In this route, many interesting objects are necessarily

neglected, and others but imperfectly seen, at the same time that a very extensive and delightful tour has been accomplished in a wonderfully short space of time. The personal fatigue of this journey is great, and the arrangements require to be made with judgment. A six-oared boat should be employed, also excellent ponies, and active boys to rendezvous at the appointed places.

Two Days Tour.

The following directions will enable the tourist to economise time so far, that the lakes may be satisfactorily seen in the short space of two days, by a strict adherence to the arrangements here laid down:—

Having despatched a messenger, the preceding evening, to Mucruss House, or Cahernane, with a note requesting permission to visit the Abbey, and having obtained this favour, leave the inn at five in the morning, mounted on a strong shelty, attended by a guide-boy and a bugleman: cross the Flesk River, pass Cahernane, Castle-Lough, and Mucruss Demesnes, and leaving the village of Cloghereen behind, ride up the front of Mangerton Mountain: try the effect of the bugle at the Punch-bowl; walk round the edge of the Bowl, along the summit of the ridge dividing the Devil's Punch-bowl from Gleanna Capull,* and let the bugleman descend a short distance down the steep side of the glen, while the tourist remains on the top. The effect of the bugle in this situation is very extraordinary. [See Mangerton].

Let the guides conduct the shelties to the foot of the mountain, and there await the party, who will find it more practicable to walk than ride down from the

* Pronounced *Glouna Kophel*.

Punch-bowl. Having again reached the village of Clogheeen, visit the Abbey of Mucruss and the Peninsula, and walk along the shore to Castle-Lough Bay. Take notice of the rock called O'Donohoe's Horse. Have the boat in waiting near the shores of Mucruss Peninsula, and coast along to Brickeen bridge. Here enter Turk Lake, and coast still along the Mucruss shore, passing the Devil's Island, and thence row to Turk Cottage.

Disembark at Turk Cottage, and penetrate the wooded glen behind, in order to visit Turk Cascade, which flows from the Punch-bowl. Returning to the boat, sail close under Turk Mountain to the Cottage on Dinis Island. Here dinner can be dressed in a very comfortable manner, and great civility will be met with from the cottagers. If the day should not be far advanced, refreshment may be postponed until the party reaches Glenà, or perhaps Inisfallen Island. After walking through the woods on Dinis Island, sail out of Turk Lake by the passage between Dinis and the mainland, into that leading to the Upper Lake. The rapidity of the current will soon carry the boat into Glenà Bay. The Cottage of Glenà will afford an agreeable place for rest and refreshment; but this should be regulated also according to the time of day: leaving Glenà Cottage and Bay, sail close under Glenà Mountain, and try the effect of the bugle. Double Glenà point, and coast the base of Tomies to the river flowing from O'Sullivan's Cascade. Here disembark, and visit the cascade. Returning to the boat, steer a little to the north, and make Inisfallen by a circuitous direction. This is the most desirable spot to dine at, and there is no danger to be apprehended in returning to Ross Bay at night-fall, the intermediate water being scarcely ever in a disturbed state.

Returning to Ross Castle, along the shores of the Island, at Lord Kenmare's boat-house, a delightful and surprising echo will be found from the castle. Arrived at the quay beneath the castle, ponies from the inn are generally in readiness to convey the visiters to Killarney. So ends the first day.

At an early hour the second day, after breakfast, take shelties, and ride to Aghadoe; enjoy the view of the Lower Lake from the church-yard, and see the ruins of a round tower and castle. Proceed along the road at the foot of the hill, to the bridge over the Laune; cross the bridge, and visit Dunloe Castle: this should occupy but a short space. Proceed to the Gap of Dunloe; ride through the pass, remembering to keep the bugle constantly employed. Arriving at the termination of the pass, keep the left pathway down the valley of Comme Duff to Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon. Seek permission to ascend the tower in his Lordship's garden. The ponies should be sent back to Killarney with the runners, from the termination of the pass.

The boat should be in waiting at Lord Brandon's boat-house to convey the party to Ronan's Isle. Dine in the cottage, and row about amongst the Islands. Steer for Coffin Point, and, entering the little sheltered haven, disembark, and visit the Cottage and Waterfall of Derry-Cunnihy. Embarking again, and coasting the southern shore, visit the Waterfall and Glen of Esknamucky. Returning to the boat, and doubling the headland, make your exit from the Upper Lake by Coleman's Leap. Sailing down the passage, or river, stop nearly opposite the Eagle's Nest, and land for a few minutes to hear the extraordinary echoes produced by the firing of a small cannon, which is carried in the boat for this purpose.

Sailing with the current, by the Cannon Rock, Man-of-

War Rock, &c., the next adventure is the shooting of old Weir bridge. The current is here very rapid; and the little boat is hurried swiftly by O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl, and Dinis Island, into Glenà Bay. Here again the effect of the bugle is delightful. Coasting along Glenà Mountain, pass between Glenà Point and Darby's Garden, and, crossing the Lower Lake to Ross Island, land at the usual place of disembarkation in Ross Bay. So ends the second day.

Although it is practicable to see the beauties, curiosities, &c. around Lough Lein, in the exceedingly short space of time mentioned in the preceding directions, yet that can be accomplished only by very expert and active tourists, and will necessarily subject even them to much personal fatigue. Those who are not so restricted in time, may of course visit the numerous interesting objects near Killarney, not only in a less laborious, but also in a more perfect and satisfactory manner. Extend the tour to three days, and the time may be advantageously disposed of in the following manner.

Three Days Tour.

The first day will be entirely occupied in visiting Mucruss demesne and Abbey, Mangerton, the Punch Bowl, Gleanna Capull (the Glen of the Horse). The Glen of the Horse is inaccessible at every point but one, viz. the egress of the rivulet from the two interior lakes. The tourist will have ample leisure to make an excursion into Filadaune, visit Lough Kittane, and enter the Glen of the Horse. A lazy guide always endeavours to deter the visiter from this last excursion, but the tourist will be richly rewarded for his trouble.

The second day may be devoted to visiting the Lower

Lake; first, however, the demesne, house, park, and gardens of Lord Kenmare ought to be viewed, and Kneckriar Hill, in his Lordship's park, ascended, from which there is a very commanding view. Embarking at Ross Castle, row to Inisfallen, which will take sometime to see perfectly: thence, directing your route northward, come round to O'Sullivan's Cascade, on Tomie's Mountain: thence to Castle-Lough Bay; see the Drinking Horse, which was also seen the day before, from the shores of Mucruss. Enter Turk Lake, under Brickeen bridge, and, rowing across the lake, visit the Cottage and Cascade of Turk. Leaving Turk Cottage, coast the base of the mountain to the outlet of the lake, between Dinis Island and the Mountain; land on Dinis Island, and wander about amongst the woods and thickets, while the boat is rowed down the stream, and reaches O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl, near which it generally awaits the passengers. The Cottage of Dinis affords tolerable accommodation, provided the party bring the *materiel* with them.

From Dinis Island sail with the stream into Glenà Bay. If the Cottage of Dinis be not found sufficiently attractive to induce the party to take refreshment there, Glenà Cottage most probably will. Here a salmon is usually taken out of the lake, in presence of the party, and dressed on arbutus skewers for their dinner. Coast the base of Glenà Mountain; pass Darby's Garden, and cross the water to Ross Island. The bugle should be kept in constant employment in Glenà Bay; and, near Ross Castle, let the boatmen rest upon their oars, while the bugle sounds a few interrupted notes, directing the mouth of the instrument towards the castle. Landing at Ross Castle, return by means of shelties to the inn, and so complete the second day's tour

At an early hour on the morning of the third day, but remembering to take a hearty breakfast first, mount your shelty, and ride to Aghadoe Church. See the Round Tower, the Round Castle, called by the peasantry the Pulpit, and the stone bearing an Ogham inscription. Returning to the high road, pursue the road to Laune or Beaufort bridge, and, crossing the river, visit the Castle of Dunloe. After a short stay in the demesne, keep the mountain road to the Gap, and proceed, by slow and measured steps, through the Pass to the farther end in the vale of Comme Duff. The bugle should be kept in unceasing employment all through the Pass, but particularly under the castellated cliff hanging over the pool, in which the guide asserts there is an enormous serpent.

Entering the valley of Comme Duff, visit the Waterfall, the best supplied cascade in the whole country. See the Islands on the Comme Duff Lakes, and following the stony bed of a little mountain torrent, arrive at Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon. See the cottage and tower, and embark at his lordship's boat-house, where the boat from Killarney will be found waiting. Row to Ronan's Island, and having landed, take refreshment in the cottage; then ascend the eminence on this island, and take a view of the seven islands.

From Ronan's Island row to Derry-Cunnihy; see Mr. Hyde's cottage and the cascade. Keeping the southern shore by Coffin Point, direct your course between Cromiglaun and Coleman's Eye, and row to the extremity of the little inlet into which the Esknamucky River falls; disembarking here, walk along the banks of the river, as far as the cascade. On the way will be met some of the most retired habitations imaginable, in the very heart of the wild forests.

Embarking once more, double the headland, and pass

through Coleman's Leap into the natural canal connecting the Upper and Lower Lakes. Observe the variously formed rocks, viz. the Man of War and Cannon Rocks, &c. along the banks of this passage, and, arriving under the Eagle's Nest, it will be necessary to disembark for a few minutes, while the paterara is discharged against the front of the rock. The echo, however, is not returned from the Eagle's Rock, but from the deep bosom of the mountain adjacent to it. The rapidity of the stream, and the inclination and skill of the boatmen, it being now late, will speedily urge the oar-impelled bark to the old Weir bridge; should the water be tolerably high, the ceremony of shooting the bridge is attended with rather agreeable sensations, and little danger; but if otherwise, the boat will run considerable risk of striking against a rock, in its rapid progress, and in all likelihood be materially injured. The cockswain however never permits his company to remain in the boat when there is any danger.

From old Weir bridge the passage meanders through extremely-beautiful sylvan scenery. O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl is quickly passed; Dinis and Brickeen Islands, the entrance to Turk Lake, and ultimately the Bay of Glenà, are all soon left behind.

The southern shore now possesses the greatest novelties to the visiter (having coasted the northern before), and, passing Brickeen bridge, let the cockswain steer due east, beneath the woods of Mucruss Peninsula. Sail then amongst the islands called O'Donohoe's Table, Alexander's Rock, Cow Island, Jackdaw Island, Yew Island, and Rough Island, to the northern extremity of Ross Doubling the point, enter Ross Bay, and land under the castle, as before. This terminates the third day; and if the weather should have been favourable, and the party

early risers, the beauties of Killarney will have been satisfactorily visited. Such a coincidence however, is not always to be found, nor is such speed required by all tourists: those who have sufficient leisure will occupy an entire week to visit the places mentioned in the three days tour.

The Gap of Dunloe requires one day; Mangerton and Filadaune a second; Mucruss Abbey and demesne, with Turk Cascade and Cottage a third; the Lower Lake, Inisfallen, and O'Sullivan's Cascade, &c. a fourth; Turk and the Upper Lake will more than occupy the fifth; and the ascent of Carràn Tuàl is assuredly one day's employment for the most active tourist in Britain.

A LIST OF THE ISLANDS IN THE DIFFERENT LAKES.

Lower Lake.

Ross Island	Jackdaw Island	Gunnet Rock
O'Donohoe's Prison	Osprey Island	Gun Rock
Cherry Island	Drinking Horse	Darby's Garden
Inisfallen Island	Pigeon Island	Burnt Island
Mouse Island	Crow Island	Brickeen Island
Heron Island	O'Donohoe's Table	Dinis Island
Lamb Island	Alexander's Rock	Miss Plummer's Island
Rabbit Island	Friar's Island	The Three Friends, &c.
Rough Island	Tom Cole's Rock	Sugar Island
Yew Island	Currigahocca Rock	Coarse Island
Cow Island	Oak Island	Ash Island

Turk Lake.

There is but one, the Devil's Island.

Upper Lake.

Rossburkie, or Oak Island	M'Carthy's Island
Arbutus Island	Ronan's Island
Eagle's Island	Duck Island
Knight of Kerry's Island	Stag Island, &c. &c.

The cascades in the neighbourhood of the lakes are—O'Sullivan's, Comme-Duff Falls, Filadaune, Turk, Eskanamucky, Derry-Cunnihy.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY
To Tralee
To Cork
Aghadoe Ch.
Pulpit
Grainagh
Dunloe Castle
Maulugh
Mill
Belview
Killarney
Chapel
Church
Prospect
Mucurtha More's Country
Mahony's Pt.
Lamb I.
Dennis's House
Rabbit I.
Brown's Pt.
Innisfallen
Abbey
Ruins
Quay
Castle
Castle Lough
Tomies Mtn.
Tomies Cascade
Mucruss
Castle Lough B.
Ash I.
Glena Mtn.
Glena Bay
Darby's Garden
Rock
Abbey
Green Hills
Brickeen Id.
Devil's I.
TURK LAKE
Old Weir Br.
Station for Music
Eagles Nest
Station for Audience
Turk Cottage
Turk Mountain
To Kenmare
Derrynamihy Cascade
One Irish Mile
One English Mile
Engraved by Sidy Hall for Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, London.

Heights of the Mountains in the vicinity of Lough Lein and of the Chain extending from Mangerton to Mill-street.—(From the Survey of Mr. Nimmo).

Carran Tual (the highest of the Reeks)	3410 feet.
Mangerton	2550
Purple Mountain	2280
Slieve Meesh	2200
Tomies	2150
Glena	2090
Turk	1900
Lake above the level of the sea	50
Dunloe Heads (these are Bull and Holly Mountains)	1100

Chain from Mangerton to Mill-street.

Crohaune Mountain (over Filadaune)	2175
Paps (higher of the two)	2280
Cahirbarna	2000
Gortaveby	1500
Knock Claragh (near Mill-street)	1385

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THE END.

A

GUIDE

TO THE

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Illustrated by Engravings.

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Published by Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy, London, [illegible]

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COUNTY OF WICKLOW

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A

GUIDE

TO THE

COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

Illustrated by Engravings,

AFTER THE DESIGNS OF

GEORGE PETRIE, ESQ.

AND

A LARGE MAP OF THE COUNTY,

FROM

AN ORIGINAL SURVEY.

BY THE

REV. G. N. WRIGHT, A.M.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE county of Wicklow, one of the smallest in Ireland, lies directly south of Dublin, and contains an area of 660 square miles, being thirty-three miles in length by twenty in breadth. It is bounded on the east by the Irish Sea; on the west by parts of Carlow, Kildare, and Dublin counties, and on the south by Wexford. There are three baronies and four half-baronies in this county, viz. Arklow, Newcastle, Ballynacor, baronies;—the half-baronies are, two of Talbot's-town, one of Rathdown, and one of Shillelagh. The partition of Wicklow into baronies was probably subsequent to that of the other counties in Ireland; for, although the boundary of the county was virtually assigned by the prescription of limits to the surrounding shires, which occurred in the reign of King John, yet we find that the dignity of a

county was withheld from this division of Leinster until 1605.*

The ancient inhabitants of this part of Ireland, according to Ptolemy, were the Cauci; but the uncertainty of the division in the old maps is such, that the Cauci and Menapii may both have inhabited the country afterwards called Wickenloe. At a very early period, viz. in the fifth century, religious characters and establishments appear to have existed in various parts of this county. Of these, Palladius and St. Coemgen or Kevin, were the most distinguished for their piety and learning.† The aboriginal chieftains of Wicklow, the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, O'Kavanaghs and Walshes, are now either extinct or in total obscurity, and their once great domains have passed into other hands.

There are, according to the county survey, fifty-eight parishes and twenty churches in the whole county, but this number of parishes is too small, for almost every one calculated in the fifty-eight is a union of several, for instance, Arklow is an union of eight. The patronage

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* This is beautifully and concisely expressed in the Hibernia Dominicana, in the following words: "Wickloe patrum memoria 1605 comitatus jus induit Equite Arth. Chichester pro-rege."

† See Ortelius's Map of Ireland.

of these benefices is divided between two sees, Dublin and Ferns, but the Archbishop of Dublin has the greater proportion.

The face of the country is extremely varied, in one part rich, level, and fertile, in another, mountainous and barren. The vein extending from Bray to Arklow, bounded on the east by the sea, and on the west and north by the mountains, is rich and beautiful. Here the climate is milder, owing to the shelter of the northern hills, and the soil more fertile than in the western part of the county, and the crops and harvest much more early. The central division, in a direction north and south, although apparently barren, waste, and desolate, is not unproductive, for here the ancients raised iron in abundance, and probably gold, while the moderns have procured copper and lead in great profusion. The more westerly division possesses both mountain and lowland, but being much interrupted by the irregular protrusions of the adjacent counties, and not being either so picturesque or romantic as the other divisions, it has been less accurately described. One barony, particularly, Shilelagh, is so remote and inconvenient of approach, that it is seldom seen except by its own residents. Mr. Frazer has applied a very appropriate image to the illustration of the face of this country, mountainous and rugged in

the centre, but skirted by rich and fertile land;—"it resembles," says the author of the survey, "a frize cloak with a lace border;" this appears a more happy application when it is remembered the manufacture of frize is carried on amidst these very wilds.

The visiter to this county will in vain look for either peculiarity of costume or distinct accent: the intercourse with the metropolis has destroyed the former, and there is no county in Ireland so completely free from the least tincture of peculiarity in dialect; perhaps the total extermination of the Irish language may have contributed not a little to this circumstance, for in most other counties the peasantry converse in their native language only.

These few general observations being laid before the reader, it is now necessary to explain the arrangement of the following pages, and point out how they may be used with the best advantage. The county is supposed to be subdivided longitudinally into three sections; the first, on the sea coast, extends from Bray to Arklow; the second, from Enniskerry to Carnew; the third, from Saggard to Baltinglass. The tourist is conducted, in a serpentine direction, from Dublin to Arklow, in the south, back to Enniskerry, in the north, and then to the south again to Baltinglass, by which means he sees the entire of this county,

and part of the neighbouring ones. This division also corresponds with the trisection of the county by the three great lines of road, which pass through the centres of each subdivision, the Rathdrum, the Military, and Enniscorthy roads. The tourist is advised to proceed to Bray, and while there, several interesting subjects are pointed out: the directions are not only arranged for the tourist who intends visiting every object of curiosity or interest in the county, but also for those who do not wish to proceed farther than one day's journey: for this reason, Powerscourt, the Dargle, the Waterfall, and Kilruddery are all described as distinct and independent subjects, which may be visited from the village of Bray, in the course of a few hours, or else may be taken on the route of the tourist as all other places.

To return, then, to our fellow-travellers who are resolved upon accompanying us, *per varios casus*:—setting out from Bray, we pursue the new road through the glen of the Downs, and passing through Newtown Mount Kennedy, visit every attractive scene or object from thence to Arklow. The different inns are mentioned and the precise distances stated. Turning to the south we penetrate the uninhabited wilds and romantic dells in the mountainous tract which occupies the centre of the county, in which the mineralogy, now an important and

interesting subject has been carefully attended to. And even in this wilderness, the traveller will find such directions as will enable him to be perfectly secure of meeting comfortable inns to rest at. We now pursue the Military road, and having reached the Scalp and Dublin, prepare to re-conduct our reader through Tallagh, Saggard and Blessington, into a country of a different character; and which probably will not afford him as much gratification. Should he refuse to take advantage of our directions in pursuing the road to Baltinglass, let him not at all events reject our suggestion of visiting Russborough, the seat of the Earl of Miltown, and the Waterfall of Pol-a-Phuca, both which can be readily accomplished in the space of one day.

This much appeared necessary to say, explanatory of the arrangement of the following pages; for, the subject being new, and never before treated of, the reader cannot have any preconceived idea of its arrangement, either from the extent of his information, or intercourse with books.

Dublin Published by Wm Curry Junr & Co. August 1834

A

GUIDE

TO THE

COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

Road from Dublin to Bray.

THE general view exhibited, in the preceding chapter, of the distribution and arrangement of the following directions, renders it unnecessary to advance a reason here for supposing the tourist to enter the county of Wicklow by Bray, in preference to any other road; so that we shall proceed at once to describe the places through which the ride to Bray necessarily leads, and also by what deviation the interest of the scenery may be much increased.

The far-famed road along the shore of Dublin Bay to the villages of Black Rock and Dunleary, fashionable bathing places in the golden days of Ireland, is the commencement of our route. Black Rock is now much decayed, but Dunleary, or, as it has been denominated since the visit of his Majesty, Kingstown, is an improving settlement: here there is a very extended pier; and considerable works, tending to improve the port of Dublin, are carrying on under commissioners appointed by

parliament. Leaving Dunleary to the left, you now proceed to Cabinteely,* above which, on the right, stands Cabinteely House, the seat of the Byrnes, an ancient and respectable family. In a glen, behind the hill of Cabinteely, called Brennan's or Bryan's Town, is a crom-liagh (or inclined stone), one of the most perfect in the kingdom. Not far from the cross roads of Cabinteely, a large area, of about 120 acres, is shown, where 4,000 men were encamped in 1795, and remained for some years. One little elevation, called Drum-gun Hill, seems to have been continued for ages as a military rendezvous; its present extraordinary name is not borrowed from its having been the field of encampment of the military who occupied it in 1795, but from its being the precise spot where the army of king James encamped, and remained for five successive days after the battle of the Boyne: on one of the intervening nights the king slept at Puck's Castle, upon the side of Shankhill. †

This encampment should properly have derived its name from the Cabinteely lands, but it was usually called Leighlinstown Camp. About one mile farther is the pretty village of Leighlinstown, in an agreeable hollow, watered by a mountain-stream; the disposition of the ground on the banks of the rivulet, and the irregular manner in which the cottages are scattered, form altogether a very

---

* At a considerable distance to the right, in the centre of a thickly inhabited and richly wooded country, a majestic obelisk is seen, raising its tapering summit to the height of 100 feet. This was erected at the sole expense of the charitable and humane Sir Pigot Piers, bart. in 1740, in order to give employment to the poor.

† There is a house at the village of Chapel-Izod, about one mile from Dublin, which it is said was occupied by king James in the morning, and by king William in the evening, of the same day.

pleasing and picturesque scene: here is the seat of Mr. Justice Day. Bray is now only three miles distant, and the road every instant becomes more interesting. On the right, the heights of Shankhill bound the view, while in front are seen the great and little Sugar-Loaf Mountains, and the stately promontory of Bray Head: on the left, the beautiful shore of Killiney is gradually disclosed, and the hills of Killiney, boldly rising from the water.

Old Connaught, Bray.

At the foot of Shankhill are several very beautiful demesnes: among these, the seat of Mr. Roberts commands the most extensive view, being the most elevated, but the most pleasing and elegant demesne in this neighbourhood belongs to the Right Hon. Wm. Conyngham Plunkett; the house is a handsome square building, commanding an extensive and rich prospect, and the grounds are laid out with good taste, and undergoing daily improvements. The lands around Mr. Plunkett's house, before the year 1641, belonged to an ancient family, the Walshes of Old Connaught; but in the then distracted state of the country, the unhappy proprietors found it expedient to dispose of all their lands which were not forfeited, and withdraw to France. This desertion of the abode of their ancestors, took place immediately after the treaty of Limerick. Part of the old mansion stood until very lately, and was pulled down only a little before the demesne came into Mr. Plunkett's possession.

Within a mile of Bray is Crinken, and near it, several

splendid demesnes; on the left-hand side, opposite the road leading to Walcot Lodge and Old Connaught, is Cork Abbey, a fine venerable-looking place, containing a quantity of large timber trees, with well laid down and extensive lawns.

Here you enter the town of Bray, part of which is in the county of Dublin, and part in that of Wicklow, the river being the boundary, or rather the separation of the counties.

The tourist has been conducted to Bray by the usual and the most direct road; but as we suppose that expedition is not the only nor the chief object of the majority of tourists, we shall here suggest a deviation from the high road, which, while it increases the length of the journey from Dublin to Bray by three miles only, increases the pleasure of the drive a thousand fold—we mean a detour over the Killiney Hills. When you arrive at Dunleary, now Kingstown, you should endeavour to coast along the sea-shore, as closely as the roads will admit of, and, passing the old castle and harbour at Bullock, inclosed by a pier of Danish erection,* proceed to Dalkey: here are the ruins of seven castles, erected in the reign of Elizabeth, for the purpose of protecting the troops employed in opposing the incursions of pirates, who then frequented the coast in great numbers.

The next object deserving attention is the common of Dalkey, a wild, uncultivated, but beautifully picturesque spot. A description of the delightful scenery in this neighbourhood would lead to an unjustifiable digression in a

* There is, beside, another extraordinary remnant of antiquity near Bullock, a druidical rocking stone. See their uses spoken of in the Description of Luggelaw.

work treating of the county Wicklow solely: the tourist or reader must be content with a mere recital of the places he is to pass in this line of road, and a bare enumeration of the objects which should detain him on the way.

From Dalkey Common, the road now lies up Killiney Hill towards the telegraph: this hill was once higher, and formed a much greater mass, but has been cut down and carried away to build the pier at Kingstown. Passing by Loftus Hall, you reach the gate of the deer park, and about twenty yards beyond this, Bray Head, Killiney Bay, and the Valley of Bray, are all suddenly unfolded to your view. This sublime scene, unequalled by any thing in Wicklow, and unrivalled by any I know of elsewhere, with the exception probably of that from Baron Hill, in the Isle of Anglesea, is ample compensation indeed for the digression of the tourist; and when his Majesty visited the county of Wicklow, in 1821, he was conducted hither, on his return, by his noble host, Lord Viscount Powerscourt. There are three hills in the Killiney range, all rising very abruptly from the sea; upon the summit of the centre one, at a height of 475 feet from the water, stands an obelisk, erected by Colonel Mapas, in 1741, for the same excellent purpose which induced Sir Pigot Piers to build the more beautiful pillar at Stillorgan, the year preceding: from this obelisk, the panoramic view almost exceeds credibility, so that the experience of the visiter is the only testimony he would rely on, and which we most anxiously recommend him to adopt. From this are seen the Bays of Dublin and Killiney, an amphitheatre of mountains extending from Bray Head, in the south, to the extremity of the Dublin chain, the richly cultivated country around the metropolis, the

islands of Dalkey, Ireland's Eye, and Lambay, and the peninsula of Howth. This is merely a catalogue of names; description cannot convey an adequate idea of the beautiful disposition which Nature has made of these numerous objects of her creation.

Let us now hasten towards the appointed goal, the town of Bray, and on the way thither, from the village of Killiney, there are but two objects of additional interest, as the view continues uninterrupted and equally beautiful until you reach the Dublin road, where the lowness of situation deprives you of further scenic enjoyment until you arrive at Bray. At Killiney, in a field behind a gentleman's residence, called Mount Druid Demesne, is a druidical circle, containing a temple, with the chair of the high priest and sacrificing stone; these curious remnants of antiquity are carefully preserved in an enclosure, and cannot be visited without the permission of the proprietor. On the side of the hill, overlooking Leighlinstown, is a pyramidical pillar, erected to the memory of the late Duke of Dorset, who was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting with Lord Powerscourt's hounds. His grace was, at the time of this melancholy catastrophe, not more than twenty-two years of age, had resided for some time in Ireland, and, by his gentlemanly and amiable manners, created a general feeling of affectionate regard towards him in the hearts of the nation: his noble mother, then vice-queen of Ireland, had an incontestible proof, in the respect shown to the memory of her son after death, of the sincerity of the regard entertained for him by this country during his life-time.

At the foot of Killiney Hills, on the south bank of the Leighlinstown River, stand the ruins of Shangana Castle,

now converted into a barn or store-house, but the walls are very perfect; and about half a mile farther you return to the Bray-road, which you quitted at Black Rock.

Town of Bray.

The town of Bray is situated upon a river of the same name, the boundary of the county Wicklow, ten miles from Dublin, and within less than a quarter of a mile of the sea; part stands on the Dublin side of the river, but the greater portion is in the county Wicklow. On every side are gentlemen's seats, improved in the most expensive manner, and with admirable taste. Near the bridge, on the Dublin side, is Ravenswell, formerly the seat of the Rowleys, but now let to yearly tenants; and, at the upper end of the town, on the Kilruddery road, are several exceedingly neat cottages, which let for the season at rents of nearly 100*l.* each. Behind the town, as you approach from Dublin, rises Bray Head, a lofty and commanding promontory, its outline bold and irregular, its colour always dark and gloomy, and its sides precipitous and rugged; this, we mentioned, was seen by the traveller under very peculiar and pleasing circumstances, for the first time, from the Killiney Hills. The river of Bray, which is the same that flows through the Dargle, is spread over a wide waste of moory strand, for a distance of a mile from the town: the body of water is not considerable, while the fall is sufficiently great; so that, by a little embanking, and the erection of one or two weirs between the Dargle and the mouth of the river, this valley and the trout fishery would be much improved, a

great quantity of land, now barren, recovered, and the number of water-falls would form a series of pretty objects in the drive towards the Dargle.

Bray is a rectory in the diocese of Dublin: the church, which stands on the river's side, is tolerably large and comfortable, and ornamented with a steeple and spire. Divine service is attended in summer by great numbers of persons of rank and respectability, the neighbourhood being still a fashionable bathing place. There is a regular post here, and two fairs are held in each year, on the 1st of May and the 20th of September, where great quantities of frize and flannel are exhibited for sale, and some black cattle and sheep. In the town of Bray is Quin's famous hotel; his house is large, and kept with neatness, regularity, and elegance; his charges moderate, and the accommodation and attendance cannot be excelled. Quin's chaises are superior in decoration and style of equipment to any thing in England; and, besides these, he is supplied with a number of handsome barouches, for the accommodation of parties visiting the beautiful scenery in this neighbourhood, and in every part of Wicklow. Quin was the first person who introduced an elegant and improved style of posting into this kingdom, and has carried it to such a degree of perfection that he is never likely to be rivalled. Had there been many such improving and spirited persons placed at the head of respectable establishments through the kingdom, intercourse and civilization would have advanced more rapidly, and Ireland had been spared the censure and the laugh raised against her, by one of her most distinguished novelists, in the story of the *Knocka-crockery Post-boy*.

In front of the inn are the arms of the Earl of Meath,

to whom most of the town of Bray belongs. There is an old castle at Bray, near which a desperate battle was fought in 1690, between the armies of William and James. Here are, also, a handsome Roman Catholic Chapel and a barrack for infantry.

The road in front of Quin's hotel leads to the sea-shore; the strand is shelving and pebbly, and bathing is practicable at all hours. No attempt has ever been made to improve the harbour, so that only small craft come near this town; there is neither quay, wharf, nor pier. It was once suggested to construct a rail-way from the mountains, through the vale which the Bray river waters to the river's mouth, and there erect a pier, where the mountain granite could be exported, for the purposes of building in other places; but this suggestion appears to have been rejected without any examination.

Following the coast to Bray Head, a work of pleasing difficulty is presented, the ascent to its summit, an elevation of 807 feet above low water; this can be accomplished by a little perseverance, but it is quite impossible to climb round the precipitous cliffs which hang over the sea. In this dark and inaccessible brow, the curlew, cormorants, and gulls build their nests, and on the approach of a storm, or being disturbed by any unusual noise, they endeavour to rival the solemn rolling of the waves by their loud and melancholy screams, while they darken the chasm, in whose front they have built their nests, by flying from rock to rock in wild and unmeaning confusion.

Bray Head* is composed chiefly of quartz rock, di-

* Perhaps it was so named from some fancied resemblance it bears to a neck, which is called Braighe, in Irish, or from Bri, a hill.—*Harris.*

vided into two great masses, the division between them being marked by a hollow in the middle of the hill; but the coast around the head-land consists of numerous successions of stratified rocks, which ascend part of the northern and eastern brows of the head. Upon the strand, on each side of this promontory, are found pebbles, white and almost pellucid, which strike fire but weakly, being imperfect crystals. Variously coloured pebbles are also found all along the Wicklow coast, bearing a resemblance, according to Rutty, to Egyptian; these strike fire with steel, and cause no ebullition with acids; they admit of cutting, and receive a high polish.

Kilruddery.

At the market-cross, in the village of Bray, the road divides; the branch to the right leads to the glen of the Downs, joining the new line of road from Dublin to Rathdrum at Holly-brook gate: the road diverging to the left, passes by Mr. Putland's demesne, and the woods of Old Court, and, passing to the west of Bray Head, leads to Kilruddery, the seat of the Earls of Meath. Here a new line has been carried up the side of the hill, from which is an extensive and delightful prospect of the beech from Bray to Killiney Hills.—This circuit returns again to the old Windgate-road, and so on to Wicklow, by Kilcool and Killoughter.

The chief object in conducting our fellow-travellers along this road is, to visit the demesne and house of Kilruddery. The grounds are laid out in the old-fashioned, formal style of Dutch pleasure-grounds, and are, in this country, quite

unique. In front of the house there are two long, straight, and narrow ponds, inclosed by lofty trees on each side, and separated by a terrace of smooth green turf. Amongst the shrubberies are some of the finest evergreens in Ireland. In one place is a circular pond, inclosed by a hedge of beech, nearly 20 feet in height; the shelter and stillness constantly preserved by the height and closeness of the surrounding skreen, render the surface of the pond a perfect mirror, in which the little amphitheatrical panorama is reflected.

The pleasure-grounds higher up the hill are disposed in a uniform manner; from different centres broad green walks diverge, like radii of a circle, inclosed by close beech hedges, at the end of which are long, straight terraces, carpeted with smooth and soft green moss. Here the arbutus tree is seen of an enormous size, and indeed every tree in the demesne appears to wanton in the luxuriance of its situation, for they have all outstripped the usual limits of their growth.

The improvements made in the demesne of Kilruddery, by the present Earl, are directed by a most refined taste, and can only be justly estimated by those who remember what a very uninteresting residence it was, when the road passed near the house, and through the very centre of the grounds.

The old mansion of Kilruddery becoming unfit for the residence of a nobleman of taste and fortune, was removed in the year 1820, and the present splendid building commenced upon the same site. This beautiful and singular structure is after the design of two very eminent artists, the Messrs. Morrison, to whose ingenuity and taste Shelton Abbey and Castle Howard, both in this county, will bear a lasting and enviable testimony.

Kilruddery House represents the style of architecture of the latter end of Henry's and beginning of Elizabeth's reign, that style which superseded the florid gothic, and is now called the Old English: many specimens are to be seen in England, but not a single instance in this country. The exterior here is richly decorated with ornamental carving; bower windows are surmounted by open-work balustrades, the summits of each pier being ornamented with armorial bearings. The entrance is beneath an octagonal tower, crowned with a cupola, rising in the centre of the north front. Ascending, then, a broad flight of steps, the great hall is entered. This splendid apartment, which rises to the height of the building, is an admirable specimen of the ancient Baronial-hall, the scene of noble-minded hospitality and grandeur, where minstrels

> "Poured to Lord and Lady gay,
> "The unpremeditated lay."

The walls are wainscotted with oak, to about one-third of their height, at which level a gothic cornice and frieze, filled with armorial bearings, runs round the chamber. Above this the light is admitted, on one side, by a row of lofty windows, glazed with stained glass. An open arcade is continued round the remaining sides; the arches of which corresponding with the windows preserve continuity and uniformity. The ceiling is supported by carved oak-beams, resting on open-work brackets, springing from gos-hawks, the family crest, carved in dark oak. The grand staircase opens from the hall, and is richly and beautifully decorated. The reception rooms, which are in suite, open on the great hall; they consist of a morning-parlour, dining-room, library, and great drawing room: the last-mentioned apartment, which is 44 feet in length, is sub-

divided by two skreens of porphyritic columns, supporting a rich entablature. There is, besides, a small drawing-room, with a singularly beautiful pendentive ceiling; this elegant apartment terminates the suite, and opens into an extensive conservatory, filled with the choicest plants.

The outline given here of this beautiful and truly noble mansion, is very imperfect; but the unfinished state both of the house and surrounding progressive improvements, renders even this much an anticipation of the facts.

It may not be uninteresting to the tourist to be put in possession of some short account of the antiquity of this very noble family. The family of Brabazon is derived from the province of Brabant in Flanders, whence Jaques, surnamed the Great Warrior, came to the aid of William, Duke of Normandy, in the conquest of England. This appears from the insertion of his name in the roll of Battel-Abbey. There were many distinguished members of this family, but none so much so as Sir William, Vice-Treasurer and General Receiver of Ireland in 1536. The property of this family in the county Wicklow is considerable, and most agreeably situated, the greater part in the neighbourhood of Bray. The lands of Kilrothery, or Kilruddery, were formerly the property of the Abbey of St. Thomas, in Thomas-court, Dublin, and granted to the Brabazon family on the 31st of March, 1545, together with other church lands. The first title conferred upon this illustrious house was, Barons of Ardee, 1616, to which the Earldom of Meath was added, 16th April, 1627.

From Kilruddery you may pass up the hill to Windgate, and on to Delgany, or return to Bray, and pursue the Dargle road.

Dargle.*

To preserve system in our Guide, we have deemed it expedient to describe each particular place in the order of travelling, with the exception of the Dargle, Powerscourt, and Kilruddery, which, being so close to the town of Bray, follow the account of that place without having any precise arrangement in prospect.

The new mail-coach road, not crossing the bridge or entering the town, turns off opposite the gate of Ravenswell, and keeps parallel to the river for about two miles, then crossing the river, runs up the vale towards Wingfield, while the tourist re-crossing, passes by the Dargle-gate to the village of Enniskerry.

The Dargle is a deep, dark, wooded glen, whose opposite sides are so close, that there is only a passage left for the torrent, which appears to struggle through with difficulty and interruption: both hills are thickly wooded with oak from bottom to top; through these, paths are cut, in an irregular and picturesque manner, and the wild rustic road which ran from end to end was extremely beautiful and appropriate; this, however, has been sadly altered by the present noble proprietor, Lord Powerscourt, in order to permit his Majesty's carriage to drive through, which could not have been done with safety along the old road; and this great sacrifice of part of the romantic beauties of the Dargle did not afford the expected gratification, as time would not permit his Majesty to visit this delightful scene. One path leads along the brow of the

* This name appears to be a corruption of *Dark Glen*, or perhaps the Glen of the Oaks, which is in Irish, Darglin.

hill through a thick grove of oak-trees, and winds irregularly along, while various others conduct to the river in the bottom of the glen, where the scenery is of the most romantic description. The grouping of rock, wood, and water, in one particularly picturesque passage, is peculiarly beautiful, and has employed the pencil of the artist repeatedly: here the opposite sides of the glen seem to have been originally connected, and separated by some convulsive shock of nature, the rock, which was their bond of union, appearing to have been rent asunder, and a chasm of a few yards only opened, through which the torrent bursts its way: the fall is not of any considerable height, but the quantity of water is sufficient to produce the effect of grandeur: the rocks at either side are lofty, overhanging, and crowned with foliage, while in a recess beneath the brow of the northern hill, is a little plot of ground, of which the river's breadth has been defrauded, where parties of citizens from Dublin enjoy their rural banquets.* It is not unusual here to see a cloth spread upon the bank, and dinner laid for twenty or thirty persons; and during the summer months the road near the Dargle-gate presents more the appearance of a country fair, than the vicinity of one of the most romantic glens in the world.

From this little inartificial banqueting-hall, we pass to an eminence near the river, upon which stands a pretty moss-house; from this there is only a contracted view of rich sylvan scenery, the pleasing effect of which is

* These scenes of rural festivity have lately been much interrupted by the closing of the Dargle-gates against visiters upon Sundays; two days in the week, Mondays and Thursdays, carriages are permitted to drive through.

much heightened by the uninterrupted roar of the continually falling waters. The channel of the river is not only extremely confined, but is full of large shapeless blocks of granite, apparently denuded by the torrent which forced its passage through the dell, and which seem fixed, as if they could, in the lapse of time, overpower the course of the river—

"——— at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

The moss-house has been for some years much neglected; the number of persons of all ranks admitted indiscriminately to the indulgence of whiling away their moments of leisure and relaxation, necessarily exposed it to the defacing hand of the still more uncultivated intruder; but, fortunately, the beauties which the Dargle possesses are of such a character, that the destroyer can mutilate but little, unless he changes the very face of nature, for such a combination of mountain, wood, and water, cannot be much influenced by the adventitious acquisition, or removal of a grotto or a cottage.

The only places in the county Wicklow which we can compare to the Dargle, are the Devil's Glen, and Dunran. In the first, the river is quite inferior in magnitude and fall, and the surrounding scenery by no means comparable to the pleasing entrance at Fassaroe, or the egress at the fruitful vale of Tinehinch; besides, the Devil's Glen denies that advantage the tourist so much enjoys in the Dargle, viz. the practicability of walking and climbing through the trees along the sides of the glen. In one point only has the Devil's Glen any advantage over the scenery of the Dargle, that is in the magnificent waterfall at the head of the glen. Dunran is at once placed out of

competition from the want of water, and leaves the Dargle in sole possession of the fame of being the most delightful scene of the kind in the whole range of Wicklow beauties.

From the moss-house the path, or rather road, winds through the woods up the side of the glen, until you reach an opening amongst the trees upon your left; passing through this, you find yourself upon a projecting platform of rude shapeless rock, elevated above the summits of the trees on either side, and projecting into the very centre of the glen; from this elevated station, called the Lover's Leap, the distant view is both rich and romantic, while the contemplation of nearer objects is connected with feelings of an awful and terrific character. The sudden elevation of the rock on which you stand, and the extreme perpendicularity of its sides, enable you to look directly down into the very bottom of the glen, which is here darkened by the approaching opposite woods, and whose horrors are increased by the solemn rolling of the brown and angry torrent which foams between them. Tradition states, that a disconsolate and forlorn lover cast himself down this awful precipice into the abyss beneath, but, unlike the fortune of the ill-fated but admired Sappho, the memory of the deed has survived his name.

A second commanding elevation lies some short distance from the Lover's Leap, the view from which is rather different; it commands, on one side, the wide extended prospect of Tinehinch and Powerscourt demesnes, with the lofty mountain of Kilmalin in the back ground, and, on the other, a considerable sweep of the glen itself. We are now arrived at the extremity of the Dargle, about one mile from where we entered, and passing through a rustic gate, we find a few neat cottages on a sloping

bank, commanding a view down the glen; Mrs. Grattan's cottage is seen upon the opposite hill, and beneath, the beautiful vale in front of Tinehinch-house, with the river winding silently along, and finally disappearing at the entrance of the narrow glen as completely as Virgil's Velino at its sudden fall.*

At these cottages, parties carrying provisions with them are accommodated with exceedingly neat apartments to spread their frugal fare; and the industrious citizen who has devoted the six preceding days to the laborious accumulation for the evil hour and the present provision for his numerous dependents, devotes part of the seventh here to innocent and wholesome recreation. So great is the partiality for this species of rustic fête, that when the cottages are occupied, the disappointed party content themselves with the green turf upon the bank, nor does any thing seem wanting to their happiness; so that even those who condemn this appropriation of any part of the Sabbath to mirth, however innocent, cannot avoid feeling gratified at seeing so many of their fellow-creatures apparently perfectly happy.

In the rich and verdant valley of Tinehinch† stands the residence of James Grattan, Esq. M. P., eldest son of that distinguished patriot the late Right Honourable Henry Grattan. The history of this great man remains so green upon the memory of the present generation of both kingdoms, and is so likely to preserve that brightness of colouring, until the gratitude of one country, and the

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* See Addison's Remarks on several parts of Italy.

† Tinehinch signifies a peninsula, from the Irish words, Tine, almost, and Inch, a corruption of Inis, an island, the river winding round it in such a manner as almost to insulate the site.

magnanimity and candour of the other shall totally fade, that I shall be excused for not introducing here some biographical sketch of the late proprietor of Tinehinch. The anonymous tourist of Ireland in 1780, says, that the house of Tinehinch was originally designed and erected by the late Lord Powerscourt as an inn, and Arthur Young, the celebrated agricultural tourist, remained here for several days in 1776. But as neither splendor of wealth, nor beauty and grandeur, of habitation, nor any earthly acquirement, save integrity, magnanimity, and intellectual greatness can bestow universal and enviable notoriety, Tinehinch was unnoticed and unknown, until it became the residence of that proud, unsullied, and inflexible statesman, Henry Grattan, who died as he lived, in the service of his country.

We now leave the Dargle behind, and passing through a few fields, arrive at the Tinehinch-road; on your right, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, is the village of Enniskerry, close to which is the principal entrance to the demesne of Lord Viscount Powerscourt.

Powerscourt and Charleville.

The demesne of Powerscourt has long and deservedly been celebrated for its beauty; it extends over a space of about 1,400 acres, 700 of which are about the mansion, 500 in the waterfall glen, and the remainder in the side of the Dargle belonging to his lordship.

On the summit of Enniskerry-hill stands a lofty magnificent gateway of cut stone, at the end of a broad and shady road: here is the chief entrance to the demesne: the grounds are naturally disposed in the most pleasing

and picturesque manner: on the right, from the entrance to the house, is a tolerably level expanse, reclaimed from the mountain, while on the left, hill and dale succeed in endless variety; the lawn in front of the house is a continued inclined plane, terminated at its base by the Glenisloreane river, which, flowing from the waterfall through the deer park, divides the demesnes of Lord Rathdown and Lord Powerscourt, and passing on through the Dargle, falls into the sea below Bray. The extent of wood in this vicinity is very considerable, the whole demesne of Powerscourt being richly clothed—this is joined by Charleville, the seat of Lord Rathdown, likewise well planted with forest timber. Beyond the river are the woods of Ballyornan, the seat of William Quin, Esq., and in the valley those of Tinehinch: such a union of favourable circumstances as the conflux of so many little wooded glens, all adorned with seats of nobility and gentry, and kept in a high state of cultivation and improvement, cannot fail to produce a most luxuriant and splendid scene.

Powerscourt-house stands on the summit of a hill, sloping towards the river, in a very commanding situation, and presenting its front to such an extent of country, that in travelling from Bray to the waterfall, whenever you catch a view of the house, you think at that moment, that you are directly in front of it: this curious effect is partly produced by the equality of distance at which the road is always kept, so that if we suppose the house to be the centre of a circle, the line of vision is the radius of a large circle, of which the traveller in motion describes the semi-periphery:—this singular property of Powerscourt-house being immediately discovered by every tourist, seemed to require some explanation.

The house is a large and nearly square building, the design of Mr. Cassels, architect of the National Bank, and of Rusborough House, the seat of the Earl of Miltown, in the west of this county; it is built entirely of cut stone, and is rather substantial than beautiful. The hall is a large area of 80 feet by 40, but the height disproportioned, having double arcades on either side, decorated with stucco work; the ceiling is divided into square compartments, each division being inclosed in shell-work of stucco, and the same pattern being continued round the heads of the arches on each side. In the parlour, at the end of the hall, are two admirable paintings, the Rape of the Sabines, and Mucius Scævola holding his hand in the flame in presence of Porsenna; the artists names are not known. On this floor is a suite of apartments laid out in very elegant taste, and commanding a most unrivalled prospect. In the next story is the grand ball-room, of the same dimensions as the hall, but double the height; on each side a row of eight fluted pillars supports a gallery, ornamented with triple arches, with intervening skreens; at the angles are placed pilasters corresponding; the floor is of walnut wood, disposed in diamonds and lozenges. It was in this splendid and princely apartment his Majesty King George IV. was entertained at dinner by the present Viscount, on the day of his embarkation at Kingstown, after his visit to this country in August 1821, and the chair which the illustrious visiter occupied during the banquet, remains in the room. The suite of apartments on this floor communicates with the great saloon by a large gate at the end; here a series of elegant apartments, splendidly furnished, succeeds; and in one of the pavilions, at the extremity of the range, is an octagonal room, entirely lined with cedar. These are the principal objects

of curiosity or interest likely to attract attention in the house of Powerscourt, nor is the visiter to expect that these are subjected to his view at all hours, and without permission. By a regulation, dated the 10th of June, 1822, the public are informed, that his lordship has withdrawn the permission formerly granted of visiting those parts of his demesne called the Dargle and Waterfall at all times; and that in future the privilege is allowed upon Mondays and Thursdays only: it further states, that no visiters will be allowed on Sundays.

These regulations appear to have been called for from the numerous depredations committed, resulting from the indiscriminate admission of persons on Sundays, and probably are not meant to extend to the case of foreigners or perfect strangers in the country, whose applications are sure of meeting a polite reception from his lordship's agent, Captain Sandys.

Behind the house is a field called Hampshire, containing 64 plantation acres of tillage, a singular phenomenon in agriculture: this extensive field was reclaimed and laid down as a race course, by the late Lord Powerscourt, when famine was wasting the country, for the sole purpose of employing the starving poor. The interior of this beautiful field is now in a state of the most perfect cultivation, while there is a delightful ride around, within the wall of the inclosure. It is not unusual to see in this great area, at the same time, eight or ten different crops and successions. The soil throughout the demesne varies from light sandy to gravel and retentive clay, and produces excellent herbage, either for sheep or black cattle; the land is all in excellent condition, and the farm well stocked, as his lordship is a resident and improving proprietor.

The family of Wingfield is very ancient and noble; the

name is derived from the castle and manor of Wingfield, in Suffolk, of which the family was possessed before the Norman Conquest. Camden mentions the Wingfields as famous for their ancient gentility and knighthood; so early as 1087, it appears that Robert Wingfield was lord of Wingfield Castle, and he was succeeded by many persons eminent for their virtues, valour, and learning. In the will of Catherine, wife of William Wingfield, who died in 1418, is this extraordinary bequest:—To the parishioners of Cotton, in Suffolk, 10*l.* to keep an anniversary for her husband on the feast of St. Bartholomew; and 20*l.* to be kept in a chest, and lent to her tenants, upon pledges, without interest, every borrower to say five *Pater-nosters*, five *Aves*, and a *Credo*, for her soul. Sir John Wingfield, lord of Letheringham, served the Black Prince in the wars in France, and afterwards wrote his history; after him were many noble members of the family, in whose wills most singular bequests are mentioned; but for these, and many other curious and interesting anecdotes, the reader is referred to the Peerage.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Jacques Wingfield was appointed Master of the Ordnance and Munition in Ireland, and in 1560 had a commission to execute martial law in the territories of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, and the marshes of Dublin, and he accompanied Lord De Grey in an expedition to Glenmalure against a body of rebels under the command of Fitz-Eustace and Pheagh Mac Hugh. In 1600, Sir Richard Wingfield, who had greatly distinguished himself in the expedition against Tyrone, in which he received a wound in the elbow, and also displayed great valour in the attempt upon Calais, was appointed, by Elizabeth, to succeed Sir Richard Bingham as

Mareschal of Ireland: upon the demise of Elizabeth, King James reappointed him to the office, and sent him to oppose Sir Cahir O'Doghertie, who raised a rebellion in Ulster in 1608. The result of this expedition was beyond his Majesty's most sanguine expectations; the Mareschal slew O'Doghertie, suppressed the tumult, and took Sir Neile O'Donel in his camp at Raphoe; for these services, he was granted the lands of Fercullen, containing the whole parish of Powerscourt, with the exception of about 1,000 acres, now belonging to the Earl of Rathdown. The province of Fercullen was once the estate of Luke Toole or Tuil of Castle Kevin, near Anamoe. At the time of the grant, land appears to have been measured by the mile, and perhaps even miles then were imperfectly calculated, so that the precise quantity of land in the grant is not easily ascertained; the inquisition states it to be 20 square miles; a late survey has found the Wingfield estate in Wicklow (for the family have others in Wexford and in Hampshire), to be upwards of 16,000 acres. In 1618, the same distinguished officer was created Viscount Powerscourt, which title has since become extinct three times; but in consideration of the noble descent and great services of the former viscounts, the dignity has been conferred uniformly upon the nearest kinsman.

The present viscount is a constant resident at his seat of Powerscourt, and is a noble example indeed to the absentees of Ireland, of what benefits they might confer upon their afflicted tenantry, and of the actual cruelty of deserting them. The parish of Powerscourt is inhabited by a happy and comfortable tenantry, and the county of Wicklow, since the rebellion of 1798, which overspread the face of the kingdom, has continued in the most perfect tranquillity. In this unfortunate rebellion the attachment

of his tenantry to the late viscount was very remarkable; when all the nobility and gentry fled to the capital for shelter and protection, Lord Powerscourt, with the true spirit of his great ancestors, continued to inhabit his house in Wicklow, and fortified it for a defence. Upon the roof of the house, which is flat and sheeted with lead, his tenantry (now converted into faithful yeomanry) to whom he intrusted his life, kept constant guard; and, with 100 of these trusty and attached adherents, he persevered in preserving his family and property, while other parts of Ireland teemed with blood.

Amongst the various and numerous improvements of the present lord, the most obvious to every tourist are those in the village of Enniskerry: the situation of this delightful little spot is naturally beautiful; upon the side of a very steep hill, along the foot of which runs a rapid mountain torrent, a number of cottages are scattered in an irregular and picturesque manner. Only one year since, the habitations in this little hamlet were so wretched, that the advantage of situation was utterly waste, but his lordship, by the advice of an ingenious architect, has erected a number of handsome cottages, the designs of which are certainly in a style most happily suited to the character of the surrounding scenery.

The air is considered extremely pure, and recommended for pulmonary complaints: its neighbourhood to the Scalp, Waterfall, Dargle, Tinehinch, &c. would have had sufficient influence to induce a residence, and the only preventive hitherto was the want of convenient dwelling-houses; the beautiful cottages, after the old English style, erected by Lord Powerscourt, remove all obstacles, and supply all wants, and if his lordship runs a road from the bridge at Enniskerry, along the river to the mail-coach road at

Fassaroe, so as to afford easy communication with Bray, the village of Enniskerry will become as fashionable a summer residence, as its natural beauties, and the taste of its modern improvements, justly entitle it to be.

Amongst the new buildings in Enniskerry, the school-house near the bridge, and the curate's house, a little higher up, are most attractive, and do much credit to the artist who designed them. There is no church in the village, the parish church being in the demesne of Powerscourt;* the vicarage is in the diocese of Dublin, the Archbishop patron. The school-house was erected at the expense of his lordship, whose exertions to improve the minds of the peasantry are unceasing, and whose acts of benevolence are princely and continual: in one apartment of it is a lending library, to induce and cultivate a taste for literature, which the want of books at home militates against so much; this is conducted upon a very excellent plan, but of course depends much upon the attention and energy of the different persons who control and direct it.

Road to the Waterfall.

Having visited the demesnes of Powerscourt and Tinehinch, the village of Enniskerry, and the glen of the Dargle, we shall conduct our reader, or our fellow-traveller, to the celebrated cascade, called Powerscourt Waterfall. Previous to the King's visit to Lord Powers-

* The church of Powerscourt has been lately improved and enlarged by his lordship at an expense of about 1,200*l*.

court, his lordship, at a very considerable expense, cut a road through his demesne to the deer-park, and up to the very waterfall. This, though much the most pleasing ride, cannot be enjoyed without permission; the usual road lies below the house of Powerscourt, passing close by Tinehinch, and, crossing the bridge, then turns to the right. On your right is Charleville, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Rathdown, and on the left Ballyornan, the seat of W. Quin, Esq. The road all along is overshadowed with lofty ash, beech, and elms, and through occasional intervals on your left is a delightful view of Great and Little Sugar-Loaf, with extensive plantations and many beautiful seats at their bases. The Earl of Rathdown possesses about 1,200 acres in this neighbourhood, inclosed by the grounds of Lord Powerscourt, and the only land in the parish that does not belong to his lordship. The house of Charleville is modern and pretty, faced with mountain granite, and the centre surmounted by a handsome pediment, with a plain tympanum. The view is much enriched by the proximity of Powerscourt demesne, of which it appears to be a part.

Passing Charleville, the road now winds round the demesne, and turning to the right, about a mile farther, enters the deer-park. At the gate the tourist should pause and contemplate the bold, sublime, and truly grand prospect which the valley of Glencree presents. The reader will find this glen particularly described in treating of Lough Bray, but the view from the Lough is the reverse of the present. Here is an uninterrupted view of four miles in length, through a most wild and desolate pass, overhung by rugged mountains on either side, and at the most remote extremity rises Kippure Mountain, a height of 2,527 feet; beneath

this is the crater-like excavation of Lower Lough Bray, 1,492 feet above the level of the ocean, from which a stream issues, and waters the entire valley. About one hundred feet below Lough Bray is seen Glencree Barracks, commanding a view of the glen from end to end, and looking more like some lordly mansion stripped of its woods, than what it is found to be upon a nearer survey.

Entering the deer-park, an extent of 500 acres, the road, crossing the river, lies through a great forest of oak, which clothes the sides of two lofty mountains up to their very summits. The glen called the deer-park, is in the form of a semi-circle, the mountains on each side as you enter the vale, meeting at the end. After a drive of nearly one mile, in a direct line towards the mountain blocking up the end of the glen, the waterfall is perceived issuing from the top of the overhanging cliff, which is a completely perpendicular rock, and falling from a height of three hundred feet, into a natural reservoir below, behind a group of lofty rocks. At a distance, the upper part of the fall appears a continued stream of frothy foam, gliding slowly down the face of the mountain, while the lower part is occasionally seen through a group of pretty trees, moving with greater velocity. Advancing close to the fall to seek a solution of the phenomenon of the different degrees of velocity with which the waters appear to fall in different stages, it will be found that the rock in some places presents sloping superficies inclining from the perpendicular descent, and these being covered with moss, the stream of foam is arrested and retarded in its progress through the mossy bed, and appears to glide slowly on to the extremity of that stage, whence it is precipitated to a second inclina-

[illegible] for the Guide to [illegible]

[illegible]

POWERSCOURT WATERFAL[illegible]

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tion, and so on to the bottom; while the water, which appears to adhere to the moss-grown rocks, moves with impeded velocity, another and greater quantity falls almost from the very top to the very bottom without interruption, so that two different degrees of velocity are observed at the same time in the falling of the water. In dry seasons it rather trickles than falls, but in winter, or after a quantity of rain has fallen in the valley above the cascade, the torrent rushes over the brow of the hill with the greatest impetuosity, projecting masses of rock and earth to a considerable distance, and falls into the river below without the least interruption. Near the bottom of the fall a pretty wooden bridge is thrown across the river, leading to a banqueting room belonging to Lord Powerscourt. From the centre of this bridge, which is executed with much taste, a natural rain-bow may be distinctly seen in the falling spray, about half-past five or six o'clock on summer mornings, the colouring of which is extremely vivid.

The front of the hill on each side of the fall is exceedingly steep, almost impracticable to ascend. There is a dangerous path on the right, by which skilful climbers frequently ascend, and reach the origin of the fall. About four years ago, a young gentleman who attempted to outstrip his companions in agility, and attain the summit sooner, having turned from the path, reached a spot from whence all advance or retreat was attended with imminent danger. The presence of mind and manly courage he exhibited, appeared to have entitled the unhappy adventurer to a better fate, for, perceiving his awful situation, he deliberately took off his shoes and stockings, and threw them from him, in order to catch a more tenacious hold of the rocks; but the ill-fated lot was cast, and the next

step hurled him to destruction. Perhaps this is the only instance that could be mentioned of the same melancholy character which has occurred here, although thousands annually place themselves in situations of nearly equal danger in the same place; for, scarcely a summer-day has passed for years, upon which one or two parties at least have not spent some hours in wandering through the deer-park, and afterwards dined upon the green bank beneath the waterfall.

The glen, altogether, is exceedingly like the park of Rydal Hall, in Westmorland, but possessing the additional advantage of the waterfall and river. From the fall, the river, passing under the rustic bridge, winds through the trees in a most picturesque manner, and skirting the base of Coolakay and the Long-Hill Mountain, passes on through the woods of Charleville, Powerscourt, Tinehinch, &c. into the Dargle. At the entrance of the deer-park, the Glenisloreane is met by the river from Glencree, and at Fassaroe the Glencullen river unites its waters with those of the Dargle, and this union of tributary streams flows on through Bray village into the Irish sea, near the promontory of Bray-head. Within the park the river is called the Glenisloreane, outside, the Glencree, farther on, the Dargle, and ultimately the Bray river.

There are some features of this extended and beautiful park still untold, amongst which perhaps the most important and interesting is the ascent of Douce* Mountain. This stupendous mass of matter, the highest point of which is 2,392 feet above the low water level, is conspicuous in every view round Bray, Powerscourt, and

* Usually pronounced Djouce.

Enniskerry, by the cairn of stones on the summit, and its great elevation, being 388 feet higher than Great Sugar Loaf. The usual and the most agreeable ascent of Douce is made by climbing the front of the waterfall hill, which is a shoulder of the mountain, to the right of the fall: this is a work of considerable difficulty for about the height of four hundred feet; thence following the course of the Glenisloreane for about one mile, up a gently and gradually-sloping bank. The surface, from the moment of the ascent to a height equal to that of the origin of the fall, is a continued bed of moss, heath, or wild grass, very grateful to the feet of the pedestrian. Here the lofty summits of Douce and its bold neighbour, the War-hill, begin to appear, and continue unerring directors of the traveller's course. Upon Douce Mountain granite is found, sometimes near the surface, particularly on the north, where it is connected with the War-hill, which is also composed in great part of granite. The summit consists of a quantity of denuded mica slate, containing a portion of quartz.

The summit of Douce is the great natural observatory of this part of Wicklow; the view is hardly interrupted at any side, and in some directions is of a most pleasing and interesting character. To the south are seen the Wicklow Mountains, whose summits appear not unlike a succession of waves, tossed about in the wildest and most irregular way, above which the majestic Lugnaquilla raises his lofty head; to the north the beautifully indented coast of Dublin, the hill of Howth, Lambay island, and, in clear weather, the northern coast of Ireland, with the mountains of Down. The sea view is of a similar character to that from the Lady's Rock at

Dunran, and the vale of Bray is much more distinctly seen from Douce.

South of Douce, and at the extremity of a continued slope, clothed entirely with heath, is seen the glen of Lough Tay, or Luggelaw, the bottom of the vale not being visible. The descent from Douce is gradual, and easy for pedestrians, and this mode of visiting Lough Tay is frequently adopted by expert tourists, and, independently of the ultimate object of the tour, the view from Douce will be found a sufficient reward for the trouble of the ascent.

There are those for whom the ascent of a lofty mountain does not possess attractions sufficient to counterbalance the fatigue of the undertaking; for them nature has provided resources of a different, and perhaps not less gratifying character. Let us suppose, then, our fellow-tourist at the foot of Powerscourt Waterfall, perfectly sated by a long and attentive admiration of its pre-eminent beauties, and desirous of further exploring the beautiful scenery of the deer-park, without undertaking so arduous a task as the ascent of Douce. Crossing the river Glenisloreane at a ford below the rustic bridge, there lies a pathway through a long green vale, thickly wooded, and intersected by a rivulet from the mountains; on one side is the Long hill, and the shoulder of Douce forms the barrier at the other. A walk of nearly two miles up this vale leads to the wall of the deer-park, in which there is a stile permitting egress to the Roundwood road. This, then, is the third mode of withdrawing from the glen of the waterfall; the first is, by returning to the gate, and retracing part of the old road, to wind round the mountain, and ascend the Long hill, from

whence the view is beautiful and commanding; the second is, by ascending Douce mountain, and crossing over into Luggelaw; and the third, by passing through the park, in the direction just now mentioned, to the Roundwood road.

The tourist who does not purpose proceeding farther, may return to the inn at Enniskerry, three miles distant, and thence through the Scalp to Dublin, or to Bray, five miles distant, where he is ten miles from Dublin.

The Glen of the Downs.

At a distance of about three miles and a half from Bray is the entrance to the Glen of the Downs, so called from its opening into a country abounding in a species of fertile grounds usually called Downs; it is formed by two very abrupt hills of an elevation of twelve or thirteen hundred feet, clothed with wood from the lowest level of the glen to their summits. The distance between the two opposite sides of the glen is so small as only to admit a good carriage way, which runs along the margin of a little murmuring stream. Near the north entrance of the glen a small plot of ground has been reclaimed, and improved into a beautifully verdant lawn, at the remote extremity of which stands Mrs. Latouche's Cottage, built with the best possible rustic taste: it contains a number of apartments; one on the ground-floor is appropriated to the purposes of a museum, and a second is used for a banqueting room, where Mrs. Latouche sometimes entertains her friends at luncheon. In front, the roof projecting considerably affords a covering to a rustic bench,

standing on a flooring of fancy paved work, before which a little rivulet gurgles along in a most pleasing manner, and meanders through the lawn, until at last entering the surrounding groves, it is totally lost sight of. On the opposite side of the road a corresponding lawn is laid down, planted with many picturesque-formed and luxuriant trees; and on the summit of the hill, behind this little improved spot of ground, a few cottagers reside, whose chief support is derived from supplying parties from Dublin with accommodations, either in their cottages or on the green turf before them, to enjoy their cold collation. Driving through the glen, to the left, and on the summit of the hill above Mrs. Latouche's Cottage, are seen the Banqueting-room and Octagon Temple, the situation of which cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the passengers in the glen below, for they appear ready to leave their aerial station, and mingle with the enormous masses of rock in the bottom of the vale, which themselves perhaps once occupied as elevated a situation.

Behind the cottage is a winding path, which speedily conducts the active pedestrian to this object of curiosity, and an easy and gently ascending road winds round the hill in a southern direction, and back to the Octagon Temple. The high road is continued through the bottom of the glen to the gate of Belle View demesne, and thence to Delgany village and church. The most judicious arrangement for visiting the glen of the Downs, Belle View and Delgany, after reaching the cottage, is as follows: —Having visited Mrs. Latouche's Cottage, ask permission to walk through the woods along the private road to the top of the hill, while your carriage drives through the glen, by the high road, to the gate of Belle View demesne, where it should remain until the return of the

party. As the hill is ascended, an extensive prospect of rich and cultivated Downs, is had at each extremity of the glen, and from which, as has been mentioned, it derives its name; to the north the Sugar-loaf Hill, in form of a perpendicular cone, the vertex of which is composed of horn stone, with quartz rock of a purplish or pale pink colour; the apex of the cone is extremely pointed, the mountain itself completely insulated, and measuring 2,004 feet above the level of the sea. The Great and Little Sugar-loaves, together with Bray Head and Shankill, are all detached mountains, and being composed mostly of quartz rock, "stand," says Mr. Weaver, "like so many monuments that have resisted the abrading power of the elements, while their more decomposable associate clay slate has given way."

Belle View.

Suppose, then, the visiter to have undertaken the expedition just now mentioned (of proceeding by Mrs. Latouche's private road along the front of the wooded hill, beneath the octagonal temple), a most extensive and diversified view is gradually disclosed; to the south, the richly wooded and highly improved tract of country from Delgany to Wicklow, bounded on the east by the sea, and on the west and north by lofty mountains, which afford so much shelter, that the climates at the northern and southern sides of the chain are sensibly different.

This vast and fertile tract of country, which is thickly inhabited by gentry, is composed of an alluvial strata of limestone-gravel, pebble, limestone and marl, all of which

can be converted to the purposes of manuring. In the last of these substances, viz. marl, the fossil horns of the Moose deer are found, an animal of enormous size, formerly an inhabitant of this country, and still existing in North America. A head and antlers of this stupendous creature were some years back discovered in a marl pit in Mr. Archer's grounds near Inis-tymon. A violent dispute has existed for years amongst naturalists as to the classification of this Hibernian animal, some calling it the Elk, while others, with more propriety, have endeavoured to establish the truth and certainty of its being of the species called amongst the Algolquin nation, Moose.* In a pit belonging to Mr. Brownrigg in this county, many specimens of fossil remains have been found; the horns found at Inis-tymon, are preserved in Newtown-mount Kennedy-house.

Having reached the southern extremity of the hill, a pretty seat is discovered, sheltered by trees, consisting of drapery and ornaments in the style of an eastern pavilion; it is usually called the Turkish Tent, and commands a view of the fertile vale towards Newtown-mount Kennedy, already spoken of.†

After indulging in this delightful prospect, the visiter leaves the tent, and proceeds along the top of the hill, in a direction exactly contrary to that by which he reached it, by a path winding through thick shrubberies of evergreens, for a distance of near a quarter of a mile; on the left side of

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* See "Moose Deer" in the Guide to the Lakes of Killarney.

† From this place, but within the demesne, is a view of a rustic habitation, composed of roots and branches of trees, thatched with heath; in front are Gothic arches, and within, rustic seats: from this little characteristic building there is a very pleasing prospect of the glen itself.

this walk a little cottage is concealed amongst the trees, where an old woman resides, whose chief employments are the care of the octagon room, and to attend upon visiters.

The Octagon House is a small building, raised upon a rock in an extremely exposed and elevated situation; the interior is lined with drapery, and assumes the appearance of a bell tent; from the windows, which are glazed with plate glass, there are varied and extensive views, that to the south, over the Downs, to the north, of the Sugar-loaf, Scalp, &c.: there is here a small but judicious collection of books, and some few shells and minerals. In the hall of the octagon building is a stuffed panther, so placed, that it scarcely ever fails of startling the stranger who enters unconscious of its presence.

Below the octagon house is a very curious building of rustic masonry, or rock-work, called the Banqueting Room; it is built in the Gothic style, and in imitation, probably, of a room excavated from a solid rock; in 1822 it was much gone to ruin. The Octagon building, which was erected in 1766, is the design of Mr. Enoch Johnson; the Gothic Banqueting Room was built in 1788, after the design of Francis Sandys, Esq., an eminent architect, and a native of Ireland, who died at Belle View on the 15th of July, 1785.

To the east of the octagon house, on the very summit of the hill, is a Rustic Temple, which must have been a very pleasing object, and from which is the most extensive view in all the grounds of Belle View, for, from its elevated situation, the view is uninterrupted on every side. This little temple, being composed entirely of wood unbarked, and not being attended to, is going fast to ruin, but enough of it remains to mark out the spot as an admirable station for viewing the surrounding scenery.

We now quit that part of Mr. Latouche's demesne, which cannot fail to excite the highest feelings of pleasure and admiration in the lover of beautiful and enchanting scenery, who feels more gratification in being under an obligation to nature than to art, and who is engaged more (as Wicklow tourists generally are) in the search and admiration of the beautiful than the useful. We come now to speak of Mr. Latouche's house, gardens, conservatory, &c.

This respected and amiable family are the descendants of David Digges Latouche, an officer in La Caillimote's regiment, who fought at the battle of the Boyne in 1690.*

The late David Latouche purchased the lands of Ballydonough (now Belle View) in 1753, from the Reverend Doctor Corbet, Dean of Saint Patrick's, Dublin. The demesne originally consisted of but 300 acres of fertile land, but considerable additions have been since made to it: the house is a plain but extensive structure, the centre part of which was built in 1754, and the wings afterwards added: the expense of the whole is estimated at about 30,000*l.*; very extensive out-offices are attached, besides

* In Lodge's Peerage, Vol. 2, p. 402, we find the following information relative to the La Touche family: "This family have been settled in Ireland since the revocation of the edict of Nantz; their original name was Digges, and leaving England in the reign of Henry II. settled near Blois, where they had large possessions, particularly the estate called La Touche, whence they borrow their name. David Digges La Touche was the first who came to Ireland, and was an officer in La Caillimote's French regiment at the battle of the Boyne in 1690; he afterwards became an eminent banker in Dublin, and died suddenly in 1745, when he was attending divine service in the Castle-chapel: he left two sons, David, remarkable for his benevolence, and James Digges."

a house, devoted to the use of a number of poor female children, whom Mrs. La Touche, with that benevolence which appears almost inseparable from the very name of this most amiable family, educates, clothes and supports, until they are of a sufficient age to enter upon more important tasks in life. The system of educating the poor of Ireland is now very generally adopted, and many of the resident gentry have day-schools attached to their establishments: the benevolence which prompts this line of conduct cannot be sufficiently admired, while, at the same time, the noble-minded and charitable persons with whom the practice originated, should not, on this account, be deprived of the deserved praise of being the originators of the charity; amongst whom the respected individual, the beauties of whose demesne are the subject of these pages, holds a conspicuous place, nor are her charities confined to the neighbourhood of Belle View and Delgany.

In the mansion of Belle View there is nothing to attract the attention of the traveller, if we except a very neat and tastefully appointed chapel, and one or two pieces of stained glass.

From the terrace, in front of the house, there is an extensive sea view, and a distinct and pleasing prospect of the numerous gentlemen's seats around, Downs Lodge, Tinny-park, Woodstock, Mount Kennedy, &c. The soil of the lawn and demesne, now very productive, was, about fifty years ago, overrun with rocks and furze and marsh, and have been reclaimed and improved, as they now are, at the great pains and expense of their active and energetic proprietors. The lands are so much above the level of the sea, that it must have appeared questionable, at first, to what degree of perfection their improvement

could ultimately be carried; but the experiment has been attended with the most complete success, and has established the fact, that lands in so elevated a situation will amply repay the expense of cultivation.

It must here be observed, that such an attempt should never be made without first insuring shelter from the cold winds by extensive plantation, as was done at Belle View.

Behind the mansion-house is the conservatory, an object of much attraction to visiters. From Mrs. La Touche's dressing-room, with a bathing-room adjoining, a conservatory extends two hundred and sixty-four feet in length, furnished with some of the rarest exotics, and supplied with the choicest fruits in all seasons. For the design and execution of this very beautiful and ingenious piece of workmanship, the owner is indebted to Mr. Shanley, who was several years employed in the undertaking; the expense is estimated at four thousand pounds and upwards. There are two very elegant gardens in front of the conservatory, and near them is an extensive kitchen-garden on the declivity of the hill.

Delgany.

The village of Delgany lies about a quarter of a mile to the east of Belle-View gate; the road is along the demesne wall, and there are many neat and tasteful cottages on the road side. The town has grown up under the fostering hand of the amiable proprietor of Belle View, whose name is proverbial throughout the kingdom for in-

telligence, benevolence, and nationality; it is laid out with judgment, and the cottages are built with excellent taste in rustic architecture. There is a day-school for poor children in the village, and other little institutions for the benefit of the industrious poor, which, though now common in various parts of the kingdom, were first established by the owner of Delgany. Next after the delightful situation and view from the village, the church is the object most worthy of attention; it is a light Gothic building, 102 feet in length by 34 in breadth: over the western entrance a steeple rises 90 feet in height, containing a clock and bell; beneath the dial-plate of the clock is inserted a stone tablet, bearing the arms of the La Touche family, together with the following most suitable and modest inscription:—

This church was built
A. D. 1789.
Of thine do I give unto thee,
O my God.

The church was built by Peter La Touche, Esq. in 1789, after a design by Whitmore Davis, of the county Antrim; and upon its completion, in 1790, thanks were returned in the public papers* to the generous benefactor, in the name of the parish, by the Rev. Joseph Stock, rector, and the church wardens, John Scott and John Rawdon, Esqrs. In front of the church-door is a long shed for the protection of horses, carriages, and servants, during service, a plan quite novel, and a most

* Dublin Chronicle, October 5th, 1790.

useful appendage to a country church. The interior of this very pleasing structure is rendered even more interesting by a splendid monument to the memory of David La Touche, Esq. an early member of this distinguished family; it is entirely of white marble, and was executed by Noah Hickey, an Irish artist; the situation of this very fine piece of sculpture is considered by some pharisaical persons as improper, viz. in the eastern end of the church, where the high altar should stand; the same objection was urged against the situation of Lord Corke's monument, in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and the monument was ultimately removed by his excellency, Lord Strafford.* The La Touche monument stands exactly opposite the western entrance, and from its great height, 24 feet, is a very striking and affecting object; on the entablature are placed three medallions, one of the Right Honourable David La Touche, on the right Peter, and on the left John; and on one side stands a figure of Mrs. Peter La Touche, holding a cornucopia. The lamented character to whose memory this splendid monument is raised, is represented in large life, standing on a pedestal, which is placed in a niche on the apex of the pediment.

On a broad tablet beneath is this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of
David La Touche.

On the front of the Urn is inscribed,

Born December, M.DCC.IV.
Died M.DCC.LXXXV.

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* See Mason's Hibernia.

And on the sides is the following epitaph:

He added unfeigned integrity of principle
To a mild and benevolent nature,
And the most engaging gentleness of
Manners;
But the purity of his mind
Was most strongly evinced
In his constant and unaffected piety.
His life,
Though long and prosperous,
Escaped, alas! too transitory.
Riches, in his hand, became a general blessing:
His profusion was a disinterested liberality
To the deserving:
His luxury,
The relief and protection of the
Poor and defenceless.

The monument is enclosed by railing, outside which the female children, adopted by Mrs. La Touche, sit during service on Sundays; the communion-table stands at the north side of the church, in a semicircular recess, and behind a skreen of clustered columns, supporting pointed arches, the central one of which is twenty feet high. In front of the communion table stands a baptismal font of black marble, presented to the parish of Delgany many years since, by Chatworth Brabazon, Esq. Above the grand western entrance is Mr. La Touche's pew, occupying the whole of the gallery at the western end; it is of carved oak, highly polished, and in the pointed style. There is always in the summer season a very full, and what is usually termed a very fashionable congregation at Delgany Church.

At Delgany was once a religious cell, belonging to St. Mogoroc, the brother of St. Canoc, who flourished about the year 492. The situation of this cell was unknown,

until the identity of Dergne or Delgne with Delgany was pointed out by the learned Dr. Lanigan, and sadly mistaken by Archdall, who says it was near Sletty, in the Queen's County. There was a battle fought at this precise place, called Dergne, or Delgne, in the year 1022, in which Ugair, King of Leinster, overthrew Sitricus, the Danish King of Dublin. "This," says Dr. Lanigan, "is mentioned by Colgan, who cites the Annals of the four Masters: and by Ware, chap. 24, p. 64."

Road from Delgany to Rathdrum.

Returning from the village of Delgany to the entrance of the Glen of the Downs, turn to the left up the hill, and so along the new high road. The first place of any consequence is Dromin (the seat of ——— Peasly, Esq.) on the left; the house is small, but the grounds are delightfully situated, and command an uninterrupted view of the Glen, and improvements of Belle View: a few hundred yards beyond Dromin, a road on the right leads to Altadore, Hermitage, Ballinastow, Roundwood, Luggelaw, &c. At a short distance from this divergence is Holly Well, the seat of ——— Dunbar, Esq. on the right; and a little farther, Bromley, the seat of Lady Harriet Daly; on the opposite side of the road to her ladyship's demesne is a neat crescent of cottages, most judiciously disposed, viz. having the entrances at the off side from the road, and with little gardens in front; this plan is peculiarly applicable in Ireland, where the peasantry are so negligent about the external decorations of

their cottages: the same practice is adopted at a little village called Round Town, on the grounds of Sir Robert Shaw, Bart. near Rathfarnham.

On the left, a road leads to Sea View, the seat of Captain Gore; this neighbourhood is quite English, cultivation being carried to such a height of excellence; and the peasantry, owing to the constant residence of the gentry in this precise vicinity, being in a state of comfort and happiness.

Newtown Mount Kennedy.

About three miles from Delgany, and 17 m. 2 f. from Dublin, stands the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy. Although not a picturesque or romantic object itself, it is surrounded by the most delightful and enchanting scenery, and would be an excellent place for the tourist to take up head quarters for a short time. There are a number of gentlemen's seats around, and the sea is but a short distance. From this place, as a centre, he could strike off upon very pleasant short excursions each day, and return to dinner. The Glen and Demesne of Dunran, the Devil's Glen, Glenmore Castle, Kill-tymon Glen, the Demesnes of Newtown Mount Kennedy, Altadore and Hermitage, with many others, are within easy distances. There is a very comfortable inn in the town, where the traveller is certain of being treated with great courteousness, and the charges are very moderate.

The house and demesne of Newtown Mount Kennedy are very well worth the attention of the inquisitive tourist;

the demesne is extensive, highly improved, and beautifully situated; this whole tract of land, about fifty years ago, was totally wild and barren; about this period it was purchased by General Cuningham, afterwards Lord Rossmore, who then retired from public life. This demesne, as well as that of Dunran, were planted by his lordship, and the soil of the vallies and low lands hitherto useless, reclaimed by that energetic and sagacious nobleman, principally by the application of marl and limestone gravel. So great was this excellent man's taste and ability for agricultural improvement, that, beginning from fifty acres, he extended his demesne and farms from Newtown Mount Kennedy to the southern extremity of Dunran, nor ceased until he had expended 64,000*l.* in improvements.

A very great natural curiosity, formerly a natural beauty also, was to be seen in the lawn of his lordship's demesne at Newtown Mount Kennedy, a large arbutus tree, thirteen feet six inches in circumference, and about eighteen feet in height; this curious and beautiful object, quite superior even to any of the same species at Killarney, was unfortunately blown down, and split into two parts; these arms have been judiciously laid down, so as to take new root, and from their present dimensions, the enormous size of the tree, when perfect, may be readily perceived.

The house is a large square building of great simplicity and elegance; it is in the Ionic order, and after a design by Wyatt, executed by Mr. Cooley, also a very eminent artist. From the portico in front is a charming view of the improvements, and woods terminating in the mountains; and from the rear is a commanding prospect of a highly cultivated country, bounded at the distance of two

miles by the sea. In the hall of this splendid mansion were preserved the fossil horns of the moose deer,* found in a marl pit on Mr. Archer's ground, at Inis-Tymon. On Mr. Brownrigg's farm several specimens of this species of fossil have also been found, always in marl pits; in the marl pits of Germany, fossils of the elephant, rhinoceros, and turtle, have been discovered. The house and demesne are now the property of ——— Gunne, Esq., but generally let for the season to some person of rank in Dublin.

Altadore.

About one mile and a half from the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy, and in a direction towards the mountains, is Altadore, the beautiful and improved seat of ——— Blachford, Esq. now a minor; the house stands very near the top of a lofty eminence, but is sheltered by the still towering summit from the northern blasts; it is a large building, and rather tasteless; the visiter to Altadore must be satisfied with beauties of another character than architectural, of which there are sufficient to delight and gratify. The garden, which is to the south of the dwelling-house, is extensive; it is inclosed by a series of walls, forming a regular octagon, and enjoys a southern aspect.

The late Mr. Blachford was a most excellent agri-

* See Killarney Guide, page 37.

culturist, and during his life the lands of Altadore were probably the cleanest and best cultivated in the county Wicklow. In his haggart was to be seen a frame-work of great ingenuity, for supporting the upper part of the stacks, independent of the lower. The sowing machine and grass-seed harrow, used upon the farm, were considered deserving of a minute and accurate description in the Agricultural Report of the County Wicklow.* From the sloping lawn and shrubberies in front there is a very commanding view of the sea, and of the level country from Bray Head to Wicklow, along the coast.

In a pretty wooded glen at the foot of the hill, on which the mansion of Altadore stands, is a beautiful succession of cascades, some natural, some artificial, where the taste of Mr. Blachford was as conspicuous in throwing little alpine bridges, erecting rustic seats, and cutting serpentine walks, as in the cultivation and reclaiming of land. This beautiful little glen is called Hermitage, and here formerly stood the mansion of General Carey, who planted most of these luxuriant evergreens which produce the appearance of a perennial spring. The walks and pleasure-grounds of Hermitage are generously open to the stranger. To reach the Glen of Hermitage, you pass the gate of Altadore Demesne, and, neglecting a road leading up the hill, which is continued to meet the Luggelaw road, proceed down the hill to a little ford at the bottom; on the right-hand side will be seen two peasants cottages, and on the opposite a re-

* Report of Agriculture and Live Stock, by Rev. Thomas Radcliffe, sect. 49.

markably elegant villa, the residence of Mrs. Hawkins; here, then, is the entrance to the Glen of Hermitage: your carriage and horses must remain on a grass-plot without the gate, while the visiter, crossing a stile, and proceeding through a long shaded walk of lofty lime trees, and passing the ruin of General Carey's once splendid mansion, enters the woods. A broad gravel-walk leads, by a small conservatory, through thick and close woods of the largest and most luxuriant evergreens, to rustic chairs, placed in situations commanding views of the different waterfalls. In one place a stone arch, overgrown with moss, is thrown across the cascade from rock to rock; in another, a little wooden bridge, from whose slender construction the idea of danger is inseparable, is flung across a chasm; and, in whatever way the natural advantages of this beautiful and sequestered glen could be improved, the late proprietor has taken care to do so, leaving nothing to his successor but the task of preservation. The demesne of Hermitage was formerly distinct from that of Altadore, being the seat of General Carey, but it is now only a part of Mr. Blachford's demesne. On the high road from Dublin to Wicklow there are two principal turns to Altadore, the one about a quarter of a mile from the southern entrance of the Glen of the Downs; the other near Newtown Mount Kennedy, both, of course, on the right from Dublin: from the Roundwood or Enniskerry line, there is also a road leading to Hermitage, which turns off at Ballinastow, the seat of Mr. Archer, and crosses a very wild and uninteresting country.

At the ford on the road below the gate of Hermitage is the entrance to Tinny Park, the seat of ——— Jessop, Esq., where a very excellent house has lately been

erected, but much too near to the road. Supposing the tourist returned to Newtown Mount Kennedy, and pursuing the road to Dunran, he now passes on the left a little church in ruins, called Killidreeny, the property of Lord Fitzwilliam; and on the right Mount John, the seat of Mr. Archer, a beautifully situated little demesne, enjoying great advantage from its vicinity to the hills and woods of Dunran, which appear to be part of his grounds; this gentleman has long been celebrated as a most skilful agriculturist, and in the statistical survey of the county is spoken of with great respect, as an improving proprietor and constant resident.

The new line of road, of which no survey has ever before been published, continues thence through the Glen of Kill-tymon, a pass about a mile in length, inclosed by hills on each side, and well wooded, the road through which is cut out of the solid rock for a great part of the way. In the glen, on the right, is the entrance to the house and demesne of Kill-tymon, the seat of ——— Eccles, Esq., very beautifully situated on the summit of a rising ground; at the end of the glen, a narrow road on the right leads to the demesne of Dunran, the seat of the Rev. J. Joseph Fletcher, but this is not the most convenient approach for the tourist who is disposed to see the beauties of Dunran to advantage; instead of entering the Glen, he should turn off the new road at the very entrance of the hollow, and proceed up the hill of Kill-tymon, until he reaches a mean-looking gate and door-way in the demesne wall; this is the old road to Rathdrum. Here is a lodge, where a guide will be generally found to conduct the visiter through the glen, and point out every thing worth his attention. Crossing the grounds, then, immediately

adjoining the lodge, you enter the Glen of Dunran, a narrow defile between lofty hills of granite rock; on one side trees have sprung up with most extraordinary luxuriance, and in spots where there hardly appears sufficient earth to protect their roots, whilst upon your left a stupendous mass of granite, about 150 feet high, stands out from the mountain, exhibiting a grotesque and colossal resemblance of the human form. The whole of this defile about 40 years since was a barren, deformed waste of rock and bramble, and was improved and planted by that public-spirited nobleman Lord Rossmore. There is a manifest want of water in this little glen, nor would it ever be possible to remedy the defect, as it is the highest ground in the vicinity; there are two small pools near the entrance, which in very warm seasons are nearly dried up.

Passing on through this pretty romantic vale, you enter a broad and verdant lawn, on one side protected by a lofty wooded mountain, called Carrigna-Muck, and on the other, opening over an extensive undulating surface of rich mead, in one part of which stands the old castle of Kill-tymon, in the centre of Mr. Fletcher's garden: the castle walls are in good preservation, but this is attributable to Lord Rossmore, who repaired the mouldering battlements with so much taste and judgment, that it requires the eye of an experienced and sagacious antiquarian to detect the renovation: the interior does not possess any attraction either for the antiquarian or tourist.

Leaving the castle of Kill-tymon behind, and returning to the foot of Carrigna-Muck, a narrow by-road is seen winding up the mountain side, and lost ultimately in the bosom of the woods. Mr. Fletcher's house is also seen

between you and the road, on the summit of a commanding eminence, not far from the castle: the house is new, and built with much taste, both as to situation and architectural propriety; it stands in the centre of an oval field, whose surface falls regularly and gradually from the very centre, encompassed by a pond of considerable breadth, and ornamented with little islands planted with evergreens. Pursuing the road up the hill, the wood is entered, and although the mountain is both high and steep, so judiciously are the numerous roads and paths cut towards its summit, that it is comparatively a work of little labour to ascend it.

After a walk through the woods of about half an hour's length, the Oval Cottage, or Banqueting-room is reached; it stands about midway up the mountain side, in the midst of a pretty verdant inclosure; and contains two apartments, one of which, looking towards the sea, is appropriated to the accommodation of parties, who are permitted to dine here, while the other is used as a kitchen. From the centre window of the banqueting room is a delightful prospect of the rich downs between the mountains and the sea, but the luxuriance of the foliage on each side considerably obstructs the prospect from the other windows; yet this imperfection might be removed with very little trouble. Parties frequently bring a cold collation to this delightful retreat, and the politeness of the present proprietor is a never-failing passport to the stranger who visits the rural and romantic scenery of Dunran.

Various paths through the thick woods conduct, by gentle ascents, to a rock, near the top of the mountain, called by the guide the Ladies' Rock, or the View Rock; nothing can be more appropriate than the latter appella-

tion, for the view from it is really beautiful and astonishing; it is, besides, so unexpected, that your first feelings are rather those of surprise at not having, in some degree, anticipated the extensive prospect you are about to enjoy, than of delight at the reality; this is attributable to the closeness of the woods, which completely obstructs the view until you arrive at this naturally elevated rock, peering above the tops of the trees, and commanding an extensive view of the eastern part of the country.

From this are seen distinctly, Wicklow Head, with its three light-houses, two of which continue to be used as beacons, but the third is only a land-mark by day; the race-course and town of Wicklow, and the winding of the Leitrim River; the hill of Ballyguile, behind the town of Wicklow; Carrig M'Reily, nearer Rathdrum, and the village of Killeskey in the intervening valley; and, in clear weather, the mountains of North Wales are so very obvious, that a person acquainted with their particular outlines, can point out each by name.

From this little natural observatory various paths diverge through the woods, some along the front of the hill, others to the very summit; but the view from thence is not more interesting than that already described as attainable from the View Rock. Returning to the oval cottage, and thence to the banks of the canal in the valley, you may make your exit by another gate, where your conveyance ought to be in waiting.

Leaving the beautiful and romantic glen of Dunran, and pursuing the old road for some distance, you reach the little village of Killeskey at the 20 mile stone; here a mountain road on the right leads to the Roundwood-road, and thence to Luggelaw. A mile farther on the left

is Ballycurry, the seat of —— Tottenham, Esq.; his demesne is more interesting to the agriculturist than to the lover of romantic scenery, being a specimen of very scientific and ingenious tillage; the soil in general is a light loam, manured by marl of excellent quality, which is to be had on the ground in great abundance, and of which the proprietor has taken the best advantage.

A little beyond Ballycurry, but on the opposite side of the road, is seen Glenmore Castle, the seat of F. Synge, Esq., immediately under which is the entrance to the Devil's Glen. About a quarter of a mile from the gate of Ballycurry, there is a narrow road on the right, which leads to a neat cottage and gate, erected by Mr. Tottenham, at the entrance of the glen; from this an excellent avenue is made to the waterfall at the very extremity, a distance of one English mile. The glen is a very confined valley, on whose sides are exceedingly precipitous rocky crags, and the bottom of which is so narrow, that the impetuous torrent appears to make its way with difficulty from want of space; one side is thickly wooded, part of which is natural, and part the plantation of the proprietor; the other side is less wooded, and the contrast of denudation gives an additional interest to the scene. The course of the glen is meandering and serpentine, yet the opposite sides continue to preserve their parallelism, which not only preserves the contracted dimensions of the chasm, but actually excludes the sun's rays so much that there is an everlasting gloom dwelling within. On Mr. Tottenham's side of the glen a Moss-house, or Rustic Temple, has been erected, of which, though itself well executed, the erection is injudicious, for the character of the scenery is at variance with any thing approaching civilization; the bold, projecting crag, the

towering summit of the lofty mountain, the deep bosom of an awful chasm are but ill contrasted with a lady's bower. From this rural retreat there is a path to the top of the hill, from whence there is an extensive prospect towards the vale of Wicklow; the road, which is stolen from the river's bed and mountain's side, is admirably calculated to display the lofty and precipitous sides of the gulf, from the very base to the summit; the interruption to the river's course causes a ceaseless roaring, which increases the awful character of the place, and to this is added the echo of the waterfall at the head of the glen. Here the river Vartrey, which rises in Douce Mountain, falls in one great body, from a height of 100 feet, with a tremendous noise, and then forces its way between the opposing cliffs, which form the Devil's Glen, into the Lough, at the Murrough of Wicklow.* On the other side of the glen, which is the property of Mr. Synge, a road has also been lately made along the margin of the stream, possessing equal advantages as Mr. Tottenham's. Strangers who are limited in time, or whose religious tenets do not prohibit travelling after divine service on Sunday, should be informed that Mr. Tottenham's gate is shut against visiters on that day.

On the southern side of the entrance, on a lofty eminence, and a very commanding situation, stands Glenmore Castle, the seat of Francis Synge, Esq.; the mansion is a large building, in the castellated style. The plantations

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* Where description is ineffectual, example may be brought in to contribute in producing the required impression, and, in this case, the Devil's Glen may be compared with the Dargle in the same county, and with that part of the valley of Festiniog, in North Wales, in which are the celebrated falls of the Cynfael.

are young but healthy, and the demesne has been so much enlarged by the addition of occasional tracts of reclaimed moory land, that it now contains upwards of one thousand acres.

Nun's Cross.

Having returned to the high road, and pursuing the direction of Wicklow, about a quarter of a mile farther is the village of Kilfea, or Nuncross, upon the river Vartrey. Here a very neat church has been erected at the expense of Mr. Synge, as the unassuming tablet on the door testifies, upon which are engraven merely these words:

Nuncross Church, built for the Parish of Killeskey,
By Francis Synge, Esq.
Anno Domini 1817.

About three quarters of a mile farther is the village of Ashford, one mile from Newrath Bridge, situated also on the river Vartrey, one of the most delightful in the entire county. The number of demesnes inclosing this little rich valley render it sheltered at all seasons, and the murmuring of the stream reminds you of the serenity of the scene, where there is not a breath to interrupt the calm tranquillity but that derived from its own agitation. Here the conflux of roads is most perplexing to the stranger, arising from the eternal cutting of new lines; that on the right leads through Bonalea, where there is a lodging house pleasantly situated. By pursuing the river's course to the finger post, and leaving Mount Usher on your left, you reach a small ford; passing over

here, the road to the inn at Newrath Bridge, a distance of one mile, cannot be mistaken, as it is the boundary of the demesne of Rosanna.

The inn at Newrath Bridge is built upon the bank of the Vartrey River, just at its egress from Rosanna demesne, on the Wicklow road, and two miles from that town; it has long been celebrated as a comfortable and well-conducted establishment; here the tourist may make his head-quarters with great advantage, for, by daily excursions hence, the most important parts of the county Wicklow may be advantageously visited. The tourist will not only be accommodated at this inn as a traveller, but also as a *lodger*, and printed regulations are very properly hung up in the apartments, stating the terms of board and lodging, which removes all suspicion of imposition from the minds of strangers.

Rosanna.

The chief object of attention in the immediate vicinity of the inn is Rosanna, the seat of the Tighes, an ancient and reputable family in this country: the late proprietress, Mrs. Tighe, was so conspicuous in the private history of this county, that her memory claims an honourable mention from posterity. This amiable lady, for many years of her life, lived in great seclusion from the world, at her noble mansion of Rosanna; here she educated, clothed, and supported a number of destitute females, and when arrived at an age capable of undertaking the serious duties of life, she bestowed upon them a gratuity of 27*l.* each, in marriage. This is but one of an infinity of charitable

actions which marked the character of this independent minded and excellent woman.

As an agriculturist, also, she has been noticed by the ingenious Dr. Radcliffe, in his report of this county, who represents her as having been a successful candidate at several ploughing matches, and as conducting the tillage of her farm with great science. The demesne contains upwards of 300 acres, most of which is laid out in meadow of the richest description, and adorned by the finest woods in the county; the lime trees in particular are pointed out as objects of beauty and curiosity. The house, which is on a very extensive scale, is built entirely of Dutch brick. It stands within a few yards of the river, and commands a rich and luxuriant prospect of the demesne, whose verdant surface is varied by the most agreeable irregularities, and planted with the noblest trees, through the centre of which the Vartrey pours his broad, smooth, and silent flood; along the banks there are seats and moss-houses, and rustic bridges preserve the communication: the shrubberies abound with a profusion of arbutus, laurels, hollies, and other evergreens.

In this Arcadian scene, and amidst these enchanting groves, one of Nature's fairest flowers was reared, blossomed, and decayed, but before it withered, imparted to its fruit an ever-living quality; Rosanna was once the residence of that inestimable lady Mrs. Henry Tighe, whose mind appeared to brighten and become better qualified for that state of existence to which she was so prematurely called, in proportion as her corporeal frame grew feeble and incapable of contributing to an earthly existence. That modesty which is an attribute of pre-eminent merit, for a length of time, confined the perusal of Psyche to the immediate friends of the authoress, but

its refulgence could not be checked, and Mrs. Tighe now ranks amongst the most esteemed writers of that Augustan age in which she lived.

The demesne of Rosanna is at all times open to visiters, and is an invaluable advantage to lodgers remaining at the inn of Newrath Bridge, and to those residing in the little villages of Bonalea and Ashford. The Tighe family have property in other and distant parts of the county; the woods of Glaneally belong to them, with much low land in the same neighbourhood; they are proprietors of about four thousand acres altogether in the county of Wicklow

The high road by the inn door continues on to the town of Wicklow, a distance of two miles; here an opportunity occurs, and a necessity is imposed, of speaking of the town of Wicklow, which must be done but briefly; nor would it be more than mentioned, but that it is the county-town. The reader must remember, that he is not now perusing either a statistical survey or a county history, but a volume purporting to be a guide to whatever is picturesque or romantic alone; and that pleasure and amusement, not historical or topographical information, farther than the limits of his tour in search of the picturesque require, are all he can claim from the author.

Wicklow Town.

The town of Wicklow is situated at the mouth of the river Leitrim, near the sea shore; the river is shallow, and only admits small craft to trade with the town; the

streets are irregular and mean; here are a Gaol and Court-house, and the assizes for the county are held in this town. On the bank, intercepted between the overflowing of the Vartrey and the sea, called the Murrough, is a race-course, where annual races are held. Wicklow is also a fair* and post-town, and there is always a body of military stationed in the barracks. These advantages are sufficient to support a tolerable town, even without the benefit of commerce or manufacture. From this town, anciently called Wickenloe† by the Danes, but Kilmantan by the Irish, the family of Howard take their title, and it formerly returned two members to parliament, the patronage of the borough being in the Tighe family. At the mouth of the river stands an extraordinary fortification, called the Black Castle of Wicklow; it is a rock, whose summit is surrounded by a fortified wall, with battlements and buttresses, built by William Fitzwilliam in 1375, in consideration for which, he was appointed governor of that part of the county; this step was rendered necessary by the turbulent spirit which then pervaded the neighbourhood, for, not many years before, the Irish had burned the whole town.

In the reign of Henry III. a monastery for conventual Franciscans was founded by the O'Tooles of Imail, and the O'Byrnes of Ballymanus and Killoughter, on the banks of the river Dea, the last warden of which was Dermot

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* There are four fairs held in each year, on the following days:—28th March, Ascension-day, 12th August, and 25th November.

† From Wick, which, in the German tongue, signifies the bay of a river, according to Hadrianus Junius. Harris thinks the name of Wicklow, or the Low Creek, was given to this place by the Cauci, a people of Germany, who once dwelt here. See Ptolemy's Map of Ireland.

O'Moore, who surrendered the property of the monastery, consisting of ten acres of land, in the reign of Edward VI. In the 17th of Elizabeth, this land was leased to Henry Harrington, for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of 3*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* Irish money. The walls of the Friary may still be seen: they are inclosed in a gentleman's garden in the town, and the merit of preserving them is due to a Mrs. Eaton, whom Archdall mentions in his Monasticon.

Upon a head-land projecting into the sea, stand three light-houses, one of which is only permitted to remain as a land-mark, while both the others are regularly lighted. Beneath this elevated promontory are several very curious caves of lime-stone rock, excavated by the breakers. From this place is an extensive and splendid view of cultivated low-land, and bold and lofty mountains; on one side is the hill of Ballyguile, on the other, Carrick M'Reily, and, in front, is a range of mountains, extending beyond the reach of sight in a northern and southern direction.

Road to Rathdrum.

The tourist is recommended to pass through Ashford again, and take the upper road by the gate of Cronroe, in his way to Rathdrum.

Cronroe,* the seat of Mr. Eccles, is situated in a very elevated situation, backed by an enormous rocky eminence, called the Great Rock of Cronroe; the house is large, plain, and comfortable, but without any claim to architectural beauty. The chief attraction of Cronroe is

* Seward's spelling is Cron-Row.

the "Great Rock," from which there is a delightful and extensive view of the valley and town of Wicklow, the woods of Rosanna, and the hills of Ballyguile and Killavarney, with the sea in the distance. Except this pleasing prospect, the demesne of Cronroe affords nothing to attract the attention of the tourist. There is one circumstance, however, that will certainly create an interest in the minds of many, that is, that here once dwelled a very distinguished literary character, Isaac Ambrose Eccles, Esq., whom Sir John Carr speaks of in very glowing language, and celebrates as a very ingenious editor of some plays of Shakspeare.

The soil of this demesne is of the light mountainy kind, but very capable of improvement, particularly by an abundant use of marl, which is to be had in the neighbourhood. The little village of Cronroe is distinguished only by being a fair-town; the days of holding them are 12th May and 2nd October. The gardens attached to the demesne are rather an interesting object, from their extraordinary elevation above the level of the ocean. The tourist should be informed that visiters are not admitted on Sundays.

Two miles from Cronroe is the village of Glanealy. On the hill behind the village is an extensive wood of limes, ash, elm, beech, &c., all full-grown timber, and of beautiful and stately forms. In the very heart of this noble wood, stands a neat rustic building, usually called Mrs. Tighe's Cottage, built by the late proprietress of Rosanna. After penetrating the thick shelter of the forest, the traveller suddenly finds himself upon a little lawn, inclosed on every side, save one, by lofty trees, with a simple, unaffected little rustic habitation in the centre; and, at the open end, a most unexpected and delightful view of

the sea, appearing to be at the immediate termination of the inclined plane on which the cottage stands. Parties from Rathdrum and Newrath Bridge frequently bring cold collations with them to this sequestered spot, and obtain permission to spread their festive board in the cottage. The care-taker or wood-ranger lives in the village of Glanealy, and will be found exceedingly obliging and communicative to visiters.

The village of Glanealy, which is a chapelry in the diocese of Dublin, consists of but a few cottages, standing upon the banks of a trifling mountain stream; there is a parish church here, with a pretty turreted steeple, built with some taste, but too large for the congregation of this neighbourhood. On one side of Glanealy lie the woods and lands of the Tighe family, amounting to near four thousand acres; on the other, the woods of Killavarney, hanging over the town and vale of Wicklow. These extensive plantations occupy the entire front of the mountain, with the exception of one small space within a few yards of the summit, which appears like a scald spot in a field of full-grown corn, where the seed had withered in the earth. On this patch, the proprietor, Lord Netterville, has built a lodge, which, at a distance, resembles a wind-mill, the site being particularly appropriate for one of these useful edifices; so that the reader may conclude by this, as the tourist will do upon inspection, that there cannot be a more awkward or absurd looking residence than Ross Lodge, the seat of Lord Netterville. His lordship's taste is not involved in this decision, for I understand he never resided here one hour.

About half a mile from Glanealy village is the house and demesne of Mr. Drought, commonly called Glanealy House; not far from this is Bally-free, the seat of Captain

Drury; and a little farther, on the right, Holly Mount, the seat of Captain Carroll. The first turn to the left, across a flat moor, leads through a deep wooded glen, in the plantations of Killavarney, and by a very pretty route, to the town of Wicklow. From this to Rathdrum, about two miles and a half distant, the country is not only without interest, but particularly ugly and unpleasing; within a mile of Rathdrum, on the right, are the ruins of a church, rather insignificant, called Killcommon; this is a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin. For the remainder of the way to Rathdrum, the only thing to attract notice is the excellence of the road, which, now winding round a hill, carries you, by a most circuitous route, to the bridge in the valley. It has been suggested, that all this hill, as well as that on the opposite side, could be avoided by throwing a cast-iron bridge across the river about a furlong lower down than the site of the present bridge, by which also the town of Rathdrum would not be so totally excluded from the new line as it is at present; for the new road turns off abruptly when you pass the bridge, and is carried along the bank of the river below the town, and crosses the old road exactly at the other end of the town. Such careful avoidance of the hill has been attended with serious consequences to this once flourishing little settlement, and engineers should be directed to pay more attention to the preservation of property in making out new lines of road through an inhabited country. We refer to the present and past state of Ballymore Eustace for a farther confirmation of the necessity of this advice.

Rathdrum.

Rathdrum, situated in the barony of Ballinacor, is a post and fair-town (the fair days are the first Thursday in February, April 5, July 5, and December 11); it is twenty-nine miles and five furlongs distant from Dublin (by the mail-coach road), twelve miles and three furlongs from Newtown Mount Kennedy, and ten miles and two furlongs from Arklow. The name Rathdrum is a corruption of Rathdruin, the name of the seat of the chiefs of Coulan, which stood near this place; this was also the ancient Dunum, mentioned by Ptolemy as the city and capital of the Menapii.* The vicarage of Rathdrum is in the diocese of Dublin, but the corporation of Dublin possess the right of presentation. The very elevated ground on which the town is built, must have for ever militated against its improvement, and accordingly we perceive, that even with the advantage of a woollen market, and the patronage of a princely and munificent lord, it has fallen almost to wretchedness. The traveller, however, will find tolerably good accommodation, and great attention, at the old inn, kept for many years by Bates. On the very summit of Rathdrum-hill, stands the Flannel-hall, a square building, extending 200 feet in front, ornamented by a cupola, protecting a clock and bell, beneath which are the Rockingham Arms: the whole was erected at the expense of Earl Fitzwilliam.

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* Ware entirely differs from Seward in this opinion.—See Ware, page 24, who takes Dunum to be the rock of Dunamaise in the Queen's County.

Though the elevation is not very imposing, yet the design of the Flannel-hall is admirable; it consists of two stories, in the upper of which is a long hall, carried round the four sides of the square, having stands for the support and display of goods, for which privilege the sellers pay two-pence per piece. The basement story contains another gallery, occupying three sides of the square, the fourth side being occupied by store-rooms, lodge, and entrance; the centre of the hollow square is analogous to an exchange court, where the factors and merchants bargain, and converse upon business. The quantity of flannel presented on each market-day, may be averaged at about 400 pieces, making four thousand eight hundred per annum, as there are only 12 market days in the year, viz. one in every month.

There are two kinds of flannel presented for sale here, thick and thin, the one bringing about 17, the other about 14 pence per yard. It is generally supposed, that from the excellent quality of Wicklow wool, the flannel manufacture could be carried to a great degree of perfection in this county, superior even to that of their rivals, the Welch, had they but spinning machinery. This is an instance where employment could be provided for the poor of Ireland, by advancing a loan (which would create an artificial capital), to purchase spinning machinery; and a wise legislature must perceive, that the encouragement of the poor, in useful manufacture, is preferable to supporting them by charitable donations, while their minds are unemployed, a state of circumstances which cannot be supposed to be permanent.*

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* See an admirable article on the flannel manufacture of Wicklow, in Dr. Radcliffe's Agricultural Report, page 149.

We quit Rathdrum, fully impressed with the belief, that important opportunities are here shamefully neglected; and anxiously hoping, that the beauty and fertility of this county may speedily claim the attention of those in whose hands fortune has placed the means of bettering its condition.

The road to the meeting of the water, now lies along the right bank of the river, passing, on your left, the Castle, the seat of —— Manning, Esq., opposite to which, on the other side of the river, is seen a slate quarry. The entrance to Avondale is now approached, by a road overshadowed with full-grown trees; immediately opposite to which is Cassino, the seat of Captain Bury, one mile from Rathdrum.

Avondale.

The beautiful demesne of Avondale is a striking example, how far the beauties of nature may be heightened by the assistance of correct taste and acute judgment; its situation, on the banks of the Avonmore,* is peculiarly pleasing, but the improvements of its original proprietor, Samuel Hayes, Esq., have rendered it one of the most beautiful and interesting demesnes in the kingdom. The house of Avondale, built by Mr. Hayes, is a large square edifice, unaffectedly neat, the lawns on different sides of which possess different characters; on one an ex-

* Avenmore, Seward.

tended mead, whose uniformity of appearance is occasionally relieved by a group of evergreens, a blossoming thorn, or a plantation of the most picturesque fir, where the larch and spruce assume forms the most pleasing to the painter's eye: while, on another side, the banks slope down towards the river, with such abrupt and precipitous cliffs, that here ascent or descent would be impracticable, had not a way been made by art; yet even the front of this rude and irregular bank is thickly clad with trees of natural growth, and the late energetic proprietor has enriched the luxuriance of the scene, by scattering here and there clumps of noble pine and larch. In this place, the Waymoth pine has attained an enormous height and diameter. Here and there bold masses of rock protrude through the thickest part of the wood, decked with ivy and various other creepers, and stumps and moss-grown roots, of once-stately trees, lie scattered about on every side.

A most romantic path-way winds through the woods, down towards the river, and thence along the bank, now opening to a little verdant mead upon the water-side, and now lost in the thick impenetrable shade of the forests. This continuation of romantic, rustic, and sylvan scenery, extends a distance of two miles to the celebrated spot, where the river Avonmore mingles its waters with those of the Avonbeg, below the hills of Castle Howard; the steep banks, on both sides, being beautifully wooded during the entire length of the winding vale from Avondale to the meeting of the waters. The river itself is one of the principal beauties in the scene, at one time rolling its brown tide in dark and solemn grandeur, and again falling over precipices and bold interrupting rocks, forms

numerous foaming cataracts and delightful falls, and hurries along, through broken masses of granite rock, with the most terrific noise and impetuosity.

After the death of Mr. Hayes, this magnificent demesne passed into the possession of that celebrated statesman and inflexible patriot, the Right Honourable Sir John Parnell, Baronet, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, to whose descendants it now belongs. Sir John continued to improve these very interesting grounds with the same zeal and as much taste as his amiable predecessor. There is a very pretty cottage in the demesne, built by him, which possesses a solitary, sequestered, pensive character, quite superior to any little rustic residence I have seen in this county; and which, besides, is now looked upon as classic and historic ground, having been the retreat of the upright statesman who once dwelt in Avondale. Here he was wont to reflect upon the different parts he was afterwards called to act in public for his country's good. This pretty rustic dwelling is now used as a banqueting-hall by parties visiting the demesne, and must form a strong contrast, indeed, to the refectories which most visiters are in the daily habit of using. Near the cottage is an enormous rock, three hundred feet in height, hanging over the river, from whence the private road continues to the bridge at the meeting of the waters, where it falls in with the high road to Arklow.

Mr. Parnell Hayes, the successor of Sir John, had the merit of being an excellent farmer, and besides, he endeavoured to recommend to the notice of the country, the advantages of manufacturing coarse wools, by erecting an apparatus for dying and dressing at his seat of Avondale. The advantage of the introduction of a manufac-

ture of this sort is too obvious to any person, at all acquainted with the condition of the Irish peasantry, to require additional reasoning; and the apathy which suffers it to be neglected, can only be attributed to that *ignis fatuus* that appears to lead this unhappy country into never-ending misery.

Meeting of the Waters.

The high road from Rathdrum to the meeting of the waters, is pleasant and sheltered, but by no means as interesting or as beautiful, as the drive through the demesne of Avondale; there are a few gentlemen's seats on either side, and a splendid mountain view towards Lugnaquilla and Glenmalure.

On the left side of the road, adjoining Avondale, is Kingston, the seat of Mills King, Esq.; in the design and execution of the house, no advantage has been taken of the natural beauties which surround it; shelter and comfort appear to have been the only objects sought for.

At the distance of three miles from Rathdrum, the sheltered road at length opens to the valley of Cronebane and the meeting of the waters; on your right, the Avonbeg rolls its rapid torrent over a rugged, rocky bed, while the more majestic flood of the Avonmore is heard beneath the hill upon the left; in front stands a beautiful little demesne, the house belonging to which is in the cottage style, occupying the tongue of land formed by the rivers at their junction; it was on a rustic seat here, formed from the root of a tree, that Moore is said to have written

the words of that Irish melody, called "The Meeting of the Waters," commencing with the following lines:—

> There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

This pretty cottage has, in the space of a few years, submitted to the dominion of different masters. It is now, in 1822, in the possession of W. Lees, Esq.; during this gentleman's tenure, strangers are permitted to walk through the grounds, and enjoy the delightful and enchanting scenery on the banks of the Avonmore.

Behind Mr. Lees' cottage are several roads, very confusing to the stranger; the old road from Rathdrum by Avondale gate, is immediately behind; the road to Castle-Howard lies over the bridge crossing the Avonmore; that to Arklow, down the valley of Cronebane, along the banks of the Ovoca; the new road from Rathdrum lies nearly parallel to the old, next to which is that to Glenmalure, on the bank of the Avonbeg, and between this last and the Arklow road is that to Tinehely and the barony of Shillelah.

Castle-Howard.

Before the tourist leaves this delightful spot, he is recommended to visit Castle-Howard, the seat of the Honourable Colonel Howard, brother to the Earl of Wicklow; there is a handsome bridge of one arch thrown across the Avonmore, from the battlements of which

springs a lofty arched gate-way of rustic masonry, bearing on its summit a lion passant, holding an arrow in his mouth, (the crest of the Wicklow family), tolerably executed in soft stone. Passing through this arched way, proceed up the hill to the right, and apply for permission to drive through the demesne; which request is not only never refused, but granted with much politeness. Near the entrance, on the lawn sloping towards the river, stands Mrs. Howard's Cottage, the exterior and interior decorations of which are extremely chaste and appropriate; and close by the cottage, on a little green mound beside a rivulet, which, running beneath a rustic bridge, rolls down several artificial falls, is a model of the castle itself, an extremely beautiful modern building, the design of which is grand, chaste, and picturesque. It unites the ideas of a castle and abbey, and required very considerable ingenuity in the artists, Messrs. Morrison, to reconcile internal convenience with so irregular an outline.

The avenue now winds round the hill, or rather rock, for the road is actually cut through a solid rock for the most part of the entire length, at every step of which is a delightful, extensive, and rich view of the valley of Cronebane, Ballymurtagh, and the Meeting of the Waters. Pursuing the direction of the avenue, you arrive at the castle, standing on the very apex of the mountain, with a great expanse of level ground in front. If the curiosity of the tourist be so great as to induce a wish of witnessing the taste of the proprietor, and abilities of the architect, in the internal decorations of the castle, even this favour is not unfrequently granted. Passing by the front, towards the great lawn of table land just mentioned, make your exit from the demesne by the gate on the Mine road,

which also communicates with Wicklow road; and, turning to the left, return to the bridge over the Avonmore, and so by Mr. Lee's Cottage to the bridge across the Avonbeg.

The tourist may, at this precise point, make various determinations as to his resting place for the night or place of refreshment during the day. The new inn of Ovoca is only one mile distant on the way to Bally Arthur, and the inn at a place called Wooden Bridge, under Knock-na-Moel, where the Aughrim and Ovoca rivers meet, is not more than two miles and a half; besides, the inn of Glenmalure, which the traveller will find most comfortable, and conveniently situated, is but six miles off, the road lying along the banks of the Avonbeg. This difficulty can be removed only by knowing the distances of the different inns and the time of day, which will enable such a disposition of time to be made, as will allow the party to reach some one of them before sun-set.

The tourist is here supposed to proceed by the Ballymurtagh road, on the margin of the Ovoca river, to the new inn: here the mineralogist will most likely take up his head quarters for a day or two, and make short excursions to the Cronebane and Ballymurtagh Mines.

The metalliferous mountains on the north side of the Ovoca are Connery, Cronebane and Tigrony; and on the south, Knocanode, Killcashal, Ballymurtagh, and Ballygahan. The Cronebane Company, according to the ingenious Mr. Weaver, having lost the lease of the famous mine in the island of Anglesea, called Parry's mine, and of which they were the original discoverers, purchased the fee of Ballymurtagh and part of Tigrony, and commenced working in 1787; and, after pursuing their opera-

tions with unexampled success, were incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1798, under the denomination of the Associated Irish Mine Company; the direction of the operative part being intrusted to Mr. Weaver, then residing on the spot.

From this period the works were conducted with much spirit and talent; the line of subterranean operation extended more than one thousand fathoms, and penetrated Connery and Tigrony mountains. The most valuable bed as yet discovered is situated in the western flank of Cronebane, being chiefly composed of copper ore, the upper part of which consisted principally of black ore, but at greater depth passed into copper and iron pyrites. The bed of solid ore discovered here, varied from one to three fathoms in breadth, and was unattended with any kind of quartz, or spar. The produce of Cronebane for the first twelve years was estimated at 7,533 tons of ore, which produced, on an average, $8\frac{25}{28}$ per cent, equivalent to 670 tons 11 cwt. of copper, up to this period, a duty of 16*s.* 6*d.* existing upon the importation of Irish ore into Great Britain. The aggregate produce up to the termination of the year 1811, was 26,875 tons 13 cwt. of ore; average produce $6\frac{13}{33}$ per cent, equal to 1,717 tons 1 cwt. 2 quarters of copper. But in the year 1808, copper in general suffered a great depreciation, which it never recovered since; in consequence of this the mines are now made to yield but a few tons per annum.

The mineral waters which flow from the mines are strongly impregnated with sulphate of copper, and by an ingenious process, considerable profits have been derived from them. The course of the stream is directed into a tank, in which the muddy particles are permitted to subside; from this the clear water flows into a pit

filled with plate and scrap iron, which produces a precipitation of the copper. By this very ingenious mode, upwards of 12,000*l.* worth of copper has been procured, at an expense of 2,620*l.* only for iron; the consumption being to that of copper in the proportion of less than one ton of iron to a ton of precipitate. A manufacture of sulphur was also carried on here, extracted from the copper pyrites; but the mode of procuring it would require so lengthened a description as to prohibit its introduction into a work of this light nature. The scientific reader is referred, therefore, to Weaver's Geological Relations of the East of Ireland, where he will find the most detailed, accurate, and philosophical representations, not only of the mineral wonders of this place, but of most of those belonging to the Leinster district, interspersed with much pleasing information on other subjects.

The mineralogical structure on the south side of the Ovoca, that is, of the hills called Knockanode, Killcashal, *Ballymurtagh, Ballygahan, &c. is analogous to that on the north. The Cronebane Company made fruitless experiments in search of ore in Ballygahan, but, in 1755, Mr. Whaley worked mines in Ballymurtagh with great success, and realized a large fortune. Mr. Whaley was succeeded by a company under the direction of Mr. Camac, who ultimately abandoned the works as an unprofitable speculation. The mineralogist will perceive indications of copper in almost every hill around this neighbourhood.

To return, then, from our digression in favour of the

* Heights of Cronebane and Ballymurtagh 1,000 feet above low water, 708 above the Ovoca.

scientific tourist, to something of a more generally interesting nature, let us suppose the traveller leaving the Ovoca Inn, and setting out to visit the demesnes of Bally-Arthur and Shelton. The new mail-coach road to Arklow lies along the right bank of the Ovoca, and passes through the rich and beautiful vale of Arklow. This line of road combines innumerable advantages: here all inequalities are avoided, and the most sheltered valleys sought for; so that while you are enabled to travel with increased rapidity, you are protected with more than usual care from the attacks of weather. In addition to these important advantages, the line has been carried through the most beautiful parts of the whole county, the glen of the Downs, the glen of Kill-tymon, and the vale of Arklow, &c., so that one may make a hasty and at the same time very comprehensive trip to the county of Wicklow, as an outside passenger on the Wexford coach. The traveller, leaving Dublin at eight in the evening, will be set down at the Ovoca Inn at two in the morning, where he is tolerably certain of a comfortable bed; and, before the return of the coach on the following day, he may easily have visited the demesnes of Shelton, Bally Arthur, and Castle-Howard, and be prepared to return upon the coach next day, through the richest and most sublime scenery in the whole county.

Arriving at Newbridge, you leave the high road, which now passes under Mr. Putland's woods, and continues close to the margin of the Ovoca; and, crossing the bridge, turn to your right, to the turreted gateway of Bally Arthur. On the rising ground to your left as you cross the river, stands Cherry Mount, the seat of —— Bayley, Esq., and to your right, on an elevated

peninsula, stands the church of Castle M'Adam. Here were the ruins of an ancient castle, which may be perceived incorporated with the walls of the present church.

Entering the demesne of Bally-Arthur, now the residence of Mr. Bayley, an excellent road leads through the grounds, which are richly wooded, and possess great natural advantages in the inequality of their surface, and their general disposition. At a short distance only from the entrance is a pretty cottage, situated on the bank sloping from the avenue towards the river; this, with 35 acres of land, was leased by General Symes to Mr. John Camac, at a very moderate rent, to induce both him and other persons disposed to encourage useful employments, to settle in this county. Passing this retired dwelling, and pursuing the avenue, which is about one mile in length, from the entrance to Mr. Bayley's house, the most pleasing varieties of hill and vale, splendid forest scenery, openings towards the river in low-lying valleys, and extensive mountain prospects occur; at length the lawn is reached, a plain of two and thirty acres, perfectly level, on the very summit of the hill: here visiters are required to relinquish for a while their mode of travelling, and, attended by a guide, generally to be found at the gate lodge, commence a pedestrian expedition through the woods to the Octagon house. Mr. Bayley's dwelling-house, which stands on the lawn, is an old but comfortable residence, which might have suited the humble pretensions of the demesne, before the improvements of the late proprietor, Mr. Symes, but now, certainly, bears no proportion to the extent and magnificence of the surrounding plantations and improvements. A path behind the house, inclosed by a row of enormous yew-trees, overhanging a thick copse of laurels, conducts to

a terrace, on the topmost ridge of the northern bank of the Ovoca, on each side of which stand rows of lofty pines, oaks, and limes, and between their stems are evergreens, countless in number and endless in variety.

The banks of the river in this celebrated vale, are about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and their inclinations nearly equal, and, for a distance of almost four miles, are so closely wooded, that nothing is to be seen but one continued, uninterrupted surface of foliage over which it would appear almost practicable to walk, and through which the sun's rays can hardly be supposed capable of penetrating, while in the interval, between the opposing forests, the Ovoca rolls his dark and murmuring tide. The mountain view is totally neglected, although by no means despicable, the attention is so completely engaged by the extreme beauty and novelty of the nearer prospect, for undoubtedly it is an Arcadian and romantic scene, quite unrivalled by all the fairy ground in the North of England, or perhaps by any thing in the British isles.

The highest mountains visible from the terrace are the Sugar Loaf and Croghan Kinshela, the latter of which contains the celebrated Wicklow gold mines: its most lofty point is 2,064 feet above the level of the ocean.

The tourist must here permit us to postpone the complete detail of the objects of his view from the terrace, until we place him in the Octagon House, where the undescribed part of the present view will be seen more minutely and with greater advantage, as that place commands the whole of the prospect. The visiter now passes from the terrace into a long, straight walk, inclosed so completely by evergreens as to prevent the least view of the country on either side; from thence he

is led into the oak path, equally dark, and from which he is not allowed even a glimpse of the enchanting scenery around him. The object of this privation is, to increase the degree of gratification experienced by the unexpectedness of the view which he is about to enjoy from the Moss House, or Octagon: and if the character of the scene was not divulged by a previous introduction to the terrace, the stranger visiting the Octagon, conducted through the sheltered walks that lead there, would not be unlike a person led blindfold from a wild and desert waste, and who, when the darkening band was removed, found himself transplanted into an Elysian scene.

From the Octagon, or Moss House, the extraordinary superficies of foliage is still in view, but now brought close to the bench you rest on; the Ovoca rolls his waters closer, and with a greater roar; the road cut through the woods on the opposite bank, at some distance above the river, is seen preserving its meandering parallelism with the course of the Ovoca. On your right is seen the conflux of the valleys of Arklow, Aughrim, and Cronebane, and the union of the Ovoca and Aughrim rivers: this is called the *second meeting*. At this last junction there is a very comfortable little inn, at the foot of Knock-na-Moel. This spot is still called the *wooden-bridge* Inn, from the temporary bridge which was formerly across the Aughrim here, and which, though now replaced by a stone one, continues to give a name to the vicinage.

The woods on the opposite side are divided amongst several different proprietors, of whom Lord Carysfort is possessed of the greatest share: those on the north of the river belong to Mr. Bayley and Lord Wicklow. Such is the character of the view from the Moss House at Bally

Arthur, and one of the few subjects of blameless curiosity in which I have indulged wherein I did not experience some feeling of disappointment, however slight.

The demesne of Bally-Arthur exhibits a remarkable proof of the high degree of improvement the poorest soil is capable of; it is in general light and shingly, very elevated, and subject to springs and surface water; but, by the exertions of the late proprietor, the Rev. James Symes, a skilful agriculturist, and zealous promoter of public works and useful employments for the labouring classes, it is now capable of yielding admirable crops and supporting a valuable stock.* The woods occupy an extent of about 260 acres, and by skilful management, in thinning at proper seasons, they are made to yield an annual income of near 600*l.*; the chief objects to be attended to in thinning are, to leave one or more stems to each root, to leave head-room for the tops, and to fell moderately and equally.

Shelton Abbey.

The private road through Bally-Arthur joins, by a back avenue, a new private line made through Shelton woods; the demesne consists chiefly of oak trees, which, from their too great closeness, have all run up to a height of about forty feet, bearing no foliage but the spare and

* See the improvements of the Rev. James Symes very ably and minutely treated of in Dr. Radcliffe's Agricultural Report, page 300, *et seq.*

scanty furnishing at top. The road lies through the centre of this wild forest, where the wood-ranger's cottage, romantically situated on the brink of a rivulet, with a rustic bridge in front, reminds you of some forest scene in the tales of the German freebooters. After an extent of about a mile has been passed, the increase of light indicates your approach to open lawns and a more free atmosphere; here, then, you meet the principal avenue, which is continued to the magnificent mansion called Shelton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow.

The design of Shelton Abbey is meant by the artists, Messrs. R. and W. Morrison, to represent an ecclesiastical structure of the fourteenth century, converted into a baronial residence at a subsequent period, and, in the accomplishment of this object they have certainly been peculiarly happy. The building is low and square, having two fronts, each richly decorated with carved pinnacles. The principal story is occupied by the entrance hall, the great hall, and reception apartments. The entrance hall is wainscotted with carved oak, and the ceiling also decorated with carved oak and rich gilt pendents. The great hall is finished with the same elegance. The cloister, gallery, and state apartments are all finished, and furnished in a corresponding style, the character of the building being observed with the utmost accuracy. The library, which is in the same story, contains an extremely valuable collection, made by one of the most learned members of this distinguished family.

The ancient family of Howard have been many years resident at Shelton, but are originally of English extraction. In the year 1667, Ralph Howard, Esq. M.D. who held the medical professorship in the University of Dublin, having, upon the breaking out of the war, with-

drawn with his family to England, was attainted by King James the Second's parliament: his estates, consisting of 4,000 acres, held by a lease from the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, together with 600 acres in the Barony of Borgy, county Wexford, were sequestered, and put into the possession of Mr. Hacket, who received the rents until King James was overthrown at the battle of the Boyne. Upon that unhappy monarch's flight towards Waterford, he rested in the house of Shelton, and was entertained by Mr. Hacket, who then had possession.* Amongst the many distinguished members of this illustrious family, William Howard should not be unnoticed; this meritorious advocate was chosen representative of the city of Dublin in 1727, and to him the present Earl is indebted for that very valuable library in the possession of the Wicklow family; for it was purchased by him from the executors of Lord Chancellor West, and was then considered the most valuable private collection in the kingdom.

In 1776, Ralph, son of Robert, Bishop of Elphin, was advanced to a peerage, with the title of Baron Clonmore, of Clonmore Castle, in the county of Carlow: in 1785, this title was exchanged for the higher one of Viscount Wicklow, of the county Wicklow, and in 1793 the Earldom was added. For any farther information relative to this noble family, the reader is again referred to Lodge's Peerage.

From Shelton demesne, the traveller may now proceed in different directions, according as time and circumstances permit; he may either follow the principal avenue until the old road to Arklow is reached, and thence proceed to the town itself; or, crossing the ford, may ride along the new road by Kilcarra, the seat of Lord Carys-

* See Lodge's Peerage.

fort, to the town of Arklow; or, after crossing the ford, turn to the right along the river, and put up at the wooden-bridge inn under Knock-na-Moel.

The old Arklow road is one of the most uninteresting drives in this county; the ride by the river, on the south side, although more attractive, is quite inferior to the scenery around Shelton and Bally Arthur; and the town of Arklow possesses no sort of inducement or attraction for any class of tourists.

Arklow.*

ARKLOW is a neat market town, and a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin; there are four fairs held here in each year, upon 14th May, 9th August, 25th September, and 15th November; it is 39 miles and 7 furlongs from Dublin, by the new road, and 36 by the old; from Rathdrum 10 miles and 2 furlongs, and 12 miles from Wicklow. The town stands on the Ovoca river, which is here of so great a breadth as to be crossed by a bridge of 19 arches; the body of water is so considerable, that it resists the advance of the tide with great strength; and, that it was esteemed an important river amongst ancient geographers, is obvious, from the circumstance of its being known to Ptolemy and Cambrensis, the latter of whom says, that the waters of the Ovoca were unalloyed by any

* Called Guariarni, while it was the residence of the kings of Dublin, but being seized upon by the Ostmen, exchanged this name for its present foreign appellation, Arklow. The Irish name of this town, is Tulach-Invermore, *i. e.* the hill at the great mouth of a river; and Arklow-Head is called, in the same language, Glass-Kearnin, the Green Trencher.

brackishness, whether the tide was at flow or ebb: it is not, however, very obvious at this day, whether it preserves that property. The harbour of Arklow is very unsafe, being encompassed by sand banks, and admits only small craft: there is a considerable herring fishery carried on here, and excellent oysters are dredged for, and sent from this place to Liverpool.

At the upper end of the town, the most remote from the river, is a barrack, capable of accommodating a considerable body of troops, and near it stand the ruins of Arklow Castle, once the seat of the Earls of Ormond, to whom it still gives the title of Baron. This ancient structure was formerly a place of strength and consequence, and the scene of much bloodshed. In 1331, it was besieged by the O'Tooles, a powerful sept from the glen of Imail, but the besieged were opportunely relieved by Lord Bermingham, who defeated the O'Tooles with great slaughter; shortly after, it was again besieged and taken by the Irish, but surrendered to the English upon the 8th of August, 1332, at which time it underwent considerable repairs. In 1641, the garrison was surprised by a party of the Irish, and every one put to the sword; but in 1649, the castle was ceded to Cromwell, from which date its historical importance ceased to attract attention. The only remains to be now seen (1822) are a ruined tower in the form of a truncated cone, and a long embattled wall, incorporated at one end with the walls of the barrack. In the Irish rebellion of 1798, a sharp engagement was fought at Arklow, between a body of nearly twenty thousand rebels and a very inferior number of military, consisting of yeomanry, militia, and troops of the line, under the command of general Needham, in which the rebels were defeated with great loss.

There are some remains here, also, of a monastery for Dominican friars, founded by Theobald Fitzwalter, fourth butler of Ireland,* who died in his castle of Arklow A. D. 1285,† and who was interred beneath a handsome tomb, bearing a statue, in this monastery. Pope John XXIII granted indulgences to all persons visiting this friary on certain festivals, and also to those who gave alms to the friars. By an inquisition taken in 31st of Henry VIII. the prior appeared to be seized of very extensive possessions for that age;‡ and, in the 35th of the same monarch, the friary, with most of its possessions, was granted for ever to John Travers, in capite, at an annual rent of 2*s.* 2*d.* Irish money.

There is a charter school in Arklow founded by Viscountess Allen, who bestowed upon it twenty acres of arable land and one of bog, in perpetuity; with a donation of 50*l.* towards the erection of the school-house.

These are the chief public objects of interest or attraction that can possibly induce the visit of a mere tourist to the town of Arklow; and, although so much has been detailed of its situation and antiquities, it is not recommended as an object deserving his notice.

Gold Mines.

RETURNING by the vale of Arklow, pass Lord Carysfort's woods of Kilcarra, and arrive at the wooden-bridge inn,

* Vide Dugdale's Mon. vol. 2, p. 1025.

† Lodge, vol. 2, places his death in 1206.

‡ See Archdall, p. 760.

at the place before called the *second meeting;* from this the mineralogist or natural speculator may make an excursion up Croghan Kinshela, which contains the far-famed Wicklow gold mines.* The discovery of this valuable metallic substance, which is supposed to have taken place about 1775, was totally accidental, and the knowledge of the fact confined to the neighbouring peasantry for many years; an old schoolmaster is supposed to have been the first discoverer, whose golden prospects are ably ridiculed in an admirable little dramatic piece by O'Keefe, called "The Wicklow Gold Mines." In the year 1796, a piece of gold, in weight about half an ounce, was found by a man crossing the Ballinvalley stream, the report of which discovery operated so powerfully upon the minds of the peasantry, that every employment was forsaken, the benefits of agriculture abandoned, and the fortunes of Aladdin, or Ali Baba, were the great originals they hoped to imitate. Such infatuation called for the interference of government, and accordingly a party of the Kildare militia were stationed on the banks of the rivulet, to interrupt the works and break the delusion. During the short space of two months, spent by these inexperienced miners, in examining and washing the sands of the Ballinvalley stream, it is supposed that 2,666 ounces of pure gold were found, which sold for about 10,000*l.*†

From this until the eventful period of 1798, when the works were destroyed, government took the management under its own control, and Mr. Weaver, Mr.

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* Mr. Weaver observes, that there are eleven metallic substances found in this clay slate tract, viz, gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, zinc, tin, tungsten, manganese, arsenic, and antimony.

† See Frazer's Survey, page 20.

Mills, and Mr. King, were appointed directors, under an act of parliament. The royalty of Croghan Mountain was at this time not perfectly ascertained, Lord Carysfort, the proprietor, being only the grantee of Lord Ormond.

For some time the produce of the mine repaid the advances of government to continue the works, and left a surplus besides. In 1801, the directors applied to government for permission and support in commencing more important works; they were anxious not only to continue the stream-works in search of alluvial gold, but also to drive levels into the depths of the mountain, in search of auriferous veins. The learned and ingenious directors were induced to make trial of the interior contents of the solid mountainous mass for these reasons, first, the general analogy, in which they were supported by the concurrent testimony and experience of many celebrated travellers, as Ulloa, Humboldt, and Park; secondly, the peculiar circumstances under which gold has been found in this mountain, viz. from large masses down to minute grains; and, lastly, from this circumstance, that many of the contemporaneous veins within the mountain were metalliferous, affording magnetic iron-stone, iron pyrites, &c.

The different mineral substances, thus produced, were subjected to experiment, and having proved unsatisfactory, government were induced to discontinue their sanction and support; so that the Wicklow gold-mine is now but the name of former greatness.*

The quantity of gold found while the stream-works were under the management of government, appears to

* See Geological Relations. Also, Philosophical Transactions for 1795.

have been inferior to that collected by the peasantry, amounting only to the value of 3,675*l.* 7*s.* 11½*d.*

It is generally believed in the adjacent country, that native gold was found here centuries ago. The late Mr. Hume of Humewood, representative in parliament for the county of Wicklow, was possessed of a watch made of this gold; and it is an acknowledged fact, that the ancient Irish wore ornaments of gold before this precious metal had been found on the European continent. From the summit of Croghan, which is 2,064 feet above the low water mark, there is an extensive but not very interesting prospect. The next large hill, called Croghan Moira, is also of considerable elevation, and is supposed to contain alluvial gold in its rivulets.

Let us now congratulate the tourist upon his arrival at wooden-bridge inn, and recommend him without loss of time to ascend a little eminence behind the house, called Knock-na-Moel: from this trifling elevation, there is a delightful prospect of the course of the Ovoca, down the vale of Arklow, with its richly-wooded banks, comprising the demesnes of Bally Arthur, Shelton, and Kilcarra.

It now becomes necessary to apologize both to readers and travellers, for not accompanying either into the western baronies of the county, places possessing much to excite both interest and admiration; but for this defect they must be satisfied with the following reasons. The scenery of these baronies is quite of an inferior character to what the tourist is conducted through in this Guide; the country itself, it is less practicable to pass through with convenience, and the tourist is not to expect a county survey in a small topographical volume intended as a pocket companion on a pleasure tour. Other parts of

the county are also intentionally omitted, as not possessing sufficient attraction for a tourist, but of all such omissions notice is uniformly given.

The barony of Shilelagh, a tract of 27,000 acres, which we here turn our back upon, is the property of Earl Fitzwilliam, and was once remarkable for a forest of oak, held in such estimation, that great quantities were exported to the continent for roofing public buildings, and, at this day, some of the Shilelagh oak is shown in the roof of Westminster-hall. In the same barony stands the castle of Carnew, built by the O'Tooles, a powerful clan, or sept, whose principal hold was in the country of Imail. The ruins, or rather what is discernible of the ancient castle, consists of a square, inclosed by walls, having turrets on consoles at two of the angles. Grose mentions, that in digging near the walls, not many years since, the skeletons of several men were discovered, with their musket-barrels near them, some loaded, the balls of which were the usual size, besides a spur with a rowel as large as a crown piece. Fairs are held in the town of Carnew on the second Thursday in February, 1st April, 15th May, 1st July, and first Thursday in August. Carnew is a rectory in the diocese of Ferns.

Ovoca.

Returning along the Ovoca by Castle M'Adam, Newbridge, Ovoca Inn, to the cross roads at the *first meeting*, the road to the left leads to Tinahely, distant from this place about nine miles, and from Rathdrum twelve miles and one furlong: on the side of the mountain

to your left, and about half way up, stands the large edifice, called Whaley Abbey, formerly the residence of Mr. Whaley. The house was erected upon the site of an ancient abbey, built by a brother of St. Kevin. Archdall thinks this was St. Dagan, and that it was originally called the Abbey of Bally-kine; no traces of the ancient building are discernible at present, 1822.*

Glenmalure.

The valley and inn of Glenmalure are distant about five miles and a half, the road lying on the banks of the Avonbeg† the entire way: the village of Clash is soon reached, above which, on the left, is a comfortable house, on a rising ground, called Rock View, the residence of Mr. Walsh. Cross the river at Ballynaclash bridge, and pursue the road along the opposite bank; the vale from the meeting of the waters is very pleasing, rather of the soft and mild character, which produces the stronger contrast when you reach the wild fastnesses of Glenmalure.‡ At Ballynaclash there is a road on the left, lead-

* Archdall only mentions, as a conjecture, that St. Dagan founded the Abbey of Bally-fine, or Bally-kine (now called Whaley Abbey); but by a comparison with a passage in the learned Dr. Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History, Bally-fine appears to be identical with Cell-kine or Kill-kine, one of the three churches founded by St. Palladius, in the county Wicklow, and whose site has hitherto remained totally unknown, *Kill* and *Bally* being frequently interchanged.

† *i. e.* the little Avon.

‡ The ancient mode of spelling this name is Glen-molaur, the present, Glenmalur; but the pronunciation is according to our spelling, *i. e.* Glenmalure. The translation of the name is very expressive of the character of the vale, "*the Glen of much ore.*"

ing to the barracks of Aughavanagh. At a considerable distance, but on the other side of the valley, and at the base of Ballinton-bay Mountain, is a large building, called Grenane Factory, once very flourishing, and which afforded employment to numbers of the poor peasantry of this neighbourhood; but the usual fate of every thing contributing to benefit this unhappy country, pursued the factory of Grenane, and the spirited proprietor, Mr. Allen, has been compelled to abandon his useful works totally. Here is a favourable opportunity of appropriating part of the enormous sum voted for the relief of Ireland, either by advancing a certain stipulation to the proprietor, upon security, or taking the factory into the hands of government; in both cases employment would be afforded to the labouring poor, but in the first a spirited and enterprizing character would be deservedly aided. The road now lies on the left bank of the river, and passes through the village of Grenane; leaving the bridge to the right, you continue a direct course until the house and demesne of Ballinacor appear, the seat of ——— Kemmis, Esq. The house is modern, and built with excellent taste; the plantations are extensive and most healthy. This whole tract of land was purchased from Earl Moira by the present possessor, Mr. Kemmis.

Behind the house of Ballinacor is Drumkitt-hill, from the road at the foot of which is the first view of Glenmalure. Midway up Drumkitt is a Chalybeate spa* of considerable efficacy. The view of the Glen, four miles and a half in length, inclosed by lofty and almost inaccessible

* For the sensible qualities, and quality of contents of Drumkitt, and several other Irish mineral waters, *vide* Rutty's Synopsis, 4to Edition.

mountains, and from which all egress is denied at the remotest extremity, save by a pass over the summit of a high and rugged mountain, is remarkably fine. In the centre stands the barrack, an insulated object on a little rising ground, the outline of which appears relieved along the dark front of the towering mountain in the back ground. From this moment, then, we bid farewell to all scenes of a civilized and gentle nature, and penetrating the heart of the mountainous region, prepare to indulge our fancy in the wildest and boldest works of nature.

The wild vale called Glenmalure has been long celebrated in an historic point of view, as the asylum and strong fastness of Teagh Mac Hugh O'Byrn, or O'Bryn, upon whom Spencer recommended Queen Elizabeth to bestow so much trouble and expense in endeavouring to hem him in, by a circuitous disposition of troops. In the unhappy disturbances of 1798, Glenmalure was the scene of many deeds of blood. Mrs. Tighe has taken advantage of the great interest which a republican party must always possess in a romantic view of a political question, in her beautiful little poem of "Bryan Byrne of Glenmalure," which is to be found amongst the fragments attached to her larger work Psyche.

The wild romantic prospect which Glenmalure affords from the eminence on the road near Drumkitt is superior to any thing in the county of Wicklow, if we except probably the coup d'œil of Glendalough from the road crossing the entrance of the valley. On the south-east side are the lofty mountains of Drumkitt, Fananerin, Drumgoff, Clorena or Clornagh, Carnwoostick, Corsilagh, Clonkine, Ballinashea, Baravore and Table Mountain; on the north east are the hills of Ballinabarny, Keikee, Carriglinneen,

Drawn by G. Petrie.

Published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, London, November 1822.

Ballyb[illegible]

[illegible] the interruption created by the [illegible] by the mountain torrents in rainy [illegible] between the opposite chains is [illegible] equal from end to end, and nowhere perhaps ex-[illegible] a quarter of a mile; the Avonbeg flows down the very centre of the valley, and the road runs parallel to its course along the entire length, and, in the chasm between the Table [illegible] beside a noble waterfall [illegible] its [illegible]

[illegible] chain could [illegible] Sally [illegible] both of which were almost impassable. Shortly after this period, the military road, of which we shall shortly speak more minutely, was executed; this has laid open the wildest and hitherto most inaccessible tracts to the inquiry of the traveller, and to the improvement result-[illegible] with the more improved and [illegible] of the county.

[illegible]

[illegible]ham, in the county of Dublin, and its termination at [illegible]anah; they are Glencree, or more properly Glena-[illegible]

Ballyboy, Ballynafinchouge, Lugduff, Cullentrough, Barnagoneen, and Cumavally, which last is the property of Baron Robeck. The hills on either side are in perfect continuation, except the interruption created by the lines of demarkation produced by the mountain torrents in rainy seasons. The interval between the opposite chains is nearly equal from end to end, and nowhere perhaps exceeding a quarter of a mile; the Avonbeg flows down the very centre of the valley, and the road runs parallel to its course along the entire length, and, in the chasm between the Table Mountain and Cumavally, beside a noble waterfall, the Donard road is seen winding its serpentine course, and is lost only on the very summit of the chain.

Before the year 1798 this was one of the three passes by which the retreats of the great Wicklow chain could be approached; the others were Wicklow Gap and Sally Gap, both of which were almost impassable. Shortly after this period, the military road, of which we shall shortly speak more minutely, was executed; this has laid open the wildest and hitherto most inaccessible tracts to the inquiry of the traveller, and to the improvement resulting from intercourse with the more improved and civilized parts of the county.

The barrack standing in the centre of the vale is a large formal structure, raised shortly after the Rebellion, in order to garrison troops in the most remote districts, and prevent the sheltering of outlaws and desperadoes. There are four of these upon the military road between Rathfarnham, in the county of Dublin, and its termination at Aughavanah; they are Glencree, or more properly Glenacreagh, Lara, Drumgoff, and Leitrim. The extreme tranquillity which has prevailed in this county for near

twenty years, has rendered these extensive structures quite unnecessary; at present (1822) there is but a serjeant's guard in each.

Near the barrack of Drumgoff, and at the intersection of the Donard and Aughavanagh roads, is a most comfortable inn, kept by an English settler: the exterior of this convenient little dwelling is not very prepossessing, but the neatness of the interior amply compensates for this. The introduction of English and Scotch peasantry amongst the Irish is a measure admirably calculated to conciliate all nations, and improve the habits of the latter. Could the Irish peasant only learn to value the blessings and comforts of life as his English neighbour does, he would use greater efforts to procure and preserve them; whereas experience proves that an Irish cottager is content with mere existence, however wretched.

The traveller arrived at Wiseman's Inn, in Glenmalure, has, independently of the enjoyment to be derived from the grandeur and sublimity of the surrounding scene, two great objects of attraction, the ascent of Lugnaquilla, the highest mountain in Wicklow, it being 3,070 feet above the level of the sea at low water, and next, the Lead-mines of Ballinafinchogue. We shall first endeavour to describe the ascent of Lugnaquilla, and give a sketch of the panoramic view from its highest point, called Pierce's Table; after which we shall conduct the visiter to the rich and valuable lead mines in the glen.

A competent guide may be had at the inn, who will conduct the pedestrian tourists (for pedestrians they must be) a short distance along the military road in front of the barrack; soon after which, the work of difficulty commences. The easiest ascent lies up the front of Drumgoff hill, whose surface is strewn with mica slate, curiously

incurvated and contorted, and strongly resembling splinters of wood, besides occasional beds of quartz. Having reached the top of Drumgoff, you now steer northward, following the bed of a mountain torrent up a gently sloping vale, for a considerable distance, until a small pool, called Kelly's Lough, is reached; passing this retired hollow, you climb a very steep precipice of loose rubble and long grass, which is a work of very considerable labour, but with the exception of this one spot, the entire ascent of Lugnaquilla will be found exceedingly easy to those who have been at all accustomed to mountaineering expeditions: from the ridge above this steep, the dark cliffs of the majestic mountain begin to appear. Over Aughavanagh hangs a bold, craggy precipice of weather-beaten granite, supporting a capping of mica slate, while an equal chasm is observed in the side towards Glenmalure: from thence the approach to the summit lies over a smooth green sod, which makes an excellent sheep walk, and is capable of great improvement by catch-water draining alone, and indeed the great extent of table land, on the very summit of the mountain, is exceedingly extraordinary and uncommon. The highest point is marked by a large stone, resting upon small and low supporters, not unlike a druidical cromlech, called Pierce's Table.

From this very elevated station, in cloudless weather, parts of five counties are clearly distinguishable, and Mr. Weaver states, that the Gaultie mountains, in Tipperary, have sometimes been perceived; but such extensive prospects can be enjoyed only by those who have frequent opportunities of ascending, and the good fortune to meet with a cloudless atmosphere. Towards the north, Kippure and the great Sugar Loaf raise their towering sum-

mits to the clouds, beyond a lengthened chain of waste and barren mountains. To the west and south is an extent of cultivated country, and to the east are seen, mountain and vale, wooded glens, and rapid rolling rivers, bounded in the distance by St. George's Channel. On the north side of Lugnaquilla is an enormous excavation, or chasm, forming the termination of the Glen of Imail, called the "North Prison," to distinguish it from a similar precipitous hollow on the opposite or south side, also termed a "Prison." The fronts of these bold cliffs are composed of granite, broken into large square blocks, appearing ready to separate and tumble from their uncertain rest, upon the least concussion. In these crags, over Imail, there is generally a number of eagles nests. In the year 1800, when Mr. Frazer was employed in surveying the county Wicklow, he spent some time beneath a marquee upon the mountains, during which a party of armed rebels lay concealed in a cave amongst the precipices; fortunately both parties were then ignorant of each others presence.

With the exception of a few bald spots, overspread with mica slate very near the highest point, the whole top of Lugnaquilla is like a soft carpet; the guide who accompanied us in 1822, had been a yeoman in 1798, and was one of a party who lay all night upon the ground close to Pierce's Table; nor did he ever learn that any of the party sustained the least inconvenience from this very hazardous exploit.

The tourist should always endeavour to return by a different route to that by which he ascended, and the guide is prepared to conduct his party down the northern side of the mountain to the upper end of Glenmalure valley, where there is a very fine cascade. In this route

you pass a glen, not unlike the Glen of the Horse on Mangerton, in the county of Kerry; one of its sides is composed of perpendicular pillars of granite blocks, regularly formed and laid over each other like columns of basalt; you may stand upon the top of one of them, and look down its perpendicular side to the very bottom of the glen. It was here that an ill-fated outlaw, in attempting to escape from a party of military, pushed his horse at full speed down the mountain side, and being unable to rein him when he reached the precipice, both horse and rider went headlong down the steep, and perished at the instant that they reached the bottom.

Glenmalure Mines.

Let us suppose the tourist again returned to the Waterfall, or to the Donard road, at the head of the glen, and we shall conduct him now to the mines of Ballinafinchogue. The vein of lead on the north-eastern side of the glen has been traced to a distance of 400 fathoms, and during that length found to be confined to alternate beds of granite and mica slate; the ore is discovered in the north, south, and also the centre of the vein, and when these three deposits of galena incorporate, a very valuable body is formed: white lead ore, both massive and crystallized, occasionally appear, together with hornblende, copper, and iron pyrites, and heavy spar; but the principal constituents are quartz and galena. The extent of the works is about 160 fathoms, one hundred on the right, and sixty on the left of the adit

level. The annual produce of the mine is estimated at about four hundred tons of galena, which yields on the average 68 per cent of lead: there is a smelting house near the works, where, after one operation, the finest description of lead is procured by a blast furnace: the fuel used consists of turf, lime, and a very trifling portion of pure blind coal. Beside the smelting house is a ravine, down which a rivulet pours with great rapidity: by following the course of this stream upwards, the various minerals peculiar to this district will be found denuded by the constant washing away of the argillaceous matter.

The hills on the south side of the glen afford similar indications of a metalliferous constitution; a trial was made on Mr. Parnell's property, but it was found rather unproductive.

The adit of the Ballinafinchogue mine being level with the high road through the glen, the visiter to these awful chambers in the bowels of the mountain can consequently be conveyed with great facility in one of the ore waggons, which runs on a railed way, until he reaches the intersection of the wings with the adit level; turning to the right he may range along galleries, infinite in number, without any inconvenience, except that of soiling his dress; this he ought to be provided for, by borrowing a miner's jacket before entrance. In this way, a very extraordinary and interesting object, the interior of a mine, may be easily and securely visited.

The tourist who is desirous of a more detailed account of the various minerals, and their relative positions, is referred again to Mr. Weaver's learned essay on the Geological Relations of the East of Ireland.

During the ascent of Lugnaquilla (perhaps also a visit

to the Glen of Imail), and the lead mines, the tourist's head quarters are supposed to be at Wiseman's inn, opposite Drumgoff barrack; here he may be assured he will find comfortable board and lodging, much attention and moderate charges.

The route by which we would now wish to conduct our readers, lies in the hollow between Ballybay and Carriglinneen, Cullintrough and Derrybawn Mountains. This is part of the military road, and though passing over very elevated ground, will be found as smooth and in as good order as any road in Great Britain: the scenery for three miles is merely of the agreeable mountain kind, but the view back into Glenmalure, as you ascend the hill, is wonderfully bold and sublime. The woods of Derrybawn are ultimately entered, consisting of oak and birch; but, from the constant barking and lopping, the growth is now rather stunted. Here Mr. Buckey has lately erected a very handsome house, near the old site of Mr. Critchley's, and not far from the bridge over the Glendalough river: about half a mile farther is a small inn, affording tolerable accommodation to pedestrians; and opposite, lies the road to the Seven Churches, whose site is pointed out by the lofty round tower, so conspicuous in the middle of the valley.

Glendalough.*

The valley of Glendalough, commonly called the Seven Churches, is situated in the barony of Ballinacor,

* Glendalough, *i. e.* the Valley of the Two Lakes.

22 miles from Dublin, 11 from Wicklow, and 5 from Roundwood. It is a stupendous excavation, between one and two thousand yards in breadth, and about two miles and a half in extent, having lofty and precipitous mountains hanging over upon every side, except that by which it is entered between Derrybawn on the south, and Broccagh mountain on the north; the eastern extremity of the vale is an extensive mead, watered by a deep and clear rivulet, fed by the lakes in the valley, and abounding with excellent trout. A narrow road, but passable for carriages, leads to the once famous city of Glendalough, at the distance of a mile from the entrance of the glen, where the traveller need not expect to find either shelter or refreshment; and a mile farther is seen the gloomy vale so famed as being the retreat of the sainted Coemgen, or Kevin, from the incessant appeals of the beauteous Cathleen.

In picturesque grandeur, in sublimity of outline, no scene in Wicklow can for an instant be put in competition, whether we consider the lofty, dark, and overhanging cliffs of Lugduff, which impart a similar colouring to the natural mirrors in which its beetling brow is reflected, or the extraordinary evidences of the greatness, the antiquity, and learning of the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland, to which the history and ruins of Glendalough bear ample and satisfactory testimony.

The range of hills on the north of the vale, as far as the entrance to the valley of Glenasane, are the least important; they are called Broccagh and Glenasane, beyond which is Comaderry; this last-mentioned mountain is an enormous mass, apparently projecting into the Churches valley, and separating it into two parts, the one called Glenasane, the other the Glen of the Upper

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GLANDALOUGH.

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Lake: its summit stands 2,268 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,567 above the surface of the Lakes of Glendalough. On the southern side of the vale are the hills of Derrybawn and Lugduff, in the latter of which is St. Kevin's Bed, a natural excavation in the front of a perpendicular rock, thirty yards above the surface of the lake. Between Comaderry and Lugduff, at the western extremity of the valley, is a pleasing fall of water, called Glaneola Brook, very interesting to the mineralogical inquirer, as exposing the formation of the chain by the denudation of rocks which here occurs, from which it appears that mica slate and granite are most prevalent; the mica slate traverses the valley of Glenasane, the hill of Broccagh, and to the south, Lugduff and Derrybawn. Comaderry is occupied by various mineral substances; near the summit is found the common hornblende, masses of trap cover the brow of the hill, and lower down, the rocks are composed of a compact felspar base, with prismatic crystals of hornblende, interlaced and shooting through the felspar in every direction, forming a most beautiful assemblage.* At the head of Glendalough are enormous precipices of granite, not possessing marks of stratification, but divided by irregular cross fissures; from these, in winter time, vast masses become detached, and, falling down into the glen, have formed a kind of gigantic ladder to the summit of the mountain. The front of Lugduff, on the south side, is composed of granite, mica slate, and numerous contemporaneous veins of quartz. The gloomy, awful, overhanging cliff in which the eremite of old reposed, is

* See Geological Relations.

admirably emblematic of an abode where sadness never dies, for, from the circumstance of the opposite hills being clothed with a kind of dark peat, they are capable of reflection to a very trifling degree, owing to which the valley continues in an eternal gloom.

Between Lugduff and Derrybawn is a stream of peculiarly clear and cold water, dangerous to bathe in, as the sun has no influence on its surface at any period of the day, from the thickness of the woods overhanging it, and the narrowness and depth of the dell. A little to the east is an extraordinary fissure, where the horizontal strata of mica slate, composing the mountain's brow, are cleft perpendicularly, and one part of the hill appears to have sunk below the level of the other; this is called the Giant's Cut. The Irish peasantry are particularly addicted to the habit of attributing various natural phenomena, beyond their reasoning faculties, to gigantic efforts, for instance, the Giant's Causeway, Giant's Ring, in the county of Down, Giant's Stair, near the Cove of Cork, Giant's Load, in the county of Louth, &c.

The hero to whom this great deed is attributed was Fian Mac Comhal, who, being charged with a want of sufficient corporal strength to acquit himself with glory in the wars, smote the mountain with his sword, and cut it through from top to bottom, to satisfy the apprehensions of his adherents as to his prowess—so says tradition.

The mountain, from the Giant's Cut to the entrance of the vale, is called Derrybawn; part of it is thickly wooded with oak, and near the bridge stood a very beautiful mansion, the residence of Mr. Critchley, which was burned down in the rebellion of 1798.

Having mentioned *separatim* the mountains which inclose the valley, and the rivers and lakes which beau-

tify it, a second subject of deep and varied interest remains to be treated of, viz. the monastic remains, and the celebrated patron saint, whose memory is still revered at Glendalough by the Irish.

Beyond the reach of satisfactory authority Glendalough appears to have been the seat of learning, of religion, or rather of superstition, for, in the transition from Pagan to Christian worship, it could not be expected that all the idolatrous practices would be instantaneously abandoned; the very nature and character of the scene seemed to invite the artful priest to practise upon the credulity of the innocent inhabitants of this sequestered spot; the lake was represented as being infested with serpents, the mountains with wolves, and the loughs in the vicinity exhibited preternatural appearances; upon Lough Ouler were seen, at stated periods, a lordly chieftain and his lady bright, riding in their chariot, enveloped in a burning cloud.*

This state of mind was peculiarly susceptible of impressions, and the sagacious recluse was not neglectful of this advantage.

The ancient name of this vale was Glenade†; it is called Episcopatus Bistagniensis, by Hovedon, a chaplain of Henry II., and in the Bull of Pope Lucius III. it is termed Episcopatus Insularum, the Bishoprick of the Islands. The see was very extensive, reaching to the walls of Dublin, and the bishops of Dublin were originally but suffragans to those of Glendalough.

The abbey and churches of Glendalough owe their

* See O'Sullivan's poem "The Haunted Fire of Uller."

† The Abbey of the Glen, or Valley; but it is now usually called Glen-da-Lough, the Valley of the two Loughs.

origin to St. Coemgen, or St. Kevin. Ledwich supposes that St. Kevin merely means a mountain in this vicinity, which has been canonized, as the river Shannon (St. Senanus). This is really a very stupid theory, and only supported by the industrious antiquarian's conjecture; beside, there is ample testimony of the ancients, and the authority of the most learned Usher and Mr. Harris for the existence of the patron saint of Glendalough.

St. Kevin, descended from an illustrious family of the tribe of the Messingcorhs, was born in the year 498. Being baptized by St. Cronan, at the age of seven years he was placed under the tuition of Petrocus, a Briton, who had been at a college in Ireland for the space of twenty years, and remained under his care for five years. In the year 510 he was intrusted to the care of three learned anchorites, Dogain, Lochan, and Enna, with whom he remained three years in their cell. When he withdrew from these reverend men, he became the pupil of Beonanus, and afterwards of Bishop Lugid, who ordained him a priest; at the suggestion of Lugid he entered a monastery at Cluainduach, where he remained several years, previous to his final departure for Glendalough.* He visited Saint Columb, Saint Congal, and Saint Canice, or Kenny, at Usmeach, in Meath, and was received with great respect by Saint Columb; he visited Saint Berchin, the blind prophet, and was persuaded by Garbham, the recluse, who dwelt near Dublin, to pu an end to his erratic life, "for that a bird could no cherish her eggs in her flight."

Hanmer makes him the author of two works, one in-

* Life of Saint Patrick, page 236.

tituled " De Britannorum Origine," the other, " De Hibero et Herimone." It is probable also that he was the author of a MS. called " A Rule for Monks," which is preserved amongst Colgan's papers in the archives of the Irish Franciscan Convent at Louvain.*

Some years after, he founded the monastery in the vale of Glendalough, in the country of the O'Tooles, a famous and powerful sept who dwelt in Imail; in the year 549 he made a journey to the Seven Churches at Clonmacnois, on the Shannon, to hold an interview with Saint Kieran, but he only arrived in time to assist at his funeral obsequies, for Saint Kieran expired three days before the arrival of Saint Kevin. Saint Kevin lived to the prolonged age of 120 years, and died on the 3rd of June, 618, (which is still held as a patron-day in the valley of the Churches), having received the Sacrament from the hands of Mochnaus, a Briton, and having some time previously resigned the duties of the bishoprick, and continued to discharge those of the abbacy alone. The separation of the abbacy and bishoprick was always after observed by his successors, and the former was considered the more valuable endowment, for Laurence O'Toole, Abbot of Glendalough, being elected to the bishoprick, refused to accept it.

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* In addition to the authority of the learned Usher, Colgan, and other writers of indisputable authority, the following reasoning of the senses is to be overturned by Dr. Ledwich, before he can substantiate the non-entity of St. Kevin: In the Life of St. Kieran it is expressly stated, that St. Kevin left Glendalough to visit that holy character, and having arrived three days after that saint's death, " assisted at his funeral rites." Now, whoever denies this fact, may with as much reason deny the death and life of St. Kieran; but this is incontrovertibly proved by the tomb of that learned recluse, which is still to be seen at Clonmacnouse.

Saint Kevin was succeeded by his nephew, Molibba, the son of his sister, Coeltigerna, and, in Ware's Bishops, the names of nine successive bishops of this see are enumerated. After the death of the last, William Piro, in 1214, nearly 600 years subsequent to the demise of St. Kevin, this see was united with that of Dublin.

The Bull upon which this union took place was most probably misunderstood, for we find that the O'Tooles of Imail, sanctioned by the popes, continued to appoint to the see of Glendalough until 1497, when Friar Denis White, being at an advanced period of life, and who had held the bishoprick for many years, voluntarily confessed that he had illegally usurped it, for, that the sees of Dublin and Glendalough had been united since the reign of King John; he then made a formal surrender of its rights, in the Chapter House of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Glendalough is now but an archdeaconry in the diocese of Dublin, the incumbent possessing a seat in the Chapter of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. The cause of this union is stated to be "that, for the space of forty years back from that date, the place was so waste and desolate, that of a church it was become a den and nest of thieves and robbers, so that more murders were committed in that valley than in any other place in Ireland, occasioned by the vast and desert solitude thereof." But this representation might have been made by persons deeply interested in enhancing the value of the see of Dublin.

To leave these historic truths and controversial points, and turn to the actual monuments of the patron saint, his episcopal dignity and the remains of civilization still existing, we recommend the tourist to visit the curiosities of Glendalough in the order of the following description:

The first ruin on the road side on the north of the vale, is usually called the Ivy Church; it was a small chapel, originally roofed with stone, at one end of which are the remains of a round tower, perfectly detached from the body of the church, although only by a distance of a few feet. Ledwich considers this "one of the first attempts at uniting the round tower with the body of the church;" but why did they not complete the union as in Our Lady's Church in the centre of the valley? It certainly never was intended as an attempt of this sort, for those who were capable of raising such lofty and lasting edifices, upon such narrow bases, could not have found any difficulty in erecting less lofty ones upon broader basements, as they actually did at the very same period. The ruins of this church are too imperfect to detain the tourist long.

At the distance of about a quarter of a mile are the ruins of the once famous city of Glendalough. The origin of this city, and its celebrity as a seat of learning, are attributed to Saint Mochuorog or Mocorog, a Briton, who hearing of the fame of St. Kevin, and the miracles wrought by him, left his native country, and fixed his residence in a cell on the east side of Glendalough: here a city soon sprang up, and a seminary was founded, from which many saints and exemplary men were sent forth, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the western world that universal light of letters and religion, which, in the earlier ages, shone with so much brightness throughout this remote and at that period tranquil isle, and was almost exclusively confined to it. A little paved space of a quadrangular form, now called the market place, indicates the site of the ancient city; from this a paved road led to Hollywood, on the borders of the county Kildare, through

the vale of Glendason. This little Appian way, which is yet visible, was composed of blocks of hewn stone, placed edge-wise, and was about twelve feet in breadth.

Not far from the village is a rivulet, called St. Kevin's Keeve, which is said to possess miraculous powers, on the festival of St. Kevin, and on all Sundays and Thursdays. Unhealthy children are dipped in this stream in expectation of participating in the anodyne qualities of the water:—the immersion must be made before sunrise.

The river Glendason, or Glenasane, rises about four miles from Glendalough, in a small pool, called Lough Nahanagan or Nahanfan; and, after traversing the valley of Glenasane, contributes its waters to swell the flood of the Churches river, below the city of Glendalough. The brook of Glaneola flows into the upper lake at the western end of the glen, and a considerable body of water falls in the cleft between Lugduff and Derrybawn, all of which are tributary to the great river of the vale, which, passing under Derrybawn bridge, assumes the name of Avonmore, or the Great River. In this miserable little sequestered hamlet, the traveller should inquire for a guide, well-informed in the traditions of the churches, many of which will be related in the following pages. The most celebrated character of this description ever known in Glendalough, was Joe Irvine, whose fabulous tales were numerous and interesting.

The approach to the area, on which the ruins properly denominated the Seven Churches stand, is by a succession of large stepping stones in the Glendasane river, in front of an arched gateway, sixteen feet in length, and ten in breadth. The arches are nine feet seven inches wide, and ten feet high; the ring-stones, which are of moun-

tain granite, being the entire depth of the wall, and two feet six inches thick.

The Cathedral is the most striking object in the valley, and to this also the guide uniformly conducts the visiter in the first instance.

This once splendid edifice owes its origin to St. Kevin, and was dedicated by him to the patron saints of the abbey. In the description of this and the other buildings of the vale, numerous legends are introduced, which the reader and tourist should remember, are only the traditions of the innocent inhabitants of Glendalough, and such as have never found a place in Irish history.

The nave of the Cathedral measures forty-eight feet in length by thirty in width; but the original height of the walls cannot be easily ascertained: it was lighted by three narrow windows in the southern wall. An arch of seventeen feet in breadth opens into the choir, which is an area of thirty-eight feet by twenty-five. The eastern window is enriched with chevron and other ornaments, and the mouldings are decorated with legendary sculptures. The aperture by which the rays of light were admitted, is so narrow, that in all likelihood it was never glazed, and the guide assures his companions, that a lighted candle placed in that window will not be blown out, let the night be ever so tempestuous. Perhaps the conclusion, that none of the windows at Glendalough were glazed originally, would be perfectly correct.

On the frieze of a broad moulding, beside the arch of the great window, a wolf dog is represented holding a serpent in his mouth; the explanation afforded by tradition of this device is, that during the actual building of the cathedral and churches, a large serpent was in the habit of emerging from the lake every night, and overthrow-

ing the labours of the builders during the day; so that, like the web of the faithful Ithacan queen, the Cathedral would never have passed a certain limit in its progress to perfection: the sainted architect, however, employed a native wolf dog to seize the satanic enemy, and caused the transaction to be recorded in characters of stone. From this circumstance, the lake is denominated "Loch-na-Piast," or "the Lake of the Serpent."*

On another stone, in the same frieze, the saint is represented embracing his sacred willow, in the foliage of which the medicinal apple may be discovered. The emblem of the apple-bearing willow is explained by the following fable:—"A young man, a near relation of St. Kevin's, was afflicted by a deadly malady, while residing with his venerable relation at Glendalough; it was in the month of March, when vegetation had but just commenced, that the poor invalid became possessed with the idea that an apple would prove an effectual remedy for his disorder. The saint, on hearing this wish expressed, went out into the fields, and, directing his attention to a willow, perceived it laden with ripe apples; plucking three of them without delay, he presented them to his sickly relative, who, from that moment, is said to have become convalescent."

Another tale connected with this Cathedral, and which exists only in the legends of tradition, should not be totally unheeded:—the masons and labourers who were employed in the pious task of erecting this venerable structure, were observed by St. Kevin to be gradually losing that health and vigour which they appeared to have

* The notion that serpents inhabit fresh-water lakes is very prevalent in Ireland, particularly in Donegal and Kerry

possessed at the commencement of their labours: upon inquiry, it was found, that their hours of labour were regulated by this maxim, "to rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb." Now, the lark in the valley used to rise so unconscionably early, that the labourers were insensibly led into insupportable hardships; to remove this evil, the saint prayed that the lark might never be permitted to sing in the valley of Glendalough, which petition was accordingly granted;—and certainly no lark is ever heard to sing there now. This fabulous anecdote is alluded to by Moore in one of his Irish melodies, commencing with these lines:

> "By that lake, whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er."

But to conclude the architectural description of the Cathedral:—the door is seven feet four inches high, and is narrower at the top than bottom; the jambs are composed of blocks of granite, the entire depth of the wall, with a reveal at the inside for the door, which latter appears to have turned on pivots. Part of the building has the appearance of a more modern style than the remainder. Beneath a small window, at the south of the choir, is a monumental slab of freestone, much ornamented, but without any inscription.

Near the Cathedral stand the ruins of a small building, probably used as a sacristy, or place where the relics and religious vestments were preserved. Visiters are recommended to turn round three times in this closet, as a preventive to future head-aches. In the confused heaps around these buildings, a stone is pointed out, bearing three figures; that in the centre represents some religious person, on whose right hand is a pilgrim, leaning on

his staff, and on the left a sinner, extending a purse of money as a commutation for penance.*

In the church-yard is the trunk of a decayed yew, an emblem of duration generally planted in the vicinity of religious houses in old times; but some of its principal branches having been lopped for cabinet-work by the gentry, the tree is almost totally demolished.

Several remnants of crosses lie scattered up and down, the most remarkable of which is one standing in the cemetery of the Cathedral, eleven feet in height, and formed of one solid block of granite. Certain miraculous powers are attributed to this; but it is first necessary that the votary should completely embrace the stone, making his hands meet at the opposite side. The stranger naturally walks up to the *front* of the cross, and throwing his arms about the stone, attempts to unite his hands; this he will soon find impracticable, from the great breadth of the flat front; but upon changing his situation, and standing close up to the narrow *side* of the stone, the object will be easily accomplished.

To the west of the Cathedral stood our Lady's Church: this could not have been a very extensive structure originally, but, from the traces still discoverable, it appears to have been built with more architectural taste and knowledge than the others. The door-way must have been admirably executed: in the lintel was wrought a cruciformed ornament, not unlike the flyer of a stamping-press. The walls, as high up as the top of the door-way, are of hewn stone of a large size, and the remainder of mountain rag-stone, admirably cemented. The eastern window

* This is Ledwich's explanation, which is much ridiculed by Dr. Lanigan.

was like that of the Cathedral, but it is in a very ruinous condition now. There are several recesses in the wall, in which females, particularly those lately united in the hymeneal bonds, are advised to turn round three times: the advantages of this ceremony will be best stated by the guide.

St. Kevin's Kitchen is now the most perfect of the Seven Churches; it is roofed with stone, and has a steeple at one end, which is a perfect miniature of the pagan round towers. It was lighted by one window, the architrave of which was of freestone, richly sculptured; but want of good feeling and good taste permitted this enriched moulding to be carried away, and bruised into powder for domestic purposes. The interior measures twenty-two feet nine inches in length, by fifteen in breadth; its height is twenty feet, and the thickness of the walls three feet six inches. At the eastern end, an arch, the chord of which measures five feet three inches, opens a communication with a smaller chapel, ten feet six inches in length by nine feet three inches in width, having also a small eastern window. The several lower courses of the walls are of coarse mountain granite; their thickness is three feet, and height about twelve; the door is six feet eight inches high, two feet four inches wide at the top, and four inches wider at the bottom, the stones running the entire thickness of the wall.

The Belfry, which rises from the west end of the church, is a round tower, about fifty feet in height; it is accessible by a small aperture in the ceiling, over which, between the cove and the roof, is a large dark void; it was lighted by a small loop-hole near the summit. The roof of the church, which is still quite perfect and

very curious, is comprised of thin stones or flags, neatly laid, and with a very high pitch: the ridge of the roof is thirty feet, while that of the double building at the east end is only twenty. A groove in the east end of the larger building, proves indisputably that the smaller buildings are not coeval with it: the latter are higher and narrower, and indeed are quite inferior in point of architectural perfection to the large building.

St. Kevin's kitchen is one of the few remaining stone-roofed buildings in Ireland at the present day: the finest specimen of this sort in the kingdom, is Cormac's Chapel, on the rock of Cashel, the interior of which was finished in a richer and chaster style than any of our modern buildings; and, but very lately, a considerable quantity of gilt ornaments have been discovered beneath the dust and rubbish in the interior. St. Doulagh's, near Dublin, is another interesting remain of the same species, as is also the crypt of Killaloe.

The river flowing from the Upper Lake divides St. Kevin's Kitchen from the Rhefeart church: near the bank of the rivulet, a stone is shown, called the *deer-stone;* the origin of this denomination is derived from the following circumstance:—The wife of one of the peasantry having expired in the pains of child-birth, the surviving infant was left destitute of its natural mode of nurture, nor could any equivalent substitute be procured. The disconsolate father applied to the revered spirit of St. Kevin for relief, and was directed to attend at a certain hour every morning, near the Rhefeart church, at a stone having a little circular indenture in the top, into which a deer would regularly shed her milk, and leave it for the infant's use: the little destitute is said to have been nourished by the

milk procured at this stone, which is hence called the deer-stone.

On the way to the Rhefeart church another of the miracles wrought by the sainted Kevin is exhibited:—A number of large stones, extremely like loaves of bread, and possessing marks analogous to those made by the adhesion of loaves to each other in the oven, are scattered on the ground. It is related that St. Kevin, having met a female bearing five loaves in a sack, and inquiring the contents of the sack, she answered that they were stones; for, it being a time of scarcity, she feared to tell the truth; upon which, the saint replied, "If they be not so already, I pray that for your perfidy they may become so;" when instantly five stones rolled out of the sack. These clumsy relics were preserved for many years in the Rhefeart church, but now lie at some distance from it down the valley.

Between the cathedral and the lake is a group of large thorn bushes, supposed to have been planted by the hand of the saint. Nothing can exceed the respect and veneration in which they are held by the neighbouring inhabitants. Thorn bushes in general are subjects of superstition in Ireland; they are called in the Irish language "monuments;" and it is believed that the destinies of particular persons are so interwoven with the fate of certain thorns, that it is deemed impious to break up the ground near their roots.

Having crossed the stream, and inspected the deer-stone, &c. over which is the chink or cut in the mountain already mentioned, caused by a blow from the sword of Fiam M'Cumhal or Fingal, one of the generals of Cormac M'Cuinn, king of Ireland in 256,—a little to the S.E. enveloped in wild shrubs, alder, ivy, &c. is the sacred

resting place of the once great O'Tuat'hals or O'Tooles, kings of Imaly, from whom this region was formerly denominated Firt'huat'hal, or the O'Tooles' county. Rhefeart, the name applied to this church, signifies the sepulchre of kings, and it is supposed seven of the O'Tooles lie buried here; their cold bed is indicated by an oblong slab, once bearing the following inscription in Irish characters, but now quite illegible:

Jesus Christ,
Mile deach feuch corp Re Mac Mthuil.
Behold the resting place of the body of King M'Thuill,
who died in Christ 1010.

The situation of this church is particularly romantic, but the ruin is too imperfect to be very interesting.

Beneath the dark and frowning cliff of Lugduff, on a little patch of arable land, almost inaccessible, except by water, are the ruins of a church called Teampull-na-Skellig, *i. e.* the Temple of the Desert or Rock; it is also called the Priory of the Rock, and St. Kevin's Cell: here the sainted Kevin used to seclude himself from the world in the season of Lent, and spend his time wholly in penitence and prayer. It was at a window of this cell, while in a supplicating attitude, and with one hand extended, that a blackbird is said to have descended, and dropped her eggs in St. Kevin's hand: tradition states, that the saint never altered the position of his hand or arm, until the poor creature had hatched her eggs, which is the reason that all representations of St. Kevin exhibit him with an outstretched hand, and a bird perched upon it.*

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* Extended stiff on withered hand,
To which the blackbird flew distressed,
And found a kind protecting nest:
There dropped her eggs, while outstretched stood
The hand, till she had hatched her brood.
Drennan's Glendalough.

Near the Rhefeart church is a circular heap of stones, round which pilgrims perform their appointed penance; and amongst the remnants of crosses, will be seen one with a circular aperture through it; whoever has the courage to insert his arm into this foramen, and turn it round three times, will, it is said, obtain absolution and regeneration at the same time.

The description of the most eastern church, perhaps the most important, and which is nearest to the entrance of the vale, has been intentionally postponed, because the visiter generally enters at the northern side of the valley, and, making a circuit, takes his leave by the south; this is generally called the Abbey, and was dedicated, like the cathedral, to St. Peter and St. Paul. St. Kevin's Well lies near the pathway leading from the Rhefeart church to the abbey. The Abbey appears to have been the most masterly specimen of the art of building amongst this extensive collection of architectural remains; it originally consisted of two buildings parallel to each other, and of curious and beautiful workmanship; the eastern window was ornamented with rich sculpture; several of the carved stones were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of the bridge at Derrybawn, but some very curious devices are still to be seen: on one is an enraged wolf, with his tail in his mouth, the whole figure within a triangle: the wolf was an old inhabitant of Glendalough, and not totally extirpated until 1710; the triangle may have some reference to the Trinity, which we know was illustrated by the trefoil or shamrock by St. Patrick. On another stone, two ravens are represented picking at a skull, a mere emblem of mortality. Runic knots may be discovered on several stones: on one is seen a wolf, the tail of which is entwined in the hair of a man's head; and

on others wolves, or rather wild beasts in general, are represented devouring human heads, all simple emblems of mortality.

These specimens are quite unique in Ireland, and if with this we couple the circumstance of the tomb of St. Kevin, who died in 618, being found in a small crypt or oratory, near the abbey, lately discovered by Samuel Hayes, Esq. (which by-the-by is an additional and tolerably convincing proof of the existence of such a person), the reader may be disposed to attribute a greater antiquity to this building than he might at first be willing to allow. Ledwich concludes, without much reason, that these sculptures and the abbey itself are of Danish origin, and denies the existence of St. Kevin, although he admits his *death*, for he says expressly that his tomb is contained in the crypt spoken of above.

This is the last of the churches: the visiter will perceive the ruins of more than seven buildings, but it is impossible to say how they were connected; and besides, some may have been built after the mystical number had been completed, consequently are not to be included in the enumeration. Those properly called the Seven Churches, are—1, the Cathedral; 2, St. Kevin's-Kitchen; 3, Our Lady's Church; 4, Rhefeart; 5, the Priory of St. Saviour; 6, the Ivy Church; 7, Teampull-na-Skellig.

Why there were exactly seven churches, can be explained only by stating, that the ancient Irish attached some peculiar merit to this number; witness the seven churches at Cluanmacnois, Iniscathy, &c. and the seven altars at Holy Cross and Clonfert, &c.

Amongst the ruins of Glendalough, according to Ware, a great number of ancient coins were found by the peasantry in 1639, which he calls Irish; but in all proba-

bility they might, with greater propriety, be termed Danish.

There is one monument of antiquity, of more remote date, most probably, than the churches themselves, not yet noticed, although the visiter never loses sight of it during his peregrination in the extensive vale of Glendalough, that is, the Round Tower. The uses of these extraordinary buildings are not yet fully ascertained; by the Irish peasantry they are called Cloch-Theach, or the Belfry; by General Vallancey, Fire Towers; and by an infinite number of antiquarians, Turres Ecclesiasticæ, or anchorite towers, either for the study of religious writings, and indulgence in pious reflections, or for the purposes of penitence and prayer, like the stylite pillars. There are sixty-two round towers at present discovered in Ireland, and there were certainly many more, which have totally fallen to decay; they were generally divided into stories, as the projecting ledge on which the floor rested sufficiently demonstrates. For a more minute account of these towers the reader is referred to the "Guide to the Lakes of Killarney." The perfect tower at Glendalough is 110 feet in height; the ruins of the other are so imperfect as to frustrate all conjecture as to its probable dimensions. Two towers stood also at Roscrea, Farbane, Clonmacnoise, and other places, but the solitary tower is more general.

After a complete inspection of the churches and their appendages, a natural curiosity of more than usual interest remains to be visited; this is St. Kevin's Bed. This wonder-working couch is a small cave, capable of containing three persons at most, in the front of a rock, hanging perpendicularly over the lake; the approach is by a narrow path along the steep side of the mountain,

at every step of which the slightest false trip would precipitate the pedestrian into the lake below; certainly the guide endeavours to infuse an additional degree of confidence into his followers, by assuring them, that since the fate of the fair Cathleen, at which period St. Kevin prayed that none might ever find a watery grave in that lake, no mortal has ever perished there. There is one place in particular where all the eloquence of the guide is sure to be exerted to encourage the party, and where it frequently proves unsuccessful, that is, the ledge of rock called *The Lady's Leap.* After passing this rubicon, the landing place immediately above the cave is soon reached, without difficulty; but the visiter must descend with caution, his face being turned to the rock down which he climbs, while the guide directs him which way he is to turn, and where to plant his foot, until at last he reaches the mouth of the sainted bed. The bed is about thirty yards from the surface of the water, and the front of the rock for the whole of the height or depth, perfectly perpendicular. Those who are not disposed to confide in the efficacy of St. Kevin's prayers, for the safety of his posthumous visiters, can see the cave distinctly from the opposite side of the lake; and if there should be any persons entering at the time, it will mark out the path and its dangers more distinctly, than even the persons actually engaged in the task can perceive. After the rebellion of 1798 a few of the outlaws remained concealed in the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, and with these government thought proper to capitulate, rather than continue so difficult a pursuit with so little success as it had hitherto been attended with. The most celebrated offender was Dwyer, better known to the world as the Wicklow desperado; being closely pur-

sued for several days by a body of Highlanders, he took shelter in St. Kevin's bed, and, having fallen asleep, the Highlanders had nearly come upon him by surprise; however, he had just sufficient time to leap from the cave into the lake, and ultimately reached the opposite shore in safety, "accoutred as he was": the Highlanders found it impossible to carry their muskets with them along the difficult path-way, so that Dwyer was permitted to make towards the opposite land without molestation.

There is one legend more of St. Kevin yet untold, which has supplied materials to many a ballad writer for a display of fancy, that is, the tale of Cathleen and Kevin.

The fair Cathleen was descended of an illustrious race, and endowed with rich domains: having heard of the fame of St. Kevin, at that time a youth, she went to listen to his religious admonitions; but unholy thoughts crept in amidst the telling of her beads, for she became enamoured of the youthful saint. Tradition says, it was the intention of the saint to have built his abbey in the valley of Luggelaw, on the margin of Lough Tay; but that the repeated visits of Cathleen, while he sojourned there, induced him to remove to where he might be freed from her interruptions, and he ultimately decided upon Glendalough.

After establishing his religious seminaries, and supposing himself at rest for the remainder of his mortal career, the beauteous but unhappy Cathleen renewed her visits. Determined to avoid the temptations of so much innocence and fidelity in one so fair, and to spare her feelings, the saint withdrew to his stony couch in the inaccessible front of Lugduff. Day after day Cathleen visited the wonted haunts of her beloved Kevin, but he

was no where to be found. One morning as the disconsolate fair was slowly moving along the church-yard path, the favourite dog of St. Kevin met and fawned upon her, and turning swiftly, led the way to his master's sequestered home. Here then follows the most uncharitable part of the saint's conduct, for, awaking and perceiving a female leaning over him, "although there was Heaven in her eye," he hurled her from the beetling rock. The next morning, says one traditionary historian, the unfortunate Cathleen, whose unceasing affection seems to have merited a better fate, was seen, for a moment, on the margin of the lake, wringing her flowing locks, but never was heard of more; while the poetic imagination of another, concludes the legend with the following passage, the saint being supposed to have repented after Cathleen had fallen into the lake:—

> Fervent he prayed that Heaven would save
> The maid from an untimely grave;
> His prayer half granted, like the mist of morn,
> Her floating form, along the surface borne,
> Shone bright, then faded in the dawning ray,
> To light converted from his gaze away.

This tale is the subject of Moore's melody, beginning "By that Lake whose gloomy shore;" but the poet forgot to tell what became of Cathleen, for it never could be supposed she had been drowned by the saint.

The reader is now probably content to quit Cathleen, St. Kevin, and Glendalough, but he will be disposed to pardon the numerous fables brought within his view, when he is informed, that this is the only work wherein they have a collective existence.

We return again to the entrance of the vale at Laragh Bridge.

Glenmacanass.

The route which is here laid down has avoided the vale of Clara, through which the road from Rathdrum to the Seven Churches lies. This delightful valley is watered by the Avonmore, whose banks are richly wooded the whole way to the little village of Clarabeg; it is a scene of the soft, gentle, and sylvan character, and forms a great contrast indeed to the wild valley of Glenmalure, through which we recommended the traveller to proceed to Glendalough.

The road divides in front of Laragh Barrack; the right branch leads to Anamoe, Roundwood, &c.; the left is the continuation of the military road. The vale, called Glenmacanass, is the only one in the whole length of the military road, which the engineer could possibly take advantage of in its formation, for the road was ordered to be cut in a direction from north to south, while all the other valleys between the mountains lie east and west. From Laragh Barrack to the Waterfall in Glenmacanass is about three miles and a half, the road lying along the bottom of a narrow fertile vale, which is the best cultivated ground on the military line of road: on one side rises the Brocagh, and on the other, Laragh Mountain. After an exceedingly agreeable drive through this serpentine vale, we arrive at an enormous basin, formed by a curvature of the mountain side, down the perpendicular front of which falls a considerable stream; the shape of the circular excavation, the perpendicularity of the rocky surface down which the torrent falls, and the spiral winding of the road round the side of this extensive natural basin,

form an extremely curious, rather than beautiful picture. The acute mineralogist may here be rewarded for his scientific labours, by investigating the granite region close to the Waterfall: here are to be found imbedded crystals of beryl, garnet, and tourmaline, in the coarse-grained contemporaneous veins of granite, and the rock itself is of a peculiarly fine texture. Beryls were first discovered in this district by Mr. Weaver in a loose boulder at Cronebane, since which, many others have observed them, particularly Doctor Taylor: this gentleman found some specimens of singular beauty, and nearly two inches in diameter, at the foot of Rochestown-hill, in the county Dublin. Felspar crystals, of three inches in length, are often to be found in the porphyritic granite at the head of the Waterfall, inlaid in a small grained base. In short, the circular excavation down which the water is precipitated in Glenmacanass, is rich in the finest and most beautiful specimens of most of the mineral substances in this mountainous region, and they are considerably denuded and accessible: it should be observed, that some fine specimens of gneiss, which are very rare in this country, are also to be found here.

Lough Ouler.

About half a mile from the head of the Waterfall, upon the side of Tonelagee Mountain, is a small circular pool, called Lough Ouler. The brow of Tonelagee exhibits bold and sublime precipices, 500 feet in height, hanging over and darkening the face of the water; the gloomy

retirement of this spot has excited the attention of some romantic fancy, and a few years since, a little poem called Lough Ouler was published, the scene of which is laid here. The story is rather trifling: at a particular period of the year, says the poet, a pillar of flame is to be seen traversing the surface of the lake, in a direction towards an elevated bank on the margin of the lake, like a Danish rath, called the Lochlin Burying-ground, where it vanishes from the view. The poet supposes the fiery pillar to be luminous nebulæ, enveloping a chariot, which conveys a warrior of the days of old, and his fair mistress, who once possessed these rude domains.

The lake contains a great abundance of large bog trout, considered by the inhabitants of the glen as of the very worst description, having large heads, and being always poor and soft; there is only this one species in the lough. The geological character of the mountains here is not different from other parts of the range frequently mentioned already, mica slate and granite prevailing. Tonelagee Mountain, which is here seen in all its majestic sublimity, is the next in magnitude (*i. e.* mass of matter) and elevation to Lugnaquilla, being, according to Mr. Griffith's measurement, 2,696 feet above the low water-mark.

Lough Nahanagan.

Crossing the mountainous tract between Tonelagee and Comaderry, you meet the old road from the city of Glendalough, through Wicklow Gap, to Hollywood and Blessington. Here, beneath an overhanging precipice, lies

a pool, half a mile in length, and about a quarter in breadth, called Lough Nahanagan; its appearance is somewhat of the crater form, though not so much so as either Lough Ouler, or Lough Bray, particularly the latter. There is also a plentiful supply of bog trout in this lough, and of a superior description to those of Lough Ouler; the neighbouring peasantry hold them in great estimation, and they are easily taken with a fly. In the vale between the two great hills, Comaderry and Tonelagee, and upon the northern side of Comaderry, a rich vein of lead ore exists; its ascertained course exceeds nine hundred fathoms, and its depth one hundred and eighty. This is generally called Lugganure Mine: late experiments have ascertained that this vein completely intersects Comaderry Mountain, and a level has been driven on the other side, usually called Glenlough Mine. The view towards the east, from the top of Comaderry, is extremely fine. The vale of Glendalough, with its now diminutive structures, the great length of the Churches valley, appearing to extend to Ballard and Castle Kevin Mountains, with the whole course of the Churches river, winding along the rich green meadows, form altogether a most agreeable prospect.

The pedestrian who is desirous of visiting the solitary district now described, may either ascend from the head of Glenmacanass Waterfall, in the direction here laid down, or from the vale of Glendalough to Lugganure Mines and Lough Nahanagan, and then cross over to Lough Ouler. He will find an inn at Roundwood, not more than five miles from him, or at the entrance of the Churches valley, at either of which, if he be not very precise as to fare and lodging, he may rest and refresh himself.

Anamoe.

We turned from the high road at Laragh Barrack, and made a digression to the loughs amongst the mountains; let us now restore the traveller to his former ground, and place him on the road to Anamoe and Roundwood. The two roads which branch off at the barrack, unite again at Anamoe Bridge; the lower one nearer to the river is preferable. Leaving the hill of Laragh then to your left, and having the river which flows from Lough Dan, and Castle Kevin Mountain on your right, proceed for two miles through an uninteresting and rather bleak country to the village of Anamoe. The woods of Laragh, now in the possession of Captain Nicholson, are passed on the left of the road. The village of Anamoe consists of a few thatched cottages, situated at the junction of three valleys, on the banks of a well-supplied mountain river; the situation is very sheltered and exceedingly picturesque; here are a chapel, a tolerable inn for pedestrians; and a heavy-looking stone bridge thrown across the river, built in the year in which the battle of Culloden was fought, April 16, 1746, as an inscription upon a large stone, inserted in the battlement, indicates. During the repairs of the bridge within the last few years, the workmen were permitted to coat the face of this stone, and conceal it for the present; but in the course of time, this covering will fall off, like the ingenious mask upon the Egyptian Pharos, and disclose the date, and artist's name once more. The river contains some excellent fish, trout of different species, which we shall speak of in describing Lough Dan, and also small salmon.

From the hill, at the Roundwood side of the village, there is a very pleasing view of the site of Anamoe, and before the destruction of the little mill, which was a prominent feature in the view,* it was universally admired. The traveller will perhaps regret the present dilapidated state of the mill of Anamoe, for an additional reason, when he peruses the following extract from the Life of Lawrence Sterne, written by himself, and which his biographers have thought proper to omit: "We lived in the barracks "at Wicklow one year, 1720, where Devijeher was born, "from thence we decamped, to stay half a year with Mr. "Fetherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wick-"low, who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to "his parsonage at Animo (Anamoe). It was in this "parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful "escape in falling through a mill race whilst the mill was "going, and of being taken up unhurt: the story is in-"credible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, "where hundreds of the common people flocked to see "me." He who is acquainted with the Sentimental Journey cannot avoid feeling some interest in the contemplation of that spot which was so near depriving the world of its singular author.

The intersection of roads at Anamoe cannot create any confusion: the branch on your right leads to Castle Kevin, while the line up the hill in front is the only way to Roundwood, which is scarcely two miles distant. The ruins of Castle Kevin are about a mile from the bridge of Anamoe; the castle appears to have been a place of great strength, and fortified by ramparts; very few his-

* See this view of Anamoe in "The Excursions through Ireland."

toric traces of its origin or greatness are now discoverable. It was built by the O'Tooles, from the country of Imail, probably about the 12th century, who long kept possession of their rights and privileges in this county, as we have before mentioned in describing Glenmalure. In the year 1308, Piers Gaviston, being hated by the English nobility, as estranging king Edward's affections from themselves and from his queen, Isabella, was banished into Ireland, where he fortified Castle Kevin, and lived there for some time, first having defeated the O'Birnes and O'Tooles, in order to conciliate the English.*

In the Gesta Hibernarum of Ware we find the following passage: "The same day (Nov. 29, 1641) Sir Charles Coote beat Luke Toole, of Castle Kevin, and a thousand rebels, in the County Wicklow;" and in Ludlow's Memoirs is the following anecdote of the same O'Toole, the last of the sept who ever appeared as leader of a rebellious army, and the then proprietor of Castle Kevin: "Luke Toole," says our author, "being conscious of his guilt, had desired a pass, and offered to surrender; but, in order to obtain conditions of a more merciful nature, offered his horse and saddle, valued at one hundred pounds, as a present to General Ludlow; this inflexible officer refused accepting of any gift which might be supposed as intended to influence his decision, and the treaty was accordingly broken off; but some time after (about 1650), during the command of Sir Charles Coote, he was received into surrender, upon the conditions of submitting *to be questioned for murder*,

* See Ware's Annals, page 445.

and being arrived at Dublin, was sentenced and executed." This questioning for murder is generally to be understood of having killed an Englishman. The ruins of Castle Kevin are situated in a very wild and not very picturesque neighbourhood; the antiquarian alone is likely to be satisfied for the trouble of a digression from the high road through the uninteresting scenery of the country around Castle Kevin.

Leaving Anamoe, and pursuing the Roundwood road, the country continues wild and desolate; about half way, on the left, lies the church of Derrylossery; the benefice is a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin. The church has lately undergone considerable repairs, which have rather diminished the wild and desolate character of the scene, by the introduction of civilized changes. Around, and close to the church-walls, are some lofty trees, whose stems being bare and denuded, while the tops alone are furnished with foliage, admit the rays of an evening sun in such a manner as to produce the effect of a moonlight scene. With the exception of a small house lately erected for a poor-school, there is scarcely a single habitation within view of the site of Derrylossery Church.

Roundwood.

A MILE farther on is the village of Roundwood, situated in the centre of an extensive tract of flat table-land, elevated about 700 feet above the sea; behind are Carrigroe and Sliebh-Buck Mountains, forming the eastern boundary of Lough Dan; in the distance, to the

north, is seen Sugar Loaf, deprived of nearly half its height from the elevation of the place of vision; and, in front, or to the east, an extended plain, watered by the river Vartrey, and whose termination is lost in the distance.

The inn at Roundwood affords tolerable accommodation to a party of walkers, but the premises are not sufficiently extensive for parties attended by servants and travelling equipages. The situation is very central for mountain excursions, and peculiarly convenient for persons disposed to spend a few days fishing in the lakes and rivers. In front runs the Vartrey, an admirable trout river; and within a mile and a half are two lakes, Lough Dan and Lough Tay, from which runs the Anamoe River.

The tourist is now supposed to direct his course northward, leaving, on his right, a road from the village of Roundwood to Killeskey, near the Glen of Dunran; the next turn on the right passes by Killmurry, and on to Newtown Mount Kennedy, and there is a third in front of Mr. Archer's of Ballinastow, which is the shortest and most direct road to Hermitage and Altidore; between the two last-mentioned roads, but on the left, about one mile and a half from Roundwood, is the turn to Luggelaw; the road is seen winding up a heathy bank, in a valley between two mountains, Ballenrush on the south, and the lofty Douce on the north: following this mountain-road for about a mile, and crossing the ridge before you at an old field-gate, which appears placed there to interrupt the traveller, and compel him to stay his course for an instant, the dark lake and bold impending cliffs of Luggelaw, by a change of position, produced by advancing a

single step, burst all at once upon the view, in the most sudden and unexpected manner.

The first view is of a bold, awful, and sublime character: from Ballinalla bank, the waters of the lake appear perfectly dark, and, from the very surface, Carrigemanne mountain rises perpendicularly upwards to a height of one thousand feet, exhibiting a continued mass of naked granite to the very summit, forming the most complete representation of all that is wild, dreary, and desolate in nature, and defying all attempts at innovation that the aspiring genius of man has ever dared to undertake. From the contemplation of this sad and gloomy, though sublime object, the eye is turned to the opposite side of the glen, which now begins gradually to disclose its beauties; beauties of a very different character indeed; upon the shore, immediately opposite the extremest degree of desolation, are verdant lawns, waving woods, thriving plantations, and mountains clad to the very summit with fir, larch, oak, hazel, and ash trees; the road winds through the centre of a pleasant grove, where the waves of the lake are heard gently plashing against the rocky shore; wild fruit of various kinds grows abundantly on each side of the way, and nature appears decked in all her loveliness.

The Gate-house, built in a pretty rustic style, on the road side, will attract attention, amidst the shelter of the woods; this is the entrance to the demesne of Mr. Latouche; from this the road, or more correctly the avenue, conducts to an open lawn in front of the house. The lawn, with the adjacent meadows, forms an extensive tract of rich ground, surrounded on three sides by lofty and inaccessible mountains, and bounded on the fourth

racter: from Ballinalla bank, the waters of the lake

opposite side of the glen, which now begins gradually to disclose its beauties; beauties of a very different charac-

Engraved by T. Higham from a drawing by G. Pe[illegible]

LUGGELA

[illegible]ished by Baldwin [illegible] & Joy [illegible]

by the lake, which occupies the remaining part of the glen, and whose surface measures about 72 Irish acres; the house is but one story in height, built with excellent taste, and in the pointed style. Mr. Latouche never used this as a permanent residence; the chief object of its erection appears to have been public accommodation, and a spirit of improvement; for the politeness of the proprietor induces him to give tickets to persons of respectability, allowing them to make use of the accommodations which his house at Luggelaw affords, for several days at a time. This is another instance of consideration for the public convenience and benefit, which has marked the character of this distinguished family, and rendered them so deservedly popular from the period of their arrival in this country to the present moment.

Luggelaw is considered one of the most interesting of the natural beauties of this picturesque county; the extraordinary contrast of the opposing hills, emblems alike of cultivation and its opposite extreme,—the unexpectedness with which the view of Lough Tay, and the barren rock which hangs over it, burst upon the sight, from the eminence at Ballinalla; and the scene of happiness, tranquillity, retirement, and culture in the verdant meads around the mansion-house in the valley, contrasted with the desert waste through which you have reached such scenes—all combine in rendering Luggelaw decidedly the most interesting object to the picturesque tourist in the whole county. The ruggedness of the road that leads thither has been often complained of, and it is said a Viceroy once offered to make the approach to Luggelaw a work of much less difficulty and labour, but this the proprietor, with better taste, refused; for that would have partly spoiled his favourite place of the value of its

charms, by bringing them more easily within the reach of every admirer. There is a very old and very beautiful Irish air, called "Luggelaw," to which new words have lately been adapted by that first of modern bards, T. Moore, commencing with the words—

"No, not more welcome the fairy numbers," &c.

On the eastern side of the valley was formerly one of those extraordinary druidical remains, called a "rocking stone," used by the artful arch-druid for oracular purposes. A large stone was placed on the top of another, so balanced that the smallest effort would shake it, and was supposed to be self-moved in the presence of a guilty person. In some cases, as on the three Rock Mountains in the county Dublin, the culprit was placed under the stone, which was made to vibrate over his head and threaten death at every instant, until he made a full confession of his guilt. These should not be confounded with the Crom-liaghs, which are to be found in England and Wales in great numbers, and which the Irish peasantry called *Granie's Beds*. In the year 1800, a party of military, passing this mountain, dislodged the rocking stone from its pedestal, and it now lies some yards from its original position, but unfortunately deprived of its power of motion.

Visiters who are not provided with a ticket of admission to Mr. Latouche's house, will find a guide, if they require one, at the lodge on the road side; or before they descend into the valley, by applying at a cottage, to the left, on the path-way leading to Lough Dan, a person is generally to be had who can accommodate the party with a boat for the purpose of fishing. Trout are abundant in this lake and of a tolerable size, the bog trout is

in most plenty. The only legend remaining in the country relative to this beautiful valley, is contained in an old Irish song, very well known in the county Wicklow, which states that Saint Kevin originally purposed raising his religious structures here, near the spot where Mr. Latouche's house now stands, but that the persecution of an old hag,* who even at Glendalough endeavoured to disturb his happiness, compelled him to abandon this more beautiful site for that of the gloomy shores of Glendalough.

From the northern end of the vale, behind the house, is a rugged road, not unlike a turf path through a bog, only that it is more steep and difficult; by ascending this, which it is just *possible* for a car or gig to do, you reach the military road, and by this route, passing the turn to Sally Gap, thence arrive at Lough Bray. To Dublin the distance is diminished by about three miles, and the road is favourably disposed by a gentle descent almost the whole length; but we shall postpone the detail of circumstances connected with this route until we have conducted our readers to the wild scenery of Lough Dan, and brought them back again to this precise situation, or to the hill of Ballinalla mentioned before.

Lough Dan.

From the rising ground at Ballinalla, a little mountain-road is perceived, terminating at a few huts in the

* Some, however, attribute his desertion of Luggelaw to the beautiful but unfortunate Cathleen.

bottom of a broad and verdant valley, through which runs the stream connecting Lough Tay with Lough Dan; at these wretched habitations a guide may be found to conduct you through the remaining part of the vale, and up the hill of Sliebh-Buck, from a projection of which there is a view of the entire length of the lake. The form of the lake approaches that of a right angle, one of whose legs runs towards the face of Tonalegee, and at right angles with the direction of the military road in Glenmacanass, while the other runs nearly in a southern direction between Sliebh-Buck and Carrigroe on the east, and Carrigeenduff and Carignathanaugh on the west. From Sliebh-Buck there is a very sublime, wild, and desolate prospect; the mountains around are bleak, dark, and lofty; the abrupt and precipitous manner in which they appear to start from the water throws an eternal gloom over its surface, and presents an awful character of melancholy. The whole surface is an expanse of about 160 Irish acres, in dry weather, but in winter, or in rainy seasons, this is much increased; the land at one extremity of the lake, called Inchvore, *i. e.* the flat boggy land, is subject to constant inundations, and, upon the retreat of the waters, large trunks of oak trees are discernible, partly above the water. The peasantry are extremely desirous of procuring them for fuel, and for sale in the city, but the difficulty of obtaining a rest for levers is so great as to defeat their utmost exertions; after being raised, the timber is useless for any purpose but that of fuel, for exposure to the atmosphere renders the wood dry and brittle; and it is so much discoloured, that if the timber were sound, it would not even then be desirable for general uses. It is the opinion of a gentleman of much observation, residing in

this neighbourhood, and from whom several of these facts relative to Lough Dan are derived, that a considerable quantity of land might be recovered from the lake with very little trouble and expense, merely by the removal of a few rocks at the embouchure, where the overflowing waters of the lake are first contracted into the channel of a river, and from whence they flow to Anamoe. The objection to this must be decisive with every admirer of the beauties of nature, for, by the lowering of the surface of Lough Dan to a considerable depth, Lough Tay must also undergo a contemporaneous change, and owing to the trifling fall from one to the other, the loss of water could not be obviated by the erection of a weir.

The sportsman will find Lough Dan as attractive to him as to the naturalist, or mere pleasure tourist: here wild fowl are found in great abundance, particularly wild geese and ducks. In the lake are three distinct species of trout, a circumstance peculiar to Lough Dan, the common large bog trout, a small greyish mountain trout, never larger than a herring, and what is very singular, the gilt char is caught here not unfrequently, equal in size and flavour to those of Westmorland. This fact, though not known to the gentry of the county, the peasantry are quite aware of; they can only be taken by experienced sportsmen, which is also the case in the north of England, and where a char not longer than a herring is sold for a shilling. The char is never found but in cold lakes, and in the most springy part of them, and where the bottom is smooth and sandy: this exactly corresponds with the circumstances connected with the char of Lough Dan, which live in the upper part of the lake, where there is an extremely bright strand.

Although it is not known that char are to be found in any other lake in Wicklow, their existence in various lakes throughout Ireland has been long an ascertained fact; Camden mentions them amongst the species of fish in Lough Esk, in the county Donegal. Char of an extraordinary length, two feet, have been taken in the loughs amongst the Waterford Mountains (see Smith's Waterford); in the Antrim survey, their existence in Lough Neagh is satisfactorily established, and the ingenious editor further states that char have been frequently taken in Lough Egish, in the county of Monaghan. The learned ichthyologist, Pennant, states that this fish never takes a bait, and living mostly in deep water, except in warm weather, are only to be taken then and by means of nets; but, although this latter is correct, the former is not so, viz. that they do not take a bait, for at Coniston water in Cumberland, they are constantly taken by means of a minnow upon a swivel, a method introduced into that county from Ireland, by an Irish gentleman, who resided there for some time. The best season for char-fishing is in the month of September.

The banks of Lough Dan are capable of improvement to a high degree; their disposition is naturally of the most agreeable character, and there is nothing wanting but plantations to complete the grandeur and beauty of the scene: in one place (Lake-park) only has this been attempted, and that on a moderate scale. It is very surprising the great landed proprietors do not direct their attention to this point, when it is an actual fact that the land, which in no other possible way can be converted to purposes of emolument, would grow larch and firs of every description.

Military Road from Luggelaw to Lough Bray.

Behind Mr. Latouche's house there is a narrow, rugged bridle-road, mentioned before, by which you may reach the mountain-pass from Roundwood to Blessington; this road, which was improved by the military road-makers, passes through the wildest mountain-tracts, where there is nothing to be seen but heath and bog, and the only inhabitants of which are the wild fowl of the hills; grouse are found here in great abundance. From the head of the vale of Luggelaw the road passes along the bases of Douce Mountain and Knocknafoala to Sally Gap, near which is Liffey-head: here it is intersected by the military road, at the distance of 13 miles and a half from Dublin; thence it passes through an uninhabited country to Shranamuck (one mile distant), and so on to Blessington. Sally Gap is one of the three passes already mentioned, by which alone, before the formation of the military road, the fastnesses of the Wicklow Mountains were accessible; the other two were Wicklow Gap, and the road from Donard, under the Table Mountain, at the end of Glenmalure.

The Blessington road passes through a great extent of boggy country, capable of improvement by draining, and by subsequent irrigation, being watered by the river Liffey.

We do not suppose here that the tourist designs proceeding through this wild and waste region towards Blessington (the western part of the county being excluded almost totally from the present tour), so we shall

conduct him by the military road from the cross-ways at Sally Gap to Lough Bray. Here now he finds himself in the heart of the most extravagantly wild mountain scenery, where numerous peaks raise their lofty heath-clad brows on every side. On the left are seen Seafin and Kippure, which exclude the view of the county Dublin; and on the right and behind, are Knocknafoala, War-hill, and Douce. After passing through this rude scene for a distance of three miles, during which its character is preserved with singular uniformity, Lough Bray is at length discovered. Although the name is generally used in the singular number, there are here two small lakes, called upper and lower: the lower is the principal, both in point of beauty and extent, its area occupying a space of thirty-seven Irish acres. It has long been supposed that this lough was the crater of an extinct volcano, and certainly appearances justify the conjecture more than in any other instance in this mountainous country. The lake, which is circular, is near the summit of the mountain; at one side is a precipice of some hundred feet, near the top of which is a dark impending crag, usually called the Eagle's Crag; while at the opposite side the lake appears ready to overflow, and fall in a continued sheet down the face of the mountain. But all these appearances are fallacious; there must yet be proofs of a mineralogical nature to establish the certainty of this hypothesis.

The convenient distance of Lough Bray from Dublin (ten miles) affords the citizens an opportunity of amusing themselves along its shores, and after enjoying a cold collation, retiring to town in the evening; yet it does not appear to possess so much attraction as might be supposed, from the extreme grandeur and sublimity of the scene; the Dargle, Powerscourt, and Bray, being still pre-

ferred. There is a great abundance of trout in both the upper and lower lakes, both bog and grey trout, principally the former, but the want of a boat is a great preventive to successful angling; the only method that is likely to succeed without one, is cross-fishing by two persons. From this lough flows a stream through the vale of Glencree,* which, subsequently uniting with the Glenisloreane river, is called the Dargle and Bray river, and, near the town of Bray, is famous for its trout; shortly after which, it falls into the sea a little north of Bray head.

From Lough Bray, the military road passes over the Dublin mountains, which present here a flat boggy surface, very capable of improvement; and though there is no part of them more than eight miles distant from the metropolis, yet they lie in a state of the wildest neglect, supporting no living creature but the grouse which frequent their heathy surface. The mountains over which the road passes in succession, as you approach the city, are called the Feather-beds, Killakee, Mount Pelier, and Mount Venus, and the line terminates at the village of Rathfarnham, two miles from Dublin.

Military Road.

As we are now about to take leave of the little Irish Simplon, we deem it expedient not to dismiss the subject without explaining the origin of this useful work, and the occasion of its present appellation.

* Glencree, *i. e.* the Vale of my Heart, is the common but incorrect name given to this valley. Glenacreagh, or the King's vale, is the more proper denomination, derived from Balreagh-hill, on the south of the Glen.

The rebellion of 1798 disturbed the industrious habits of the country so materially, that government thought it expedient to erect barracks, and place garrisons in the very centre of the fastnesses of Wicklow, to prevent the outlaws from keeping possession, and to hold the mountaineers in awe. The sites chosen were Glencree, Laragh, Glenmalure, and Aughavanagh; the buildings, once raised, it became necessary to form modes of approaching of a more practicable nature than the mountain pathways; to effect this, a regiment of Highland fencibles was directed in 1799 to encamp on the summit of the mountains, in the chain already mentioned, and perform the required task of cutting a road upon very improved principles, from the village of Rathfarnham to the barracks at Aughavanagh.

The difficulty of this task, that is of marking out the line of road advantageously, may be judged of from a circumstance we had occasion to mention in speaking of Glenmacanass, viz. that with the exception of the level in that glen, the engineer was not enabled to take advantage of a single vale; the glens in the mountains running from east to west, while the direction of the road is from north to south.

After the completion of this work of utility, beauty, and ingenuity, it was proposed to Earl Hardwicke, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to colonize the mountainous district, through which the road runs, with the hardy and industrious race who executed this great work; and in all likelihood it would have been accomplished, but from the difficulty of securing to the improving tenant an equivalent for his labour upon a bishop's lease.*

* See Bog Reports.

Enniskerry, Powerscourt.

From Lough Bray there is a tolerable good road through the vale of Glencree, in front of the barrack, and along the foot of Glasskenny mountain, to Enniskerry (a distance of about four miles), passing Black-house, Killmalin, and Killganon, and joining the high road at Enniskerry bridge.

The tourist, who is not disposed to undertake so wild and dreary a journey as that from Luggelaw to Lough Bray by the military road, must return from Lough Tay to the Roundwood road, and turning to the left, proceed between the Sugar-loaf and Douce mountains; then, crossing the long hill, descend near the entrance of Powerscourt deer-park, which contains the celebrated waterfall. The deer-park gate stands at the very extreme end of the valley of Glencree, and an expert pedestrian, by following the path-way on the south or right side of the glen, may shorten the journey from Lough Bray to Powerscourt waterfall considerably.

We are now arrived in the neighbourhood of Enniskerry, the Dargle, and town of Bray, to all which places we prefer conducting the tourist from Dublin rather than in the contrary direction; because, by so doing, our instructions will be found useful to persons who are disposed to venture no farther from Dublin than the limits of a day's journey can embrace; and besides we recommend all tourists to enter the county Wicklow by the Bray road. Here, then, we may be said to terminate our tour through the eastern district in point of length, and having nothing to detain the attention of the traveller,

who is supposed to have visited *Enniskerry before, we conduct him through the Scalp to Dublin.

The Scalp.

Two miles from Enniskerry, on the Dublin road, and in the county of Dublin, which commences at the bridge of that village, is the extraordinary chasm in the range of Dublin mountains, called the Scalp. Here the opposite hills appear to have been rent asunder by some tremendous convulsive shock, and being composed of granite strata, the internal structure, when exposed to view, presents the secret recesses of nature in an awful and appalling point of view. Enormous masses of granite, many tons in weight, are tossed about in the most irregular manner, and so imperfect and unfinished was the effort of nature in creating this gulf, that the opposite sides of the pass are distant only the breadth of a narrow road from each other; in some places immeasurable masses actually interrupt the continued regularity of the limit of the road. As road-makers in latter days appear so adverse to any thing like a consideration of the picturesque, so in this instance they have destroyed the effect produced in passing through this frightful chasm, by what they call an improvement; formerly the road passed in the exact point in which the opposite sides, if continued downward, might be supposed to meet, and so on each side rose those confused and chaotic masses of rock, apparently possessing so slight a dependence upon each other that you are un-

* Enniskerry, Powerscourt, and Tinehinch, described, p. 17, 18, 19, 25.

certain of what moment their obruitive motion may commence again; but the short road lately made through part of the defile runs along the side of one of the hills, amongst the rude masses themselves, so that the height of both sides is apparently much diminished, and the conquest here effected of art over nature lessens our idea of her wonderful works.

To the east of the Scalp, a lead mine has been opened some years since, by a company of persons in Dublin, and worked for some time with varying success. Here mica is found in great abundance with a sort of greyish white splintery quartz, with mica flakes interwoven—an approximation to quartz rock of which Shankill peak, in the neighbouring district, is totally composed.

Beyond the mines of Shankill, or Ballycorus, on the declivity of the hill is an ancient castle, the external wall of which is still perfect, and used as a shepherd's dwelling. In this edifice, called Puck's Castle, the unhappy monarch James, slept the night after his defeat at Old Bridge, while his army bivouacked in front. Tradition states, that James being apprehensive of an ambush, in the woods of Windgate, took a boat at Killiney-bay, and coasted to the town of Wicklow, where he slept in a house now inhabited by Dr. Smith.*

The Dublin road is now one continued descent of eight miles, passing through a few villages of little consequence, Kilternan, Golden-ball, Steepaside, Kilgobbin, where there is an old castle, Sandyford, and Dundrum, three

* This anecdote relative to king James rests on the authority of an unpublished MS. in the possession of a private individual. From Wicklow, he must have proceeded to Shelton-abbey, in the vale of Arklow, which was the last place he slept at in the county of Wicklow.

miles from Dublin, a place remarkable for the purity and wholesomeness of its atmosphere, and where invalids come from town in crowds every morning, in the summer season, to drink goats whey; Windy Harbour, Milltown, upon the river Dodder, Cullenswood, and Ranelagh, which last place is in the suburbs of Dublin.

WESTERN ROAD.

From Dublin to Blessington, &c.

There is a third road, dividing Wicklow from N. to S. which has not yet been spoken of, because the country it passes through is not of that picturesque nature which alone could justify any lengthened detail of the objects occurring on it, in a work professing to be a picturesque tour. Upon the first road, viz. from Dublin to Rathdrum and Arklow, the traveller was conducted through all the scenes of civilization and improvement. Upon his return, he was introduced to the wild, romantic scenes of glen and mountain, by the Military and Roundwood roads, terminating by the approach to Dublin through the Scalp; the present road lies to the west, parallel to the two former, and partakes, occasionally only, of some of the features of both the former.

From Dublin, the exit is by the village of Rathmines, chiefly inhabited by invalids, in consequence of the supposed purity and wholesome quality of its atmosphere. You next pass through Roundtown, and, leaving Rathfarnam to the left, pass between Bushy-park, the demesne

of Sir Robert Shaw, Bart., and Terrenure. The valley of Templogue is soon reached, and, at the five-mile stone, the miserable village of Tallagh. Here is the archiepiscopal palace, a long, tasteless, and ancient fabric, which is now deserted by the archbishops. From Tallagh, the road lies through a most uninteresting and unimproved country, to a defile in the mountains, called the Slade of Saggard. Here there is nothing to be seen as far as the eye can reach but desolation and poverty; the mountains are green to the very summit, and yet no effort appears to have been made to render the land profitable, either by tillage or pasture. In a deep ravine, along the left of the road, worn by a mountain torrent, there is a bank of gravel exposed to view, which, if spread upon the surface of the ground, would be found to be an excellent manure. The road continues for about two miles through this defile of waste country, and then opens to a view of the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains, amongst which, the Golden Hill in the near view, and the uninhabited tract, called in the maps, the Kippure Group, form the back ground.

In these mountains the river Liffey takes its rise, and winding through the uninhabited valley of Addown, passes under Golden Hill, and thence to Blessington.

This vast tract of mountain is every where perfectly capable of improvement. The summits and sides, consisting of shallow bog, and now totally neglected, need only to be drained, after which the surface should be ploughed and burned; the red ashes so produced, when spread over the surface, form an excellent manure, and it only remains then to sow grass seeds. The valley of Addown, which extends from Sally Gag to a place called Scurlog's Leap, requires nothing but draining to render it

productive; and, as yet, but one small patch, that at Shranamuck, has been reclaimed. This will appear the more remarkable when you are informed, that there are excellent roads through these very hills, rendering them easy of access, and that their distance from the metropolis in no place exceeds eight miles.*

The village of Saggard, which we just now left on our right, is small, but agreeably situated; it is six miles from Dublin, one from Rathcoole, and has three fairs in each year, viz. on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, on the 10th October, and 8th November. Here are the ruins of an old church, founded by St. Mosacre, in the 7th century. The curacy is in the diocese of Dublin. The ancient name of this place was Tassegard. The country does not afford sufficient interest to detain the tourist longer from the village of Blessington, whither we undertook to conduct him. Blessington is a post and market town; fairs are held here the 12th May, 5th July, and 12th Nov. It had the honour of giving the title of Viscount to a member of the Boyle family, afterwards that of Earl to the family of Stewart, and now the same dignity to Gardener, Viscount Mountjoy. The town, which was built by archbishop Boyle, consists of one wide street, having a few large and well-built houses. On one side is Blessington-park, the property of the Marquis of Downshire, pleasantly situated at the foot of a range of green hills. The house, which once was large and handsome, was burned down by the rebels in 1798, and continues still a heap of ruins. In the town is a

* See Appendix to fourth Report of Commissioners on the Nature and Extent of Bogs in Ireland, by R. Griffith, jun. Esq.

handsome church with a steeple, containing a peal of bells, the gift of primate Boyle, as the inscription on his monument sets forth. The date on the bells is 1682. The church plate was also presented by the same person, and the church and steeple erected at his expense.

Russborough.

Two miles from Blessington is Russborough, the magnificent seat of the Earls of Miltown. The demesne is extensive and well wooded, and the grounds have an expanded prospect of mountain and lowland.

The house, which is built entirely of cut stone, is considered one of the most noble residences in the kingdom: it consists of a centre, connected with wings by colonnades, of the Ionic order, behind which, in twelve niches, stand statues of the heathen divinities. In those on the left are Jupiter, Ceres, Hercules, Bacchus, Venus, and Saturn; and on the right, Diana, a dancing Faun, Tragedy, Comedy, Mercury, and Apollo. Upon the balustrade, on each side of the steps in front, are large lions supporting heraldic shields, and on the upper pedestals, superb Grecian urns. The front of the building, including the entrances to the offices, forms a façade of 700 feet in length, of great elegance and magnificence. The design is by Mr. Cassels, architect of Powerscourt-house, and of many public buildings in Dublin.

The interior is, if possible, more elegantly finished and more beautifully designed than the exterior. In the hall are several specimens of statuary, executed in Italy,

besides a few figures, in small life, found in the subterranean cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. These, together with a splendid collection of paintings by the first masters, contribute to render the interior of Russborough-house an object of very great and very peculiar interest.

It would occupy too much space to introduce a complete catalogue of the collection, but we cannot pass on without directing the attention of the visiter to some of them more particularly.

Landscapes over all the Doors	by Barrett.
Lot and his Daughters	Guercino.
A Dutch Merriment	Teniers.
Horses Watering	Wouvermans.
Two Landscapes, with Figures	Wouvermans.
A Hunting Piece	Wouvermans.
Benjamin and Cup (considered the finest painting in the collection)	Nicholas Poussin.
Industry, by Candle-light	Bassano, his masterpiece.
Two Old Men	Rembrandt.
Bacchanalians	Rubens.
Wild-Boar Hunt	Rubens.
Herodias, with John the Baptist's Head	Rubens.
Judgment of Paris	Rubens.
Diana (particularly admired)	Pompeo Battoni.

There are several fine landscapes by Salvator Rosa, two portraits, Prince Rupert, and another, by Vandyke, and three caricatures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of great excellence.—A catalogue of nearly all in the collection may be had from the servants, but strangers are not admitted without permission from some member or connection of the family.

The village of Ballymore Eustace is distant about two miles from Lord Miltown's seat of Russborough, the road lying through a rich vale, watered by the river Liffey. The name Ballymore Eustace means the great town of

Eustace; it was once a place of some consequence, and founded by the Eustaces, an ancient and respectable family, shortly after the English invasion. The Eustaces are descended from Maurice Fitzgerald, to whom the canthred or barony of Naas was granted by Henry II, by Eustace, fourth son of a branch of that family. In 1200, Richard Fitz Eustace was created Baron of Castlemartin; in 1462, one of the family, Sir Rowland Fitz Eustace, was created Baron of Portlester, and was lord chancellor of Ireland for several years. This Lord Portlester was married to Margaret, daughter of Jenico D'Artois, whose daughter Allison was married to Gerald, eighth Earl of Kildare, who died of grief for the imprisonment of her husband, and was buried in New Abbey, in the county Kildare, founded by her father. The monument of Lord Portlster remained perfect until 1784, in the New Abbey; it was then destroyed, the stones of that ruin being removed to build a Roman Catholic chapel; but a cenotaph exactly similar, erected to the memory of Lord and Lady Portlester, may be seen in the old church of St. Andoen's, in Dublin;* and there is a correct engraving of the tomb at New Abbey, as it stood in 1784, in the third vol. of the Anthologia Hibernica. Another branch of this noble family obtained the title of Barons of Kilcullen, and a third of Viscount Baltinglass, but all their titles are now extinct. The last remnant of this once great family resided in Harristown, a beautiful seat, now in the possession of John Latouche, Esq., but if there be any branch still in existence they have no claim whatever on the original estates of the family.

Ballymore Eustace is now reduced to complete insig-

* See Historical Guide to Ancient and Modern Dublin.

nificance; formerly the great southern road passed through it, but that being turned through Kilcullen, the village is much decayed and neglected. It is, however, a market and post town, and fairs are held here on the 26th Aug. and 29th Oct. The Liffey passes through the town beneath a handsome stone bridge.

Near the town are the ruins of an old castle, built by the Eustaces in the fifteenth century; they had, besides, castles or manors at the following places, Kilcullen or Pencoyl, Castle Martin, Harristown, and Portlester. The late Lord Mount Cashel built a lodge near this place, and commenced some improvements, which are now discontinued.

Pol-a-Phuca.

The celebrated fall of the river Liffey, called Pol-a-Phuca, or the Dæmon's hole, is about one mile from the village of Ballymore Eustace. In rainy seasons, when the river is much swoln, the fall is calculated to be 100 feet in height. This is to be understood as combining the altitudes of the three stages constituting the cascade. The chasm through which the water rushes is only forty feet wide, lined on each side with perpendicular masses of Greywacke rock. The centre fall is an extraordinary and terrific object. Here the whole body of water composing the stream of the Liffey rushes down with the utmost impetuosity into a circular basin of stone, worn perfectly smooth, the form of which imparts to the water a rotatory motion, which Seward compares to the eddy on the coast of Norway, called the Navel of

the Sea, a vortex whose power of ingulphing is so great, that no vessel dares approach it. Across this chasm a bridge is now about to be thrown, to continue the new line of road to Enniscorthy; the span of the arch will be 60 feet, the altitude of the chord above the upper fall 48, and from the battlements will be had a direct perpendicular view into the whirlpool just now described, and which gives name to the waterfall. When this work of difficulty will be completed, the beauty of the scene will certainly be increased, and the execution of so bold a design will most assuredly stamp a high degree of professional reputation on the undertaker, Mr. Bergen.

The scenery on each side of the fall might be made very interesting and beautiful by a very trifling expense in planting. One side was planted, some years since, by the late Earl of Miltown, whose property it is; but the other side of the glen, belonging to Colonel Wolfe, is quite naked and barren, unproductive to the landlord, and ungrateful to the eye of the picturesque tourist. It is said that the late Earl had actually agreed with the landlord of this bank for the fee-simple, and resolved upon planting and improving it, but that destructive blight to all the best hopes of Ireland, the last rebellion, disgusted him with any farther attempts to improve. Upon Lord Miltown's side of the glen there is a care-taker, who receives visiters, and points out the beauties of the place with great civility and attention; and pretty cottages, summer-houses, grottos, banqueting-rooms, &c., are scattered through the hanging wood; seats, too, are placed in the most advantageous places for viewing each particular inclination in the waterfall, and many circumstances conspire to render the grounds at Pol-a-Phuca a very pleasing retreat to while away part of a midsummer's-day. Its

distance from Dublin, 16½ miles, is just that limit which permits a party, leaving town early in the morning, to dine in a summer-house on the river's side, and after amusing themselves in admiring the sublimity of the waterfall, to return in the evening to Dublin.

The road from Ballymore Eustace to Hollywood, which is distant but two miles and a half, lies across the commons of Broadley, upon which are some sepulchral tumuli and upright stones, probably marking a field of battle where many persons of distinction fell, as is supposed by the author of the history of the ancient Britons to be the occasion of the numerous sepulchral stones on Stonehenge. The village of Hollywood is one of the most miserable places imaginable; its chief distinction is the privilege of holding fairs: the fair days are Feb. 1, May 3, and the 1st of August and November. The rectory of Hollywood is in the diocese of Dublin.

To the left of Hollywood-glen is the Sliebh Gadoe, or Church Mountain, a large and lofty mountain, whose elevation exceeds 2,000 feet, the southern side of which is covered with grass, but the northern inclined to be bog of a shallow kind, used as fuel by the peasantry about Hollywood. This is the highest of the mountains in this group, and extends from the valley of the *King's-river to the glen of Imael. On the summit of Sliebh Gadoe are the ruins of a chapel, the date of whose erection is uncertain, where numbers of pilgrims and penitents are constantly to be found, engaged in acts of devotion. The principal attraction, however, to the penitent is not the chapel, which might have been only a place of shelter and

* So called, perhaps, from running through the county of the O'Tooles, Kings of Imael.

not of worship, but an holy well, close to the ruined walls. The surface of the well is only two feet below the highest point of the mountain, and the spring continues to flow the whole year without much increase or diminution; the water has rather an unpleasant, astringent taste, resembling bog water, although it is perfectly clear. It has been stated, without any authority, and with little sagacity or observation, that the stones accumulated on the summit were not disposed in any regular form, but merely collected for the purpose of completing the paved road from Glendaloch to Hollywood, part of which may yet be seen near the village of Glendaloch, but this ridiculous theory will be instantly rejected upon visiting the ruin.

About two miles from the glen of Hollywood is the town of Donard, upon the Slaney. Here fairs are held on the 4th of May and 12th of August; and the vicarage is in the diocese of Dublin. The church of Donard is of very ancient institution; it was one of the three erected in this county by St. Palladius, about the year 430: they were called Cell-kne, Teachna-Roman, or the house of the Romans, and Domnach-Arda. The situation of Cell-kne I have endeavoured to fix [see page 90]; that of the second, Archdall has not been very happy in determining, but the third is universally acknowledged to be Donard. Dr. Lanigan* states, that this church was built for the use and to be subject to the government of Saints Sylvester and Salonius. St. Sylvester died and was interred in this church, but his relics were translated to the monastery of St. Baithen, in Tirconnel, anciently called Teagh Baoithin; it is now corruptly

* See Lanigan, vol. i. p. 40.

called Taughboyne, and is a parish church in the diocese of Raphoe, in Donegal.

To the east of Donard lies the mountain road, along the foot of the Black Mountain, by which the fastnesses of Glenmalure were approached in the ancient times [see page 90]. About two miles from Donard is the village of Stratford upon Slaney, built by the Earl of Aldborough, about the year 1790. The buildings designed at first were, a church, four squares, and twelve streets, laid out with rectangular precision. But the successes of the manufacture for which it was intended not keeping pace with the energy and sanguine expectations of the spirited nobleman who conceived the design, the visiter need not expect to find even a miniature of the great manufacturing towns of England. In the centre of the town is a basin or reservoir for the supply of the inhabitants, and many other excellent improvements were in contemplation, at first, which have never yet been put in execution. There are two fairs here in each year, April 21 and Sept. 7. About two miles from Stratford upon Slaney is Saunder's Grove, the beautiful seat of Morley Saunders, Esq. The grounds are pleasantly situated, well planted and watered by the Slaney, which runs in front of the house. From Saunder's Grove a road on your left leads to the glen of Imael, beneath the dark brow of Lugnaquilla, which here appears to rise in sublime and awful majesty over the downs to the West. This extensive vale, once the residence of the O'Tooles, who were denominated Kings of Imael, must once have been both well planted and better cultivated than at present. It was conspicuous in the rebellion of 1798, for being the birth-place of the famous Dwyer, usually denominated the Wicklow desperado. At the end of

the glen is seen the precipitous declivity of Lugnaquilla, called the North Prison, which is a semicircular recess in the front of the mountain, composed of great masses of dark rock, in the cavities and fissures of which are many eagles' nests. There is a corresponding precipice at the other side of the mountain, called the South Prison, already mentioned in describing the ascent of Lugnaquilla [see page 94].

Baltinglass.

We have now reached the ancient city of Baltinglass, situated in a rich vale, called in ecclesiastical records the Vallis Salutis, on the banks of the river Slaney. It was a borough town, and formerly sent two members to parliament, the Earl of Aldborough being patron. There is a regular market, and fairs are held 2nd Feb., 17th March, 12th May, 1st July, 12th Sept., 8th Dec. From this village the family of Eustace, of Ballymore Eustace, took the title of Viscounts; and the Earl of Aldborough derives the title of Baron from it at present. There are considerable manufactures here of linen, woollen, and diaper; and when the assizes were held here it was a place of some consequence.

There is an old castle, close to the town, in the Vallis Salutis, in which probably the parliaments used to assemble, when this was their place of meeting. The abbey of the Vallis Salutis was founded, according to the annals of Mary's Abbey,* in 1151, for monks of the Cistercian order, by Diarmit M'Murchad O'Cavanagh, King

* Lanigan, vol. iv. p. 187, and Ware, p. 80.

of Leinster, who was buried here. Many valuable possessions were granted to this institution, by John, Earl of Morton, amongst the rest we find mentioned a salt-pit at Arklow.* In the year 1185, at a synod held in Christ Church, Dublin, Albin O'Molloy, abbot of Baltinglass, preached a very elaborate discourse, upon the continence of the clergy, in which he took occasion to inveigh against the conduct of those who came from England and Wales into this country. This was the cause of a very spirited contest between the abbot and the historian Giraldus Cambrensis. In 1382, Henry Crump, a monk of this abbey, maintained that the body of Christ, in the Eucharist, was only a looking-glass to the body of Christ in heaven. In the 33rd year of Henry VIII, the possessions of the abbey were granted to Thomas Eustace, Viscount Baltinglass, at an annual rent of 10*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* Irish money; and in the 30th of Elizabeth, the same lands were granted to Sir Henry Harrington, at a rent of 11*l.* 19*s.* Irish money.

Before the abolition of druidical institutions, this place was also held in great veneration, and was, in all probability, the seat of their superstitious and heathenish practices. The name Baltinglass is derived from the Irish, *Beal-tinne-glass,* or the fire of Beal's mysteries, in allusion to the fires lighted here on the 1st of August and 1st of May, in honour of the sun, by the Druids. In confirmation of which there is this remarkable fact, that many cromlechs and other druidical remains are still discoverable in the neighbourhood.

Here terminates the third and most westerly road by which the county is intersected, and whose direction may

* See Monasticon Hib. p. 761.

be considered parallel to both the others, though it is not of equal length, for part of the county of Carlow intervenes and breaks the direct line, which might otherwise be continued through the county of Wicklow solely to Carnew. But, even if this were practicable, our own inclination would not lead us to trespass by a further description of a country totally divested of that interest and those characters which render the central and eastern parts of the county equally beautiful and attractive as the scenery of Wales or Westmorland. So, to preserve the impression which we hope has been produced, we make Baltinglass our Brundusium,—"finis chartæque viæque."

Baltinglass is so much detached from the interior county-roads, that the traveller will be at a loss to find his way home by a different route to that by which he arrived there; if he does not wish to submit to this, he may turn in amongst the mountains by Humewood demesne and Tubberowen, and, continuing in a direct line, he will shortly reach the barracks at Aghavanagh, from whence the Military road, with which he is now perfectly familiar, will conduct him between Lugnaquilla and Croghan Moira to Glenmalure again.

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List,

CONTAINING THE NAMES AND HEIGHTS

OF THE

PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS

IN THE

COUNTY OF WICKLOW,

AND THAT PART OF THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN ADJACENT TO IT.

[These Heights were ascertained by Mr. Griffith, Mr. Weaver, Mr. H. Hamill, and Dr. Fitton.]

Lugnaquilla	3070 feet.
Thonalegee	2696
Head of Kippure	2527
Douce Mountain	2392
Comaderry (above the Lakes of Glendalough, 1567)	2268
Sliebh Gadoe	2200
Cadeen	2185
Seechon	2150
Croghan Kinshela	2064
Great Sugar Loaf	2004
Garry-Castle (near Dublin)	1869
Three Rock Mountain (adjoining it, not unlike the Tors, in Cornwall)	1585
Lower Lough Bray	1492
Sliebh Buck	1480
Barracks at Glencree	1395
Spynan's Hill	1351
Eadeston Hill	1339
Brisselstown Hill	1330
Kilranela	1295
Baltinglass Hill	1271
Little Sugar Loaf	1183
Bray Head	807

NAMES OF

LAKES

IN THE

COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

Lough Dan.

——— Tay, or Luggelaw Lake.

——— Glendalough Lakes, Upper and Lower.

——— Bray, Upper and Lower.

Lough Nahanagan.

Lough Ouler.

Loughsinogefin (upon Sliebh Gadoe), Upper and Lower.

Lough Sinogefin.

Kelly's Lough, upon Lugnaquilla.

Tubberowen, a small pool near Humewood, at the base of Cadeen Mountain.

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ERRATUM.

Page 108, Line 11, for *Glenasane* read *Glendasane.*

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"From the elegant style in which A Guide to the Lakes of Killarney, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, is written, and the beauty and feeling of the descriptive part, we have enjoyed much pleasure in its perusal. While modestly professing to be a mere Guide to these romantic regions, it will be found a highly interesting Companion in the closet. Indeed, the few beautiful and extremely spirited designs by George Petrie, Esq. peculiarly adapt it for the latter situation. To the descriptive part of the work, the Author has very properly added Directions for Tourists, pointing out, according to the time they can devote to surveying these Lakes, the course to be pursued under any circumstances. So well are these plans arranged, that all the most striking points of view may be cursorily visited in one day only. It is a very common fault in works of this nature, that, by digressing too far in antiquarian and historical researches, they are swelled beyond a portable size: this fault is here avoided; and this small volume presents us at once with a well-informed and faithful guide, and an interesting pocket companion."—*Monthly Magazine, Aug.* 1822.

"We have already had occasion to speak in terms of high commendation of the Picture of Dublin by this gentleman. It only remains for us to say, that his Guide to the Lakes of Killarney is deserving of equal praise both for the judiciousness of its arrangement, the fulness of the information, and the exceeding beauty of Mr. Petrie's drawings, admirably engraved by Cooke. It is seldom that so many excellencies unite in so small a compass as this unassuming volume, and we should be glad to think that it may be the means of drawing some of our travellers and tourists to our unfortunate sister Island, for which Nature has done so much to invite, and Man so little to detain."—*New Monthly Magazine, September*, 1822.

In the Press: A GUIDE to the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Printed by T. C. Hansard, Peterborough-court, Fleet-street, London.

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A

GUIDE

TO THE

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY,

AND THE

NORTH-EAST COAST OF THE COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

[illegible]

With a Map.

BY THE

REV. G. N. WRIGHT, A.M.

Dublin:

[illegible]

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PREFACE.

THE natural history of the County of Antrim has engaged the attention of the most sagacious philosophers of Europe for the last century, and even to this very hour is a subject of deep and violent controversy. The basaltic area which exists here, is the most spacious yet known; and the articulation of the columnar basalt, forming the natural pier called the Causeway, is much the most perfect specimen of this description of basaltes ever discovered, notwithstanding the assertion of the learned Sir Joseph Banks, that the columns of Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, were more so.

The early attempts to explain the nature and formation of the basaltes in the north of Ireland, are matter of ridicule for the *savans* of this age; even the account contained in Boate's Natural History, written by the learned Dr. Molyneaux. The most interesting, intelligent, and able work published upon this subject, and which gave an impulse to all the naturalists in Europe, was a volume intituled, "Letters upon the Coast of Antrim," by Dr. Hamilton. Here the celebrated theories of the igneous and aqueous formation are canvassed, and the fiery element appears to preponderate. Since that period, Kirwan, Daubuisson, and

many others, have treated acutely and successfully upon basaltes, so that little remains wanting to satisfy a mind which is not exceedingly sceptical, upon this very curious and interesting point of natural history.

The mineralogical works already spoken of, even Hamilton's Letters, only treat of *ten* miles of the Antrim coast; viz. from Fair Head to the Causeway, and then in a scientific form: we, on the contrary, minutely describe each object from Belfast to Bally Castle, a distance of forty-nine additional miles, along the eastern coast, which is equally interesting to the naturalist, and infinitely more picturesque; and have reduced the scientific statements of the philosopher to the standard of popular apprehension.

The monastic history has been introduced as fully as existing materials admitted; but the records of the religious houses of Antrim appear to have sunk in the stream of time. The sketch afforded by Archdall is very trifling and imperfect, and even the late publication of Dr. Lannigan, so replete with information upon all other counties, is completely silent as to many religious establishments said to have existed here.

But although we may disappoint the expectation of our readers upon this subject, we trust there are others of great interest which have not been neglected, and principally the military history: in this we have collected some anecdotes of the illustrious families of the north, hitherto unpublished, and laid them before the world in all the simplicity of their unaffected and natural historians. For these, both the Public and the Author are indebted to the kindness of the Countess of Antrim, who permitted these extracts to be taken from

an ancient MS. preserved in her cabinet, at the Castle of Glenarm.

In the conclusion of our tour, we re-conduct the traveller to Belfast by Lough Neagh and Antrim; and after briefly describing the natural properties of this great inland sea, direct his attention to the means of improving the navigation of Ulster by its means, and so conclude the complete circuit of the county.

We have now delineated the beauties and natural histories of the three most admired, because best known, districts in this beautiful, fertile, but unhappy island, viz. Killarney, Wicklow, and Antrim, and do not complain of the reception the Public have thought proper to bestow upon the two former.

There are many other counties and districts equally deserving the attention and inquiry of the tourist and naturalist, whose features and characters have never yet been traced; and if the principal end for which these tours have been written, namely, to induce more frequent visits from the neighbouring island of Great Britain, be ultimately attained, there will still exist an instinctive beacon, his *amor patriæ*, to lure, though not to light the author on.

Dublin, June 1st, 1823.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS

IN THE

COUNTY OF ANTRIM,

(From the latest barometrical admeasurements.)

Knock Lade (near Bally Castle)	1820 feet.
Sliebh-na-Aura	1530
Divis Mountain (near Belfast)	1475
Agnew's Hill (over Larne)	1450
Sliebh Mish	1398
Teabuliagh	1235
Coolnagopag	1130
Cave Hill	1064
Bally Patrick	955
Fair Head	535
Cross Hill	508
Sliebh Ard (the highest point of Raghery Island)	372
Pleaskin Cape	354
Bengore Head	328
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The Giants' Causeway, *to face the Title.*

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MAP
Of the Coast near the
Giants Causeway
River Bush
Sea Gull Isle
P. na Baw
P. na Bruck
P. Moon
Benin Dannan
Back P. Gavan
P. Heogh
P. Boon
P. Hestell
P. na Gerragh
na Brock
Bradan
Chimney tops
Lion Rock
Giants Causeway
Irish Miles

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

A

GUIDE

TO

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Belfast.

THE city or town of Belfast is the great emporium of the north of Ireland; being one of the few towns in this unfortunate, but naturally productive island, which has had the boldness to aspire to, and enjoy the commercial advantages derivable from a maritime situation. It stands at the mouth of the river Lagan, eighty miles from Dublin, in a low and sheltered position: to the east is the Bay or Lough of Carrick-Fergus; to the west, Divis Mountain; and to the north lies Cave Hill.* Its ancient name was Beal-a-Farshad, *i. e.* the mouth of the ferry, from a ferry which was across the Lagan, where the long bridge was subsequently erected.

Although Belfast is mentioned by Spencer, as having

* By the latest measurement, the height of Divis Mountain is ascertained to be 1,475 feet, and of Cave Hill, 1,064.

been invested by Edward Bruce in the fourteenth century, yet it is totally unnoticed by the early English writers who have enumerated the havens in the north of Ireland.

The castle must have been erected at a very remote period, but all record of its founder and date of its building have long since perished. We learn, however, that it was twice taken by the Earl of Kildare, first in 1503, and a second time in 1512. Prior to the reign of Elizabeth, though the precise year is unknown, it was inhabited by Randolphus Lane; and in 1598 the town is described as lying eight miles up the river from Carrick-Fergus, and the river itself is represented as being then fordable at the town. Elizabeth granted the demesne, castle, and village of Belfast to Sir Thomas Smith, and to Thomas Smith the younger, on condition of their raising and supporting a body of horse and foot, which should serve her majesty when required, and should assemble in Antrim. In the reign of James the First, the fulfilment of this condition was required; but neither horse nor foot appearing at the appointed rendezvous, Sir Arthur Chichester, with that cunning for which he was afterwards so remarkable, laid claim, as Lord Deputy, to the forfeited lands, and was confirmed in the possession by his Majesty. In the fifth year of the same monarch, Sir Arthur procured a charter, constituting Belfast a corporate town, to be governed by a sovereign, twelve burgesses, &c. with the privilege of sending two representatives to parliament. Sir Arthur was also appointed constable of the castle, and upon the 23rd of February, 1612, created Baron of Belfast. The following year Thomas Vesey was appointed Sovereign, and Sir John Blennerhasset, Baron of the Exchequer, and George Trevillian, Esq. chosen to serve in parliament; these were the first persons selected for such

services under the new charter of incorporation. For many years after this period, Belfast continued an inconsiderable village. In 1635, Lord Chichester's house is mentioned by an English traveller in terms of admiration, but the town is not even noticed by the same author; and at this period also, many emigrants from Devonshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, settled here.

The privilege then enjoyed by Carrick-Fergus, of importing foreign goods at one-third of the duty payable at other ports, completely militated against the commercial prosperity of this town; but in 1640 this disability was removed by the purchase of this peculiar advantage from the corporation of Carrick-Fergus, which was effected on the part of the crown, by Lord Strafford, for the sum of 2,000*l.*; from which period the origin of Belfast, as a commercial mart, may be dated, and to this one stroke of policy is to be attributed the decay of one town, and the great prosperity of the other.

Its rising greatness was much retarded by the rebellion of 1641; and in 1643, a rampart and wall were thrown up on the west, or land-side of the town; and in 1648, it was occupied by General Monk, for the Parliament. James the Second attempted to impose a new charter upon the corporation, but their resolute attachment to William III. compelled them to reject it. The rapidity with which the population, trade, and wealth of this flourishing town have increased, is such as seldom falls to the lot of any settlement, and is only equalled by the persevering steadiness with which its inhabitants continue to pursue that honourable and spirited commercial conduct which has exalted them so greatly amongst the ports of Europe.

The increase of this town as to population may be as-

certained with tolerable accuracy, by a comparison of a map of Belfast in 1660 (which is to be found in the County Survey) with the map of the town at the present day. The ancient map represents the town partly inclosed by walls, having a castle within, and containing only five streets and five rows, which consisted of 150 houses. In 1790, the number of streets or avenues was 75; in 1811, they amounted to 111. At present, the population amounts to nearly 40,000, and, according to the usual mode of estimating the number of the inhabitants from that of the houses, it might in 1660 have been about 6,000. Neither walls or castle are now to be seen: the former are lost in the expansion of the town, with the growth of civilization and tranquillity; but the castle was destroyed by fire in the year 1708: the regret occasioned by this event, was greatly increased by the melancholy death of three daughters of Lord Donegall, who perished in the flames.

The bridge of Belfast is not remarkable for its architecture, but exceedingly so for its great length, and for the number of its arches; the latter, amounting to twenty-one, are all turned with hewn freestone, raised in the hill of Scraba:* eighteen of these are in the county of Down, and three in Antrim, the channel which divides these counties passing under the third arch. The entire length, including the dead work at each end, is 2,562 feet, of which length the arched part occupies 840. It was erected at the joint expense of both counties for the sum of 12,000*l.*; and though the foundation was laid in 1682, it was not completed until the revolution; soon

* A hill in the county Down, 485 feet in height.

after which, in the spring of 1692, seven of the arches fell in, the bridge having been weakened by the Duke Schomberg's drawing his heavy cannon over it, while the work was yet fresh, and also by a ship driving against it. These were shortly after repaired, and have continued in tolerable preservation to the present time.

The preceding observations probably comprise the most important features in the ancient history of this populous town, and as much as the author would be justified in introducing. It only remains, therefore, to say a few words upon its present state, and then conduct the tourist along the beautiful shores of Belfast Lough, to the ancient corporate town of Carrick-Fergus.

The chief public buildings are, Anne's Church in Donegall-street, and the Chapel of Ease in High-street, the portico of which formerly ornamented Ballyscullion-house, in the county of Derry (once the mansion of Lord Bristol); but ceasing to be occupied by any member of that family, the house was taken down, and the materials disposed of by sale. There are, besides, several brick-buildings, meeting-houses of Presbyterians and Dissenters. All the public buildings in Belfast, with the exception of the Assistant Chapel in High-street, and the New Commercial Buildings, are of brick, which very materially detracts from the dignity of their appearance. There are two public schools here, the one called the Academy, of very ancient foundation; the other of much later. called the Institution. This latter is a long range of brick-building, having a spacious area in front, and a broad commanding avenue leading up to the gate. The poor-house and other public works, would admit of interesting details in a more enlarged view of this town, but we find it incumbent to delay our fellow-traveller here no longer than while we

state the revenues of this port, in order that a correct estimate of the wealth and importance of the place may be conceived. In the year 1821, which is the last estimate we could obtain at this moment, the revenue amounted to £. 800,000 and upwards.

Before we quit Belfast, the tourist should be informed, that there is an act of polite kindness extended to strangers in this town, which is extremely generous and liberal, and for which the author acknowledges himself the city's debtor, that is, permission to read in the news-room of the New Commercial Buildings for eight days, without subscription, or any trouble but that of entering the visiter's name in "The Stranger's Book."

In so large a city as Belfast, the traveller may naturally suppose he will find but little difficulty in procuring modes of conveyance to all parts of the kingdom. The direction our tourist takes, is that to which there are fewest, and, of course, the dearest. Here chaises, gigs, or jaunting-cars, may be hired for the day, or week: the latter plan is very desirable for those who wish to reach Coleraine, after devoting a week, at least, to exploring the wonders of the Antrim coast; besides, it prevents all possibility of detention or disappointment at the little villages on the coast, arising from their being so scantily provided with vehicles of any sort.*

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* Inns in Belfast:—Donegall Arms, Castle-street; White Cross, or Linn's Hotel, Castle-street, and several others in more private streets. Three days in the week there is a stage-coach to Larne, which lies upon the route of the tourist; but beyond that, posting or travelling in a private vehicle, must be adopted, unless the previous suggestion of hiring a car or gig be made available.

Road to Carrick-Fergus.

The road to Carrick-Fergus, for some miles from Belfast, lies close to the sea-shore; here, at low water, an extensive area of ooze is exposed to view, which greatly diminishes the pleasing character of the scene On the left is a succession of seats belonging to the wealthy merchants of the town, upon a sloping bank, commanding a view of the Lough and the shores of the county of Down, at a few miles distance only. At high water the scene is perfectly beautiful and rich, and in many places, where the entrance of the Lough is concealed by occasional interruptions, it presents the appearance of an extensive lake, whose surface is continually enlivened by the passing of shipping from end to end. The number of villas along this beautiful shore is very considerable, and many of them improved with the best possible taste.

The ruins of Green-castle are passed on the left, and about two miles farther, stands White-house, the seat of —— Stewart, Esq. Here is a very extensive cotton factory, belonging to Mr. Grimshaw; and it was on the beach near this place that King William the Third landed. The chapel of White Abbey is seen a little to the left; and a village of the same name stands on the bay at the same place.

The left of the distant view, for some miles from Belfast, is occupied by a very remarkable mountain, called the Cave-hill: it is a large and lofty mass, 1,064 feet above the sea: it is composed of a base of limestone, which may be traced to an elevation of 769 feet, upon which rests a cap of basalt, 295 thick. In the dark pre-

cipitous cliffs, near the summit, are several caves, of which it is not determined whether they owe their origin to art or nature. The summit of the hill is usually called M'Art's Fort, and is inclosed by a fosse and mound. The view from this eminence, across the Lough, commands the whole of Down county, the Irish Sea, and coast of Scotland; and the ascent is very easily accomplished.

The noble sheet of water which forms the chief feature of the view, has yet been quite neglected: this bold estuary, the Vinderius of Ptolemy, is called indiscriminately the Bay of Carrick-Fergus and Belfast Lough. It is about twelve miles long and five broad, measuring from Groomsport in Down, to White-head on the Antrim side. The breadth gradually diminishes from the entrance to the embouchure of the river Lagan, and the channel, formerly very shallow near that place, has been so deepened by skilful management, as to admit vessels which draw thirteen feet of water close to the wharfs. There is a deep pool called Carmoyl, or Garmoyle, about one mile from the south shore, opposite Hollywood, where vessels ride at low water, when the bank within twenty yards is completely dry. There are scarcely any rocks in this bay, except one reef on the north side (which is covered at high water), called by the Irish, the Briggs, *i. e.* the Tombs; but by the Scotch, the Clachan, from its resemblance to a village, when uncovered at low water. There is a shoal a little S. W. of Carrick-Fergus, over which lies three fathom of water at ebb tide. The Speedwell, a Scotch ship, in King William's reign, was the only vessel ever known to suffer on it. The Down coast is distinctly seen during the drive to Carrick-Fergus, and is beautifully diversified with seats and villages. Of these

the most important are Hollywood and Bangor, whose sites appear peculiarly well chosen. Near the latter town, at a little inlet called Groomsport Bay, the Duke Schomberg first cast anchor, on the 13th of August, 1689, with 10,000 effective men, to assist the Protestants, and support the cause of King William in this kingdom. At the entrance are seen the Copeland Isles, so called from a family of that name that settled on the coast of Down in the 12th century; and passing a few miles onward by several beautiful seats and villas, the town and castle of Carrick-Fergus are presented in the front of the field of view. The latter is a bold and magnificent object, standing upon a reef of rocks, projecting into the bay, by which means, in this approach, its outline is most clearly and strongly defined to the eye of the spectator. The ruins of Cloughnaharty-castle and Woodburn-abbey are passed, before the town of Carrick-Fergus is reached; but one was never of any consequence, and of the other not a wreck remains behind. It is said to have been founded by the Bissets,* in 1242, dedicated to the Holy-cross, and called in ecclesiastical records a daughter of Dryburgh. Upon the dissolution of monasteries, it was surrendered by Gillerath M'Cowagh into the hands of Henry's commissioners, March 1st, 1542.

The shore near Carrick-Fergus becomes perfectly free from the muddy ooze, which prevents bathing nearer to Belfast; and several cottages, erected along the shore, are let at high rents during the bathing season. On the strand are several pits of gypsum or alabaster, of a very superior quality, used for coating ceilings, and becoming

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* See Glenarm.

every day an article of still greater profit to the proprietors.

After a journey of eight miles the ancient town of Carrick-Fergus is reached.

Carrick-Fergus.

The town of Carrick-Fergus was formerly a place of much importance in the ancient kingdom of Dalradia, and from its noble harbour became inviting to the navigator, and exposed to the pirate. The town is situated on the very shore of the bay, and the castle stands upon a natural foundation of a basaltic structure, and of a peninsular form. The name "Carrick Fergus"* is supposed to be compounded of Carigor Crag, a rock, and Fergus, the name of a Scotch prince, said to have been wrecked near this place, 300 years before Christ. This part of Ireland, immediately subsequently to the English invasion, was granted to John De Courcy, provided he subdued, civilized, and finally reduced it under the English yoke. This De Courcy soon accomplished, and at the same time the extirpation of many ancient Irish chiefs, the O'Donnells, O'Loughlins, &c.

The De Courcys and De Lacys next turned their arms against each other, and after the murder of one of the former, the De Lacys were compelled to escape to France, where they remained a short time, when, having

* It is called in ancient Maps, Knock-Fergus, and not unfrequently Rock-Fergus. And in the Collectanea it is said to have been anciently styled Dun-Sobarky, *i. e.* the impregnable fortress.

paid a considerable fine, they were pardoned by King John. Hugh, Earl of Ulster, in the year 1230, first founded this town, from which period it grew into importance, and continued to be the principal strong hold of the English in the North of Ireland. The De Lacys continued in uninterrupted possession of this country until about the year 1312, when they were expelled by John Birmingham: a few years afterwards, by the assistance of the Scots, they were enabled to return, and conduct the invasion of Ireland by Lord Edward Bruce. In the year 1316, Robert Bruce landed at Carrick-Fergus, and disembarked a considerable body of troops here, to whom the town and castle ultimately surrendered, after having been reduced to the most dreadful extremities. Upon this occasion the besieged are said to have eaten eight Scotchmen, prisoners in the castle.

The town of Carrick-Fergus was repeatedly besieged by the Scots, and as frequently recovered by the Irish and English, and the varied history of its defences will be found in the highest degree interesting;* but the nature of this work does not admit of a minute detail of the historic events of each town through which the tourist passes; though not to notice, however slightly, so ancient an establishment as the town and castle of Carrick-Fergus, would be unpardonable. Some few historic facts are all that shall be added, and those of the deepest interest alone. It was here, then, that Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy, landed in 1568, when he received the submission of Turlogh Lynogh O'Neil, the celebrated Irish chieftain. The 12th day of August,

* For these see M'Skimmin's History of Carrick-Fergus.

1689, the Duke Schomberg, with a force of about 10,000 men, appeared in Carrick-Fergus Lough, and landing at Groomsport, near Bangor, on the opposite shore, proceeded thence by land to Belfast, and thence to Carrick-Fergus, into which the enemy had thrown themselves. M'Carty More, the Irish general, stood an obstinate siege for some time, but having lost 250 men, he thought proper to surrender. In 1760, the French, under Thurot, made a descent here, and levied contributions upon the inhabitants.

Paul Jones, the pirate, appeared in the Bay in 1778, and engaged his Majesty's sloop of war, the Drake; when, after a bloody engagement, the Drake was compelled to strike, having lost her captain and lieutenant, who were both killed in the action.

There are many remnants of antiquity still discoverable in the neighbourhood of this old town. The walls may be distinctly traced, and the north gate is yet a pleasing specimen of architecture. They were commenced by Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy, about 1576. The ruins of Joymont house, once the princely residence of the Chichesters, built in 1610, are still shown; and in many cases, where no castles are to be seen, the place preserves the name.

In the year 1232, according to Archdall, a monastery of Franciscans was founded here, either by Hugh De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, or by O'Neil. And in 1243 or 12 3, according to Dean Dobbs' MSS., the Earl of Ulster, Gerald Fitzmaurice, and Richard De Burgh were interred here.

"In 1408, Hugh M'Adam M'Gilmore, the fell de-
"stroyer of forty sacred edifices, fled for refuge to an

" oratory of this church, in which he was soon after " massacred by an English colony of the name of Savage : " as the windows of this building had been formerly " robbed of their iron bars, by his sacrilegious hands, his " pursuers found a ready admission to him."*

At the dissolution of religious establishments in this kingdom, this monastery and its possessions were granted to Sir Edward Fitzgerald, who again assigned them to Sir Arthur Chichester, ancestor to the Marquis of Donegall. This distinguished personage, several times Lord Deputy of Ireland, erected a noble castle on its site, which he called Joymont, in compliment to Charles, Lord Joymount.

Several other religious establishments are mentioned in the Monasticon and in M'Skimmin's very accurate history of this city; the chief of which appears to have been Woodburn or Goodburn, about half a mile west of the town. This priory was dedicated to the Holy-cross, and was a daughter of the abbey of Dryburgh. It is supposed to have been founded by the Bissetts, a very powerful family from Athol, in Scotland, in atonement for the murder of Patrick, Earl of Athol, of which horrid deed they were the instigators. No traces of this once great building can now be met with. In removing the foundation of this abbey, several curious coins were found, which are now in the possession of Mr. Chaplin of Woodburn.†

The church of St. Nicholas stands in a central situation, within the old town walls. It is an old, irregular structure, so deformed by alterations and repairs as not to be referable

* Monas. Hib. † M'Skimmin, p. 35.

to any class or style of architecture. It appears to have been cruciformed, very narrow, and much too low; nor was it originally intended for a parish church, being merely a chapel attached to the Franciscan monastery already mentioned.

The present appearance of the interior bespeaks much neglect. The walls of the choir are whitened, and the eastern window is ornamented by a representation of St. John baptising our Saviour in the river Jordan, tolerably executed on stained glass: this, with two more pieces of like workmanship, were presented to the church by G. Burleigh, Esq. and were brought from the chapel of Dangan, in the county of Meath, formerly the seat of the Earls of Mornington.

In a small vestry-room attached to the church is a monument to the memory of Dean Dobbs, at whose expense this room was erected. Beneath the choir several illustrious persons lie entombed, amongst them Rose, Countess of Antrim, who died in 1682. The church-walls were not long since decorated with the escutcheons of various noble families related to the Countess, but of these only some fragments remain, which lie in the ruined transept, where the Donegall monument stands. There are two seats (one on either side of the pulpit) belonging to this noble family, and near them the pews of the Mayor, Aldermen, &c.

In the northern arm of the transept stands the once splendid monument of the Chichesters, now exalted to the Marquisate of Donegall. The splendor of their former deeds, and the wisdom of one of the ancestors of this noble family, will always ensure a dignified place in the page of history to this illustrious house, and cannot

fail to be a lasting source of gratifying anecdote to the inquisitive traveller.

This monument was one of great splendor and beauty, consisting of several chambers and niches, occupied by figures in large and small life, adorned with the costume of their ranks when living, and is composed of marble and alabaster. The principal figures are Sir Arthur Chichester, first Baron of Belfast, and his lady, in the attitude of prayer; between them lies their infant son; below these, in small life, is the effigy of Sir John Chichester the younger, who was slain in a sally from the town against James M'Sorley M'Donnell, Earl of Antrim, who beheaded him upon a stone near the Glynn.* On the black tablets, in front of the pedestal, are Latin inscriptions, setting forth the courage and the virtues of the Knights who lie buried beneath.

In this chapel, or rather arm of the transept, were formerly shown the faithless sword and armour of Sir John, and the walls were decorated with escutcheons and banners; but the latter have crumbled to dust: the sword, which is rather curious—the blade being partly of open-work, with the gauntlets and armour, are thrown aside in the vestry-room, and the chapel and very monument are hastening to decay, from absolute neglect, the chapel being nearly unroofed.

Beneath is the family vault, in which many members of this illustrious house are deposited. In this cemetery is interred the Lady Catharine Forbes, only daughter of

* In King James's reign M'Donnell going one day to view the family monument in St. Nicholas' church at Carrick-Fergus, and seeing Sir John's statue thereon, asked how the de'ell he came to get his head again, for he was sure he had once ta'en it frae him.—Lodge.

Arthur, Earl of Granard, second wife of Arthur, third Earl of Donegall; a lady, says Lodge, distinguished for her piety, charity, and conjugal virtues, and delineated in the following lines, by the elegant pen of Swift, published at Belfast on her interment

Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom love endow'd with every grace,
The glory of the Granard race:
Now destined by the powers Divine
The blessing of *another* line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame,
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call,
Take qualities from Donegall.

There are no other objects of interest or attention connected with the church, and even these will be found to belong more to its ancient than its present greatness. In the year 1778, an octagon spire was erected upon the steeple at an expense of about 500*l.*, chiefly raised by subscription. The other places of worship here are a Presbyterian meeting-house, and a Methodist chapel; near the town is a Roman Catholic chapel.

The next object of curiosity is the castle: this noble edifice, which might almost bear comparison with Edward's castle of Carnarvon, is in excellent preservation, and affords accommodation to a large garrison.

It stands on a rocky eminence, which projects into the bay, and in every view of the town is a most conspicuous and magnificent object.

It is supposed to have been erected by John De Courcy or Hugh De Lacy, shortly after the conquest, although

attributed to Sir Henry Sidney by Ledwich, Seward, and others.* It consists of a regular fortified inclosure, with a keep in the centre; this latter is about 90 feet in height, and of considerable internal dimensions. In 1790, the castle being in a ruinous state, was repaired, and mounted with twenty pieces of artillery. The office of governor has always been considered a situation of rank and confidence; and in the fourteenth century an act was passed limiting the selection to Englishmen alone.

The entrance is rather imposing; it is by a gate between two circular projecting towers, of considerable height and circumference, built, it is supposed, by Sir Henry Sidney, with apertures above the portcullis for annoying the assailants, as in all the old Norman castles. —Admission to the castle may be obtained without the least trouble.

The next building of any consequence is the County Sessions-house. The elevation is very neat and unassuming; it consists of a façade, surmounted by a balustrade, the length corresponding to the breadth of the main street in front of it, and is without wings or pavilions. The foundation was laid in 1777, and it was completed in two years from that date. The gaol is attached to the court-house. There is a second court-house, and a prison, belonging to the county of the town of Carrick-Fergus. The market-house, custom-house, &c. are too insignificant either to be noticed here, or to detain the tourist.

The inhabitants are employed in the manufacture of

* John De Courcy is ascertained to be the founder of this castle, with tolerable certainty, by M'Skimmin, in his very accurate history of this town.

cotton and linen; and the fishery of the bay affords employment and benefit to numbers. The two divisions of the town, the Scottish and Irish, are supplied with different species of boats for fishing and trawling, and form distinct fleets. Cod, lobsters, and oysters are taken here in large quantities.

There was a claim formerly pertaining to the commanding officer of the garrison, viz. a right to the second best fish in every boat, which was strictly exercised until 1755, at which period it was abandoned, and has not been revived. Such claims are usually made by corporations, but very unfrequently by any other denomination of persons. The Lord Mayor of Dublin exacts a certain quantity of Carlingford oysters from each boat upon its arrival in the river.

Before we quit Carrick-Fergus, let us not omit to mention some of the natural curiosities of the soil and country, which possibly are the sole objects of inquiry to many travellers. The soil near the sea-side contains some valuable earths, such as pipe-clay, potters-earth, and brick-clay. Pipe-clay was formerly an object of commerce, and was exported in great quantities; but this trade appears to be lost at present. Here, too, trap makes its appearance, accompanied by the white lime-stone, sand-stone, and gray lime-stone, and various kinds of flints; and the regularly crystalized basaltes may also be found along the shore, endeavouring to escape, as it were, into the sea: also zeolite and gypsum; of this latter three distinct species are discoverable in many places; the gypsum occurs almost always on the sea-shore. Amongst the various wood fossils found on the shore, the most curious is the hazel-nut; this is met with beneath a bed of peat, accompanied by great bodies of timber, elder, sallow,

hazel, &c. The nut-shells are sometimes quite perfect, and the kernel is completely petrified, always, translucent, sometimes transparent, and in other cases opaque.

In Carrick-Fergus are two tolerable inns, Anderson's in High-street, and Hall's in West-street; and post-chaises and jaunting-cars may be had here at moderate prices. The assizes for the county being held, and a garrison quartered in this town, it will continue to preserve the name and semblance of a city; but its wealth and trade have long since been transferred to the flourishing town of Belfast.

From Carrick-Fergus to Larne.

The ride from Carrick-Fergus to Larne, by either the high or low road, will be found exceedingly agreeable. The high or western road is exposed, rugged, and hilly for a great part of the way, but the character of the scenery all along is bold and magnificent. The view of the town of Carrick-Fergus, with its castle and spire; the coast of Down, adorned with the plantations and mansions of the nobility and gentry; the beautiful situation of the villages of Bangor and Hollywood on the same coast; and the distant view of Belfast, is a panoramic display of natural beauty but rarely met with. This delightful prospect is enjoyed from the road between the town and the common; but the traveller should, if possible, return to Carrick-Fergus by this road, or half the magic of the scene will be dissipated by its gradual development;

whereas, in descending from the common, it bursts upon the sight in all its effect and magnificence.

Proceeding upon the old road to Larne, the common and racing ground, an uncultivated tract, are passed, and on the right lies the elevated lake of Lough-morne. This sheet of water occupies the summit of an eminence about 500 feet above the level of the sea: it must be supplied by its own internal resources, as it is above the springs of the neighbouring rivulets, and from it issues a stream which turns a cotton-mill; its banks are uncultivated and unplanted, and it is probably about one mile in diameter. From its great elevation, it is not likely that its banks will be chosen as the site of future demesnes; and perhaps it is impossible to conceive any body of water more opportunely disposed, or affording greater facilities for draining. The only fish taken here are pike and eels; but in winter it is frequented by great quantities of wild-fowl.

The name Lough-morne is probably a corruption of Lough-more, the great lake; but the ingenious author of the History of Carrick-Fergus has added the following fabulous derivation, which is preserved by the neighbouring peasantry:—"This place was once a large town, "when one evening an aged mendicant came to seek "for lodging, which being refused, he exclaimed, 'Al-"though it is now a town, yet shall it be a *lough ere* "*morn.*' Immediately he left the town, and withdrew to "an adjacent hill; upon which, the ground began to "sink: eels are said to have risen about the hearth-stones, "and ultimately the whole town sunk into the abyss, and "the water rolled in over it; from which time, says "the legend, it has been called Lough-morne."

Not far from Lough-morne is the glen called the Noisy

Vale, from a small subterranean river, which falls with much violence into an aperture in the ground, and whose identity is not afterwards with certainty ascertained: it is supposed to be the same river which rises after at a place called Sulla Tubber, or the Sallow-well, about two miles from the disappearance of the rivulet. About a quarter of a mile further, on the road to Gleno, is a meeting-house, belonging to the sect called Covenanters; but their congregation here is very small.

The little village of Gleno is soon reached, situated in a most romantic dell. A considerable stream runs through the village, and after turning a mill, forms a very pleasing fall. Here are now two roads by which Larne may be reached, the one more westerly, by Castle and Mount Agnew, a wild and dreary prospect; the other, that commonly called the old road to Larne, which is a more interesting drive, as you approach the sea sooner, but a much more uneven road. As the traveller is recommended to return to Carrick-Fergus, if possible, by the Gleno road, he is here supposed to set out for Larne by the new line.*

On leaving Carrick-Fergus, the tourist should not neglect taking an occasional view of the town; the castle and spire here again interrupting the monotony of the landscape, by the distinctness with which they are relieved on the dark brow of the Cave-hill. The country here assumes a rich and cultivated character. About one mile from the town the little village of Eden is past, about half a mile from which the Larne road turns to the

* Larne from Carrick-Fergus (by the new road, or shore road), is nine miles: by the Gleno-road, seven miles; and from Dublin, it is 97½ miles.

left, while the road to Island Magee continues on in a direct line. Of the Island, which is about two miles from this separation, we shall speak more fully when the tourist shall have reached Larne, which is the most convenient place from whence to visit this misnamed peninsula. Turning to the left, and ascending the rising ground, at the distance of two miles and a half from Carrick-Fergus, on the right, stands Castle Dobbs, a noble mansion, embosomed in trees, and surrounded by an extensive demesne. Here the family of Dobbs appear to have been seated for many years. On the left of the road is seen, on a very commanding site, the mansion of Marriott Dalway, Esq. and his beautiful demesne called Bella-hill. Mr. Dalway is the representative of a long line of ancestry in this county, some of whom have been returned to serve in parliament for the town of Carrick-Fergus. Passing under the demesne wall of Bella-hill, on the road-side stands the castellated mansion of the Dalways, consisting of two large towers, connected by a curtain wall, in the centre of which is the entrance. It is kept in excellent repair, and is now used as stables.

From the summit of the next hill, is the first view of Island Magee, which appears to be a long tract of ground, exceedingly fertile, thinly inhabited, and without a single tree to diversify the prospect. It greatly resembles the cold view of Anglesea Island from the Caernarvon shore, and the resemblance is greatly strengthened by the intervening arm of the sea, which is about the breadth of the Menai. One mile from Bella-hill is the little village of Ballycarry, or Ballycarey; it consists of a few houses, forming one street of no great length. The site for a village was badly chosen, being too high, and without water. Fairs are held here the

21st of June, the second Friday in August, O. S., and the 31st of October.

At the entrance of Ballycarry, on the right, stands the once famed ruins of Temple-coran Church, in the diocese of Conner, and attached to the prebend of Kilbroot: it was to this last preferment that Dean Swift was presented, by Lord Capel, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and which he resigned, according to Lord Orrery, for the following reasons: "It was not (says his noble biographer) sufficiently considerable, and was at so great a distance from the metropolis, that it absolutely deprived him of that kind of conversation and society in which he delighted. He had been used to very different scenes in England, and had naturally an aversion to solitude and retirement. He was glad, therefore, to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and return to Sheen."* Though this would appear a natural inference, from the well-known character of the Dean, yet there is good reason to believe he resigned this ecclesiastical benefice, which was 100*l.* per annum, at the earnest solicitation of his friend and patron, Sir William Temple, who would have supplied him with a better, if he had lived until an opportunity had presented itself. In the cemetery of the church of Temple-coran may be seen the tombstone of the Rev. E. Brice, the minister of the first Presbyterian congregation assembled in Ireland, in the year 1611.

Half a mile further is Red-Hall, the seat of —— Ker, Esq. commanding a noble sea view, beyond which is another subterranean river. The ingress of this stream takes place in a small circular pit, about forty yards in diameter at the mouth, gradually diminishing in breadth

* Orrery, Lett. 2.

as you descend, at the very lowest and central point of which, the stream enters, and *is seen no more:* this very curious natural basin is called the "Salt-hole."

It was here that Sir John Chichester the younger was slain, the 4th of Nov. 1597; he was governor of Carrick-Fergus at this time, when James M'Sorley M'Donnell (afterwards Earl of Antrim) having concealed a strong detachment of Highlanders in the Salt-hole, advanced with but a small body towards Carrick-Fergus; and braving the garrison, Sir John was induced to sally out against him. M'Donnell pretended to fly in the greatest confusion, nor halted until he reached the place of ambuscade, when, turning upon Sir John, who was now attacked by the Highlanders lying in ambush, he defeated his party, and took him prisoner shortly after; M'Sorley cut off Sir John's head, upon a stone at the entrance of the Glynn.* Here also, in the same year, another engagement took place between the M'Quillans and M'Donnells, in which the ill-fated M'Quillans were defeated, with great slaughter.

From the Salt-hole to the town of Larne is a most agreeable drive: the road, which is formed of the white limestone of the country, is always in excellent order, although very hilly, and in dry weather it is of a snowy whiteness. About three miles from Larne a splendid landscape is unfolded to the traveller's eye: before him, in the distance, is the sea, from which the Scottish hills are seen rising in the softest colouring imaginable; beneath, lies the harbour called Larne-Lough, a fine broad inlet, which is entered by a narrow strait between the Curraàn and Island Magee. On the edge of the Lough is seen the town,

* See page 15.

continuing some distance along its banks; the situation of Olderfleet Castle, on the very extremity of the peninsula of Curraàn, is bold and picturesque, conveying ideas of grandeur and beauty in the distant view, which, from the insignificance of the ruin, it fails to produce on a closer inspection. The eastern side of Larne Lough is bounded by Island Magee, which, although not very beautiful, is a comfortable looking object, being richly cultivated, and from its commanding position above the Lough, affords complete shelter to the shipping in the harbour, and preserves a placid surface within, when Neptune rages fiercely without.

The great want which every tourist will perceive is wood. A tree is scarcely to be seen in any direction about Larne, with the exception of Mr. Ferrall's plantation, although it is certain, that almost every species of timber would thrive here, from the instances which occur to the north and south along this line of coast. The sallow in particular thrives in this soil. Besides, the village of Glynn, within a mile of Larne, is inclosed by a very luxuriant little plantation. Near Glynn are the ruins of an old chapel, probably the Gluaire of Archdall, a foundation of St. Patrick, and in which lies St. Molassius.*

Larne.

The town of Larne, or, as it was anciently called, Inver,† is situated in the southern extremity of the barony of Glenarm, on a harbour or lough of the same

* Antrim Survey. † Inver signifies lowly-situated.

name. It is a post town, and fairs are held here on the 31st of July and 1st of December. The trade of Larne was once of some importance, and even yet is not contemptible. The duties in the year 1810 amounted to 14,000*l.* and there is still occasion to make it the residence of a collector. The chief articles of commerce here are rock-salt and lime-stone, both of which are exported in very considerable quantities. There is a good deal of cotton weaving, and a manufacture of sail-cloth, with some other traffic connected with nautical affairs, Larne being the best harbour on this coast, from Belfast Lough to Derry.

The town consists of two divisions, usually called the old and new towns; the old one is built on rather an irregular plan, the latter consists of one long avenue. There are several excellent houses in the new town, and two tolerable inns.* The population amounts to about three thousand souls, who profess different religious opinions. There are, besides the parish church, one Methodist meeting-house, three Presbyterian, and one Roman Catholic chapel.

The most interesting historical record in the vicinity of Larne is the castle of Olderfleet before mentioned, standing on the extremity of the peninsula called the Curraàn,† a sort of natural pier, forming the northern side of the Larne harbour, and completely commanding the strait by which it is entered. On the road from the town to the castle, the ruins of a little chapel, called Clondu-

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* Sinnet's and M'Henry's.

† Curraàn, is a corruption of the Irish word carràn, a hook, which the curved form of the peninsula suggested originally.

males, are passed. The castle is now an insignificant ruin, but the advantage and dignity of situation can never fail of attracting the visiter. It is supposed to have been erected by one of the Bissetts, a powerful Scotch family, upon whom Henry the Third bestowed large possessions in the Barony of Glenarm, some of which were forfeited by Hugh Bissett, in the reign of Edward the Second, for rebellion. James M'Donnell, Lord of Kantyre, asserted his claim to this land in right of the Bissetts, but his son Æneas was content to accept of them on conditions approved of by Elizabeth, viz. that he would not carry arms under any but the kings of England, and would pay an annual tribute of hawks and cattle.

It was on the peninsula of the Curraàn, that Edward Bruce effected his landing, in 1315, with the expectation of making himself king of Ireland, which vain and foolish ambition caused so much bloodshed through the east of Ireland, and was productive of such dreadful calamities to the English settlers particularly.

The castle of Olderfleet became important as a defensive fortress against the predatory bands of Scots who infested the north-eastern coasts, and was generally under the direction of a governor. In 1569 we find Sir Moyses Hill held this office, but in 1598 being thought no longer useful, it was defaced, and after changing proprietors several times, was finally granted to Sir Arthur Chichester, in 1610, by James the First. At Olderfleet will be found a ferry-boat, which plies regularly between that Point and Island Magee, for which passage one penny is demanded; and having landed, the pedestrian will find two roads, one towards Brown's Bay, another along the Larne side: let him take

the former. Of this island a curious and brief account is to be met with in a private MS. in this county, which mentions, that in the reign of Elizabeth it was a complete waste, without any wood, although a fertile soil; and that the Queen had granted a lease of it to Savage, a follower of the Earl of Essex. At this time, says the MS., it was inhabited by the Magees, from whom it derives its name.

Not far from the landing place stands a druidical cromlech. The covering stone, which rests on three supporters, is six feet in length, and of a triangular shape; its inclination is to the rising sun. There are two more cromlechs to the south of the peninsula, but not easily detected by a stranger. On the east of Brown's Bay is a rocking stone, or giant's cradle, which was said to acquire a rocking, tremulous motion at the approach of sinners or malefactors: there were many of these over the face of the kingdom, but they are now dislodged in most places, so that the few which remain are more interesting curiosities. They were so ingeniously poised, that the slightest impulse was capable of rocking a mass which the greatest strength was unable to dislodge; nor does there appear to be any contrivance adopted but the circumstance of placing the stone upon its rude pedestal. Until a very late period Island Magee was the residence of witches, and the theatre of sorcery: in 1711 eight females were tried upon this extraordinary charge in Carrick-Fergus, and the memory of Fairy Browne is still a cause of terror in this credulous peninsula.

About two miles farther, on the eastern coast, and beyond Portmuck, are the stupendous basaltic cliffs,

called the Gobbins,* which extend as far as Black-cave Head, and are upwards of 200 feet in height. Upon the 8th of January, 1642, a party of soldiers from Carrick-Fergus castle, then under the command of Munro, a Scotch puritan, is said to have sallied forth from the garrison to this peninsula, and to have barbarously massacred, in cold blood, thirty persons, Roman Catholics, then residing upon the peninsula: this act of atrocity was committed in retaliation for some outrage previously wreaked upon those of their own party. After deliberately putting those wretched victims of their revenge to a cruel death, they are supposed to have thrown their bodies over the Gobbins into the sea :—

> "Now, to the heughs of black polluted shade,
> "He sees the fierce Monro, with gory blade,
> "Sweep like a driving flame before the wind,
> "And headlong hurl the poor defenceless hind."
>
> *Drummond.*

This melancholy and much-to-be-regretted occurrence has both unintentionally and inadvertently been misrepresented, through the prejudice of one party, and the ignorance of another; but, fortunately, the depositions of the relatives and friends of the deceased, preserved in the MS. room of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, contain the refutation of the partial, and the correction of the ignorant historian.† At Portmuck are the ruins of an

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* This name appears to be derived from Gob, the mouth, and ben, a promontory.

† *Vide* Antrim Survey, p. 438—Drummond's Causeway, p. 119-20—Notes to M'Skimmin's History of Carrick-Fergus.—Vol. Depositions, lettered "County Antrim," p. 2716, Trinity College, Dublin.

ancient castle; and to the south of the Gobbins stands Castle Chichester, one of the holds of the Earl of Donegall, very boldly and beautifully situated. There are two religious establishments mentioned in the Monasticon as existing formerly in this place, viz. Kill-Keran or Doran, and White-Kirk. The former appears to have been a place of some consequence as a sanctuary for Murtagh M'Anullowe, the last abbot of Kells, in the county of Antrim, retired there after the surrender of his Abbey, A. D. 1542. But all the church lands of Island Magee did not pertain to the religious houses existing there; for we find that the tithes of two town-lands on the Island, viz. Ballypor Magna and Ballypor Parva were the property of the Abbey of Woodburn, near Carrick-Fergus.

At the west end of the peninsula is a small rivulet, called Slaughter-ford, in commemoration of the miserable event of 1642, which is said to have been begun here: a hill near this, on the top of which is seen the round tower of a light-house, is denominated Murder-slay, from the same circumstance.

Beneath the Gobbins are several small caves, now used as boat-houses; but in 1798 they were the retreats of outlaws. Along the shore are found large quantities of dullisk, a marine plant, which is an article of some profit at the country fairs. Many sea-fowl nestle in the face of the Gobbins, the most remarkable of which, for various reasons, are those called the Gobbin-hawks: these are the Irish goss-hawks, so famed in ancient days as being the objects of chace to the nobles of this country, and the sister-kingdom. The chief rent paid formerly for Island Magee, was a pair of goss-hawks

and a pair of gloves; but the sport of hawking has been long neglected, and a less romantic chiefry required.

The *lifting* of hawks on Midsummer-day, was a scene of gaiety of a very animated description. The hawkers were lowered down the front of the precipice, by a rope fastened round their waists, and having a basket for the young birds slung to their sides. After the baskets were filled, and the hawkers drawn up, the merriment began; dancing, racing, and various rustic sports followed, and the day was spent in a succession of innocent and happy pastimes. The necessity of hawking no longer exists, since the golden commutation has superseded it; but the custom of nest-robbing is still continued, which can only be accomplished in the manner already described.

Along the shore of Island Magee there is excellent fishing; herrings, turbot, and a species of fish called blockens, are taken in great abundance. Kelp is manufactured along the eastern coast, but not in any great quantities.

The inhabitants of Island Magee are fully impressed with the belief of the existence of coal-beds beneath the surface, and also in the neighbourhood of Larne, but there is not sufficient evidence of the fact. The substratum of the Island is basalt, which first exhibits itself at Black-head, and forms the magnificent range already mentioned, called the Gobbins; there the chalk emerges from this northern extremity, and the lias from beneath the chalk. This character is also applicable to the structure of the beach on the Larne side of the Lough.

In Island Magee there are several salt springs; and it has been conjectured, by skilful geologists, that rock-salt will probably be found here. Gypsum could also be raised near Portmuck, where a fruitless attempt was

made to discover coal. There is also a bed of red-ochre existing here, upwards of 200 feet in thickness.

Such are the internal treasures of this very fertile peninsula, which abounds in several articles of exportation, sufficient to establish a comfortable and independent trading port at Larne, exclusive of its agricultural production; and probably Larne, from the great advantage of a sheltered harbour, may yet rank very high amongst the trading towns of the north.

Road to Glenarm.

The road from Larne to Glenarm* passes at first through a country well cultivated, but rather thinly inhabited. Here, for a time, the scenery is tame, and the road sheltered; but at the distance of about two miles, the bold scenery of the Antrim coast, which continues to the very Causeway itself, may be said to be first unfolded. On the left stands Agnew's Hill, a long range of lofty precipitous mountain, 1,450 feet in height, presenting its dark basaltic brow. In the view of the country between the base of the hills and the sea, are seen scattered here and there a few solitary huts, and the little church of Killyglene, at the distance of two miles from Larne, is the only conspicuous emblem of civilization within view.

The mineralogist should make a pedestrian excursion

* Glenarm is ten miles from Larne, and 105 from Dublin. Fairs are held here the 26th of May and 29th of October.

along the shore from Larne to Black-cave Head, a low basaltic cliff, and thence to the bold promontory called Ballygelly-head. This latter is a specimen of the basaltic strata, in a state of incipient columnization. The different strata are composed of rudely formed pillars, whose joints measure from eight to ten feet, and all have a dip towards the land, as is the case along the whole Antrim coast. Under Ballygelly-head stands a bold rock, which, at high water, is completely insulated. Upon its summit are the ruins of an ancient castle, said to be erected by a prince of former days, to preserve his daughter from the unwelcome addresses of a suitor; but love could not be controlled, and the fair one was ultimately carried off by her adoring and enterprising admirer. The ruin is called *Cairn* Castle from its situation. From the high-road is seen the mansion of the Shaws, erected in 1625, a venerable looking edifice, in a bleak and desolate situation, hanging over the sea; and on the right are the hills called the Salagh Braes, under which is seen the little church of Cairn-castle parish.

The view now back towards Ballygelly-head, is extremely grand; the head-land appears to rise abruptly from the sea, a property which basaltic promontories possess in a very eminent degree, while the shore winds in a semicircular sweep from its base by Shaw's Castle for a considerable distance, and forms a magnificent estuary. The view is not unlike the Bay of Killiney, on the coast of the county of Dublin, but the indented outline of Bray-head renders it rather a nobler object than Ballygelly promontory. The Salagh Braes, a continuous range of dark precipitous hills, limit the prospect, and arrest the attention. They are composed of a limestone base, supporting a stratum of basalt, and capped with a rich and

verdant turf. A little to the east of the Salagh Braes stands an insulated hill, of the like gloomy aspect, and in form resembling the frustum of a cone. Its structure is analogous to that of the adjacent hills, and its name, Knock Doo, *i. e.* the black hill, is quite characteristic of its appearance. On the summit of the Salagh Braes is an extensive flat of table land, affording tolerable pasture. The goats and sheep which graze upon these plains, walk toward the brink of the precipice, and gaze at the passing traveller with a sort of habitual courage and indifference. The distant view is also extremely grand: the coast of Scotland and Ailsa Isle, the mountains of Arran, and the *Mull* of Cantyre, are all distinctly visible across a great expanse of water. Near to the shore may be observed the Maiden Rocks, extremely dangerous to navigators, being without a light-house. These are generally laid down in maps as much nearer the shore than they really are.

The scenery presents the bold majestic character already mentioned, until the traveller reaches the summit of the very steep hill which separates him from the valley of Glenarm. This ascent is extremely difficult for carriages, or loaded cars, and must for ever militate against the improvement of the village of Glenarm, as far as that is connected with intercourse by land.

As the traveller ascends the hill with "measured steps, and slow," he can while away the time in an enjoyment of the splendidly expanding view which is developed all around, and in occasionally reflecting upon the extraordinary structure of the land he travels. Here, along the road-side, are found large pieces of flint, rounded as the pebbles on the shore, by attrition: they are easily broken, and not considered so valuable as those found in the limestone quarries.

Glenarm.

Having reached the summit of the hill, the village and castle of Glenarm suddenly present themselves, in the very lowest bottom of a deep sequestered glen. The hills appear to hang over the village on either side, and it would seem that in former years this retreat was inaccessible, except by sea, or the narrow pass along the glen. On one side of a mountain-stream stands the little village, with its salt-works and lime-quarries, and on the other the ancient castle of the Earls of Antrim, with the meeting-house and parish-church, whose modest spire is the only rival of the neighbouring hills, and which serves as an index to the way-worn traveller, who else might seek in vain for the habitations of men, so completely concealed and sheltered is the lovely retreat of Glenarm. There are two beautiful villages in North Wales, to which we might compare Glenarm, but the one, Beddgelert, wants the bold sea-beaten shore, and the other, Tre-Madoc, the closely impending hills.

The village of Glenarm consists of about two hundred cottages, and appears originally to have been built for the clans-men of the noble family whose castle stands beyond the river. The castle is a stately, ancient pile, in a commanding position; from one front there is a view of the bay and its inclosing promontories, and from the other a prospect up the wooded glen towards the Deer Park. The castle is large, and contains some excellent apartments; but its exterior has been much disfigured by injudicious alterations. The taste and judgment, however, of the present proprietor, Edward M'Donnell, Esq. will

not permit this mansion of the noble family which he represents, to remain in its present unworthy condition; and he is now about to re-build and alter, until it assume the character of a baronial castle of the 15th century: these improvements are to be executed from the designs of the Messrs. R. and I. Morrison, whose abilities in this style of architecture are very conspicuous in their re-edification of Kilruddery-house,* the seat of the Earl of Meath, in the county of Wicklow. When Mr. Morrison's improvements shall have been completed, the approach to the castle will be by a lofty barbacan, standing on the northern extremity of the bridge. Passing through this, a long terrace, overhanging the river, and confined on the opposite side by a lofty, embattled curtain-wall, leads through an avenue of ancient lime-trees, to the principal front of the castle; the appearance of which, from this approach, will be very impressive. Lofty towers, terminated with cupolas and gilded vanes, will occupy the angles of the building: the parapets are to be crowned with gables, decorated with carved pinnacles, and exhibiting various heraldic ornaments.

The interior of the castle will correspond, in every way, with the elegance and beauty of the improved elevation.

The hall is a noble apartment, forty-four feet in length by twenty in breadth, and thirty feet high; in the centre of which stands a handsome billiard table. Across one end passes a gallery, communicating with the bed-chambers, and supported by richly ornamented columns, from the grotesque ornaments of which springs a beautiful groined ceiling.

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* See the author's "Guide to the County of Wicklow," page 11, &c.

On the principal floor are several noble apartments; the dining-parlour, forty feet by twenty-four, and the drawing-room, forty-four by twenty-two, are the most spacious: the small drawing-room, library, &c. though of considerably less dimensions, are most commodious apartments. The demesne of Glenarm is very extensive, and beautifully wooded: it has latterly been much improved, and many obstructions to the view removed. There is also an inclosure in the glen called the Great Deer Park, which is generally supposed to be the most comprehensive park in the kingdom, and the venison fed here the choicest.

The parish-church stands near one of the entrances to the demesne, upon the beach, with a small inclosed cemetery around. It is undergoing considerable repairs, and about to be supplied with an organ, at the expense of the Countess of Antrim, who will also endow the church with an annual stipend for the maintenance of an organist. Here is a splendid canopied seat belonging to her Ladyship's family, the back wall of which is decorated with armorial bearings of the various illustrious families with which her's has been connected. There are no monuments in the interior.

In the burying-ground around the church, stand the remains of a cruciformed building, formerly a monastery for Franciscan Friars of the third order.

This monastery was founded in 1465, by Robert Bissett, a Scotchman, who was banished his country for aiding in the murder of the Duke of Athol, and was established here by Henry the Third. The estates were subsequently forfeited, by the rebellion of Hugh Bissett, in the reign of Edward the Second. About this time John More M'Donnell, son of John, Lord of the Isles, landed here, and marry-

ing Mary, daughter of Sir John Bissett, claimed the lands called Glenshiesk, that is, the Baronies of Carey and Glenarm; and thus it was that the Antrim family became entitled to the Bissett's property. The Barony of Dunluce became the property of the M'Donnells, in right of M'Quillan's daughter, who married a M'Donnell, and so the claim of the M'Donnells to three Baronies of the county becomes perfectly plain. This family was ennobled by the title of Viscount Dunluce, in the person of Sir Randal M'Sorley M'Donnell of Dunluce, June 25th, 1618. The same distinguished personage was, two years after, raised to the Earldom of Antrim. His son Randal, afterwards Marquis of Antrim, was equally remarkable for his abilities and misfortunes. He was treacherously arrested on one occasion, by Monroe, while entertaining him with hospitality at his castle of Dunluce, and confined in the castle of Carrick-Fergus, whence he escaped to York, and complained to the Queen. Returning to Ireland again with instructions, he was seized once more by the avaricious and treacherous general, and committed to the same castle, from which he a second time effected his escape, and flying into England, by the assistance of the Marquis of Montrose, was commissioned to raise a force in Ireland for his Majesty, and transport it into Scotland to oppose the covenanters. The Marquis married, first, the widow of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and secondly, Rose, daughter of Sir Henry O'Neill, of Shane's castle; but dying without issue, the title of Marquis became extinct, and the earldom devolved on his brother Alexander.

The monastery of Glenarm, though founded by the Bissetts, appears to have been retained by the Crown from the time of Edward the Second, and granted to Alex-

ander M'Donnell in 1557, in the reign of Queen Mary, at which time he was presented, by the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Sussex, with a gold sword and silver-gilt spurs for his services against the Scots.

The remains of the monastery are very insignificant. Near the eastern end stands a monument, dated 1720, bearing the crest of a hand and dagger, but the inscription is not legible. The tomb-stones all round are ornamented by the arms of each family carved thereon; and, from the ages on the slabs, it would appear, that longevity is a gift bestowed upon the innocent inhabitants of Glenarm. The ages on the tombs, some exceeding 100 years, may perhaps prove this to be that blessed portion of "this sainted Isle," where the inhabitants live so long, that they sometimes find a continuance of existence burdensome, in which case their friends are said to convey them to an adjacent country, where the spirit will sooner relax its tenacious hold.*

There are some members of the Antrim family buried at Glenarm: but the Abbey of Bona-Margey, near Ballycastle, is their place of rest. In the 15th century, O'Neill the Great was killed in the camp of Sorley-Boy, and his body being removed to Glenarm, was interred in the Franciscan Monastery of that place. Not long after, a friar from Armagh appeared at the monastery, and was admitted to its shelter and hospitality; and when now about to take his leave, he thus addressed the Abbot:— "Father, I am come from our brothers of Armagh, to

* This property is also attributed to the North Islands of Arran, on the western coast of Ireland.

beg that you would grant me leave to remove the body of the great O'Neill, who lies buried here, to the grave of his ancestors at Armagh." The Abbot paused awhile, then answered, "Have you brought hither the corpse of my Lord James of Cantyre, which was interred amongst the strangers at Armagh?" To which the friar replying that he had not, "Then," said the Abbot, "while you walk over the grave of my Lord James of Cantyre at Armagh, I will trample upon the great O'Neill at Glenarm," and so, at midnight, dismissed his guest.

On a commanding eminence, enjoying a view of the bay, stands the Meeting-house, erected 1762, in front of which is the following inscription:—

> This house was built in the year of our Lord, 1762; and the inclosed ground on which it stands, with 30 guineas, was the bountiful donation of the Right Hon. ALEXANDER EARL OF ANTRIM, to the Dissenters of Glenarm.

The situation of the meeting-house is certainly much the most beautiful and commanding in the glen, but the building itself is not attractive.

The bay of Glenarm is formed by a deep circular winding of the shore, and is protected on each side by lofty headlands. There is deep water here, and a quay might readily be formed by building upon a natural basaltic pier on the north side of the bay. This would be not only of great advantage here, but of very universal benefit to the shipping in the northern part of the Irish sea; for, from the tremendous swell and precipitous shore, the land is unapproachable when the wind blows from the N. E., nor is there a sheltering harbour on this coast from Lough-Foyle to Larne. Further, the fishing along the

coast is at present so exceedingly precarious, that it does not yield a sufficient return to the poor seaman who has the hardihood to prosecute it. This would be remedied to a certain extent by the erection of a pier in this harbour, where the little skiff might fly for protection when the sea assumed one of those angry perturbations which are so sudden and so frequent on the Antrim coast. At present, for seven months and upwards, the fisherman's boat is drawn up upon the beach, and the inverted hulk secured by a quantity of large stones, until the return of the milder season; for as he has no place of retreat in the hurricane, and he dares not approach the shore while it continues, he is obliged to abandon this vocation altogether, and seek another and a less perilous mode of subsistence.

Small craft can reach the village of Glenarm, whence salt, lime-stone, and flints, are exported in great quantities. Excellent flints are found along the pebbly strand of the bay, near the salt works, but those in the lime-stone are generally preferred. Red-ochre, which is to be had at a place called "The Bull's Eye," in the Glenarm river, might also be made an article of exportation, and it is not improbable, that, with a diligent investigation, coals may be discovered in the vicinity. There is an adit of an ancient level, evidently intended for draining off the water from a coal-pit, discoverable in the Trap, near the village; and there is a belief amongst the villagers of the existence of coal in the little Deer-park.

Upon the south side of the bay is the little Deer-park, the most attractive curiosity at Glenarm to the tourist. It consists of a natural platform of considerable extent, so large as to be employed for the purposes of a park, the substratum of which is lime-stone. This base is

washed by the ocean, and worn into grotesque caverns and natural arch-ways. While the sea forms the boundary or inclosure of one side, the other is protected by a mural precipice of basalt, about two hundred feet high, completely impassable by the most active deer, and thus, by natural barriers, this secluded spot is rendered a perfectly secure inclosure. Over its surface, which is covered with a tolerably rich verdure, huge *debris* lie scattered in bold and wild magnificence and irregularity. Its situation and appearance, from the summit of the precipice, greatly resemble the wild scene of devastation at the foot of the promontory of Fair-head.

One of the projected improvements in this vicinity, is the cutting of a new line of road round the headland over the Deer-park, by which the hill, which almost intercepts communication between Glenarm and the south, will be avoided. The entire coasting line of country will derive material benefit from this great work, and the tourist a considerable accession of scenic enjoyment. The structure of the coast may be studied with great advantage from Gerron Point, on the north of the bay, to the harbour of Larne. The bay of Glenarm is inclosed by lofty chalk hills, capped with basalt: the range, with which these are connected, sweeps in a bold semicircle round the bay, receding considerably from the line of coast, which generally presents only a flat beach. Towards the centre of the bay, however, a low crag of red sand-stone occurs, distinguished by the name of the Red Braes of Carnallock. Half-way between these and the village of Glenarm, the clay of the lias formation may be traced, interposed between the red sand and the green stone which underlies the chalk. But this formation is far better displayed after doubling the cape

of Glenarm, in the cliffs beneath the little Deer-park, where it emerges from beneath the chalk and green stone, and exhibits a thickness exceeding 100 feet.

West of Glenarm stands the lofty mountain of Sliemish, formerly thought to be the highest in Antrim, but this is found by modern measurement not to be the case, it being only 1,398 feet high, while Knock Lade, Divis, and others, considerably exceed this elevation.

Leaving Glenarm by the northern line of coast, the road will be found very tolerable, and quite passable for conveyances of any description. The country, like the view between Larne and Glenarm, is well cultivated, but not thickly inhabited, having only a few scattered cottages, and some small villages. On the left, from Glenarm to Cushendall, many noble glens are passed, the direction of which, being nearly east and west, while the road lies north and south, affords the traveller an opportunity of looking down each, to the very remotest extremity. The first village entered after leaving Glenarm is called Straitcalye, a poor miserable fishing-place, consisting of a few mean huts. To the left lies the grand expanded valley of Glenclye. From this place the country improves rapidly in romantic beauty.

The village of Cairnlough offers nothing to detain or interest the traveller, and the opening scenes of sublimity and wonder incline him to hasten forward. On the right is the sea, over which the road hangs in a bold and awful manner; and on the left the dark mountains rise, in precipitous cliffs, to an enormous height, and cast a gloom over the path of the traveller.

At Drumnasole is the noble mansion of F. Turnly, Esq. lately erected, in a most romantic and sheltered situation,

completely protected by the proximity of the perpendicular hills behind, and the luxuriant and healthy shrubberies in front. In rainy seasons there are several very noble waterfalls down the front of these dark hills, and even in the dryest season the great fall in the glen behind Mr. Turnly's residence is a beautiful object. From Drumnasole house, the plantation extends to a great distance along the base of the hills, and in a few years promises to render perfect, in every part, this splendid continuation of romantic scenery. On a very elevated spot, close to the road, at Drumnasole, stands the school-house, an extraordinary edifice, two stories in height, and ornamented by a cupola, containing a clock and bell. The basement story is divided into two distinct parts for the different sexes, and the surrounding inclosure is disposed with becoming neatness and simplicity.

Nothing can be more sublimely picturesque than the scenery along this road for several miles. Here now is seen a little ruined chapel, enveloped in trees, on the left, with the dark basaltic cliff impending over it; and opposite is the little plantation, with a neat lodge in the centre, called Knappan. Passing Knappan the extraordinary and beautiful natural fortification of Dunmaul begins to appear; it stands upon the sea-shore, above which it is elevated about 300 feet. The front towards the sea is composed of strata of rude basalt, which, from the inclination of the cliff, which the Trap formation of Antrim uniformly possesses, viz. inward towards the centre of the county, produces the appearance of having been thus built to resist the attacks of the billows: the land side of the rock is covered with verdure, and is easily ascended. Here are certainly some

appearances of entrenchments; a fosse and mound may both be traced, without much exertion of the fancy or imagination.

The ancient forts of this kingdom were generally insulated rocks of this description—for instance, Dunamaise; and *Dun*, which is evidently analogous to the Welsh *Dinas*, will be always found applied in this sense. The Welsh traveller will at once call to mind Dinas Bran in Llangollen, and Dinas Emrys in Nant Gwynan, as peculiarly illustrative of the meaning of the term *Dun* or *Dinas*, and the probability that they were used as forts among the Aborigines of these countries.

The fort of Dunmaul, or probably Dunmail, is said to have been so called, because here the tribute of black mail was collected. The unlearned historians of the glens assert, that all the rents of Ireland were once paid here, as many private debts were paid at the tomb of Strongbow in Christ-Church, Dublin.

Probably the Scotch, who were in the continued habit of making predatory excursions into the Northern parts of Ireland, compelled the inhabitants to purchase tranquillity and peace by the payment of a tribute annually at this fort.

Upon the shore, adjoining the fort of Dunmaul, is the Gerron point, a very conspicuous head-land. From Glenarm it appears to be a sharp point, having a small insulated rock at its extremity, not unlike the Baily of Howth; but upon approaching the Gerron, this extreme acuteness vanishes, like the cape called 'Point no Point,' in the usually ridiculous nomenclature of America. Gerron point, so called from Gear, sharp, and rinn, a promontory, consists of three pinnacles, united by precipices of basalt, like the curtain-walls of a fortification, while

the three projecting points resemble so many salient angles. The strata here also possess the appearance of being formed to resist the violence of the sea, from the inclination of the dip; and the alternations are very distinctly exhibited in the face of the point: the ascent to the summit of the highest is extremely easy, along a gently-ascending verdant bank; and the mural precipice in front is so nearly perpendicular, that the eye can be directed to the very base of the rock where it first emerges from the beach. On this point there is generally placed a flag-staff of colossal dimensions, which might be used with advantage for telegraphic purposes, or be a useful index to the navigator during day-light.

In the descent from Dunmaul and Gerron point, the pedestrian tourist possesses a great advantage; for here he finds a passage of the road so steep, that few horses will submit to the pressure of a heavy vehicle, unless those accustomed to the mountain roads: and in ascending, travellers are obliged to procure the assistance of a few ponies, which are kept for this purpose at a neighbouring cottage. These are harnessed as leaders, and by their example and exertion encourage the unaccustomed cattle to climb the difficult ascent. This very steep pass is said to derive its name, 'The Foaran Path,' from a very well supplied spring, which may be observed close to the road, and from which a considerable stream of water eternally gushes.

Such rapid descents are to be met with only upon the most ancient lines of road. Modern engineering would blush at such a stupid effort to afford communication. There is a new ascent, however, now forming from the summit of the Foaran path, through an enormous rock of white lime-stone, along the mountain side, which will

supersede the necessity of travelling this dangerous path. This desirable and beneficial improvement is carrying on partly at the expense of Mr. Turnly, of Drumnasole. It appears highly probable, that the great detached mass of lime-stone, lying on the right of this new cut, will not preserve its present position very long; but even if it should fall, it will form a more secure foundation for the new road.

The road from the foot of the Foaran Path winds along the shores of Red Bay: on each side lie enormous blocks of lime-stone, having nodules of flint inserted in them, lying so loosely in the cavities, that they can be taken out by the hand without any exertion. The lime-stone has the appearance of having once been burned, and so dried by the heat as to lose its tenacious hold upon the flint, which now lies independent in the cavity, where, before, it was imbedded and incorporated. These great masses are thrown in the wildest confusion upon every side, from the foot of the Foaran Path to the vale of Glenariff.

A few yards from the Foaran Path, on the right, upon the shore, stands an extraordinary lime-stone rock, not unlike a colossal figure seated on a ledge of rock. This curious object is called 'Clocken Stooken;' it was formerly supposed to be the most northern point of Ireland, and appears to be regarded still with some superstitious feeling.

On this shore are seen innumerable piles of sea *wreck*, gathered for the manufacture of kelp, which is an object of exportation along this coast. The piles of wreck are so disposed on each side of the road as to produce an extraordinary effect, and may probably startle timid horses. The road now winds along the bold and rugged shore,

strewn with these enormous masses of lime-stone rock, in which the nodules of flint are found deposited in the manner already described. On the left the bold hills of Carrig Murphy and Slieve Baraghad rise with great sublimity, and completely over-hang the road.

The little town-land of Ardclinis is now soon reached, the only memorial of whose former importance, now discernible, is a little ruined chapel, standing on a very pleasing eminence, at the foot of a lofty ridge of mountain. Ardclinis is not mentioned in the Monasticon, or in Lannigan's Ecclesiastical History, unless, probably, it is identical with Aradnachill, founded by St. Patrick, whose site is undetermined. Near this little ruinous edifice a stream falls down the mountain's front; and just when it has attracted the attention, by its pleasing murmuring and splashing foam, sinks completely into the earth, and passing under the hill, which the road crosses, falls into the sea. The noble vale of Glenariff* is soon reached, remarkable for the extreme wildness of the prospect, and the extensive scene of desolation presented to the wondering eye of the traveller. The road crosses the entrance of the glen, and commands a view of it from end to end. On either side, the mountains rise with much regularity and a monotony of character. At the bottom are verdant sloping banks; above, a mural precipice of dark basalt, and on the summit a flat tract of table-land, affording tolerable pasture. This is the general appearance of most basaltic mountains, and from this very sameness the peculiar character of the vale of Glenariff is derived.

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* Glenariff is also called Glen-aireamh, the valley of Numbers; and Glen-aireachaib, the valley of Chiefs.

The eastern end of the glen is washed by the sea, and the shore is formed of a deep body of fine sand, which greatly intercepts the line of road. Near the entrance of the vale is Bay Lodge, the seat of —— Dobbs, Esq. tolerably sheltered with plantations; and, indeed, this is much required in this very dreary region; for in the spring and autumn the winds blow down the glen with such extreme acuteness, that it requires the hardy constitution and frame of a mountaineer to withstand its penetrating chill.

In the centre of the glen lies the Ballymena road, distant about twelve miles, which also leads to the waterfall called Isnaleara, about one mile and a half distant. In rainy weather the dykes on either side of the glen, in front of the lofty basaltic mountains, become suddenly supplied with foaming torrents, which rush down the hill with considerable fury, but just as quickly disappear again upon the cessation of the showers. The only never-fading cascade Glenariff has to boast, is Isnaleara, on the river Glenariff, which waters the glen, and ultimately falls into the sea at Naireamh, near the caves of Red Bay, through the little village of Waterfoot. The prospect to the west is terminated by the lofty conical summit of Cruach-a-Crue; while that to the north is limited by the extraordinary mountain of Lurgeidan, not unlike the frustum of an enormous cone of considerable altitude, but whose base is disproportionately narrow. On the summits of each are observed thick basaltic masses, resting, at considerable elevations, on strata of chalk; in the former mountain the inferior beds are concealed by grassy slopes, while in the latter the red sandstone is exposed in several points adjacent to its central region.

Passing the small neglected hamlet of Waterfoot, at the mouth of the Glenariff river, the caves of Red Bay are reached: they are excavations, probably formed at some remote period by the inroads of the tide, which is now excluded, by the embankment in front, in a species of soft red sand-stone. There are three of tolerable magnitude, one of which is very appropriately converted into a smith's forge, and affords a very Cyclopian appearance. A second is reported, in all probability with sufficient reason, to have been the residence of a female, whose trade was the sale of illicit spirits. The third is not converted to any important purpose.

On the extreme end of the southern cliff stands the ruined Castle of Red Bay, upon a similar argillaceous conglomerate. Beneath the bank are three distinct excavations of considerable dimensions; one of which was not long since used to dispense the blessings of education in, by a poor school-master, but is now degraded into a nightly sheep-pen. The new road here passes outside the cliff, close to the shore; and in excavating the red clay to continue this new line, a lofty gothic arch-way has been fantastically cut in the bank, through which the road to Cushendall passes. The castle, which is now totally ruined, stands in a very commanding, but very exposed situation. It was built by the Bissetts, from whom the Antrim family derive this barony; but of its former extent or style of architecture, nothing important can now be traced.*

From Red-Bay Castle the scenery changes very much: the dreary wilderness of Glenariff is exchanged for a rich,

* This ruin has sometimes been called Castle Carey, but it certainly has no just claim to this appellation.

pleasing, cultivated country, in the neighbourhood of Cushendall. There is a fine open tract of fertile land between the mountain and the sea, in the centre of which is situated the very beautiful and interesting little village of Newtown-glens, or Cushendall, which the traveller is now looking out for.

Cushendall.

Newtown Glens, or Cushendall,* is one of the most agreeable hamlets on the eastern coast; it is in a rapid state of improvement, most agreeably situated, and in the immediate vicinity of many interesting objects; whether we suppose the taste of the tourist to regard mineralogy, ancient history, poetry, or the language of nature. The basaltic ranges, which shall be more accurately treated of hereafter, are no where more grand or more inviting to the geologist. The monastic remains in the neighbourhood are not yet recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland. The remnants of Danish intrusion are here most prominent features, and some of the legends of Ossian may be heard repeated by the innocent inhabitants of Cushendall.

Here is a comfortable, neat inn, originally intended for

* Cushendall appears to be derived from Cush, the foot, and means the foot of the river Dall; or from Cois an da ealladh, the river foot of the two swans.

a private residence, and erected with a good deal of taste. There is a yarn market held here once a week, and eight fairs in the year. Many improvements are introducing, under the direction and at the expense of a very energetic and spirited proprietor, F. Turnly, Esq. whose name appears intimately connected with every beneficial change lately effected about this village, and, indeed, in several other parts of the country, through which our tourist passes. Opposite the inn, warm baths have been erected, which are extremely convenient for persons from the interior of Antrim, who visit this place in the bathing season. Amongst the new buildings in and near the village, the most extraordinary and conspicuous is the tall, square, tapering turret, at the cross-ways, erected by Mr. Turnly, as a place of confinement for idlers and rioters. This prison, although only a few feet in diameter, is amply capacious for the offenders of this neighbourhood.

The road in front of the inn leads towards the sea-shore, and also to the church of Lade. Not many yards from the inn is an agreeable patch of verdant mead, washed by the sea, and opposite to the central part of the small bay. Here we are told that Dall or Dallas, a Danish or Scotch intruder, landed, during the harvest of the year, when a number of reapers were engaged in this very field, who, not being provided with other weapons, despatched the gigantic invader with their reaping hooks, and interred him on the shore. Others assert, that Dallas was a Scotch pirate, who was slain on this spot by the illustrious Ossian; but the decision of the controversy does not appear to be of very great importance.

In this neighbourhood the poems of Ossian are perfectly well known, and from tradition totally, which has

induced a belief that this was actually the country of that celebrated bard of antiquity. But the intercourse between the Scots and inhabitants of the north of Ireland was so close and constant, that it cannot possibly determine for either, as the same thing occurs in the Highlands of Scotland.

About one mile south of the village, close by the shore, and in a sequestered glen, stands the ruined chapel of Lade, said to be founded by the M'Fails. The choir was about 80 feet in length, and rather narrow in proportion. At the western end some apartments remain, a small dormitory, and a vaulted apartment on the basement story, 24 feet by 21. The guides here call this ruin the Nunnery of Lade, and it has been totally neglected by Archdall and Dr. Lannigan. The cemetery around is a favoured burial ground, where the same disrespect of the relics of the dead prevails, which so much disgraces the character of the Irish peasantry, and creates such an admiration of the delicacy and refinement of the English and Welsh.

Behind the village, viewing it from the sea, rises a Danish *rath*, which the legends of Cushendall call Court M'Martin, and attribute to Martin M'Owen, Lord of the seven glens, who erected his castle upon the summit. Martin, says tradition, was the son of a fisherman of Cushendall, who, when returning from casting his net at the mouth of the river Dall,* perceived a large vessel, then an object of great admiration and astonishment, at anchor in the bay; and on the deck sat the captain, consulting an astrological volume. The captain called Martin into the vessel, and told him, it was fated that he should wed a

* River Dall is called Ballyeemin in Geolog. Trans. p. 202.

lady of Cushendall before a certain hour. "Retire, then, Martin," said the astrologer, "in my ship's boat, and endeavour to persuade some fair one of the village to become my bride; and fear not, for I have wealth for thee and thine to bestow in compensation." Martin entreated many fair ones to accept the unexpected riches, and accompany him to the great vessel in the harbour, and at length prevailed. Having reached the vessel, and being about to ascend, the captain exclaimed, "Martin, I thank you; you have performed your part, but my hour is past, and I must withdraw from hence; here is the fulfilment of my promise and your wishes," at the same time throwing a bag of gold into the boat. Martin eagerly seized on the treasure, but his happiness was not unmingled with alloy at the astrologer's rejection of the bride, who was no other than the wife of Martin. However, since fate had so ordered, he submitted to the disappointment, and returning home, erected his court on the summit of the hill already mentioned, and became lord and master of the seven great glens along the coast.

"Such is the tale the Nubians tell."

There is a school built upon the site of Court M'Martin, by Mr. Turnly, within the last year. The court occupied a space of 160 feet in circumference, and was of an octagonal form; and many noble apartments could be traced within its walls.

The lofty conical hill of Lurg-Edan, or Leirgethan, whose vertex appears to have fallen off, and left a regular frustum of an upright cone, is every where conspicuous, and every where beautiful. Its summit is a

flat plain, perfectly green, where formerly the great Fin M'Comhal and Ossian, with their Clan-na-buiske, were lodged, within a fortress. There is a mound on the summit not unlike a rath, called Dun Clanamourne; the origin of this also is ascribed to Fin M'Comhal, or Ossian. The term Clan-na-buiske, the natives here derive from Besco, in Spain, whence, they say, Fian's followers came into this country.

The summit of Lūrgeidan* is a mass of basalt, about 300 feet in thickness, supported by a stratum of chalk. The stratum of the country between the mountain and the sea is not easily discernible: but sand-stone appears to prevail in these regions, and continues to the shore, where is found also a conglomerate, in which fragments of quartz are imbedded. Near Red-Bay Castle, several basaltic dykes are seen traversing the conglomerate, which, while the adjacent cliffs yield to the violence of the waves, continue to present their bold detached crags to its incessant lashes. On the south-west of Lūrgeidan, remarkable formations of porphyry may be traced, and Court M'Martin is also another locality of the same.

Opposite Court M'Martin, on the south side of the road, stands Knock-na-chich, or Gallows Hill. There was a very large cave here, which has lately fallen in, and totally disappeared.†

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* Lurgeidan, *i. e.* the tracked-face, or foot-step on a face.

† The traveller who approaches Cushendall from Ballymena, will be much gratified by the pretty waterfall at Esstochar-bridge, 40 feet in perpendicular height, and bounded on either side by a basaltic colonnade of 40 feet in height.

The tract of red sand-stone and conglomerate, extends from Cushendall to Cushendun, and along the coast for a distance of four English miles, and about the same in an inland direction.

Cushendall to Cushendun.

To the west of Cushendall a majestic range of hills appears, forming an amphitheatre of many miles in extent. Lūrgeidan joins the lofty hill of Teabuliagh, which extends between the confluence of the Ballyeemin and Glenaan rivers. The highest summit of Teabuliagh is 1,235 feet, and the stratum of basalt which caps it, about 500 feet in thickness.

From the new road to Cushendun, there is a very grand and very extensive mountain view. The Trostan mountain, 2,200 feet in height, is seen in the distance, raising its dark and lofty summit above the nearer but less majestic mountains of Glenaan and Glendun or Ishirry. The country along the base of the hills is rich and cultivated, and the drive to Cushendun particularly pleasing.* At the distance of about two miles from Cushendall, two roads again present themselves, one straight forward to Cushendun, a mile distant; the other, to the left, passes into the vale of Glendun, and

* There are two roads to Cushendun, one by the church of Lade along the coast, the other a much better one, more inland, along the foot of the mountains. Cushendun, (*i. e.* the foot of the river Dun), is three miles from Cushendall.

over the mountain to Bally-castle. Proceeding by the direct road, the little hamlet of Cushendun is soon reached, delightfully situated on the sea-shore, in a small sheltered bay, into which the river Dun empties itself. The place itself is scarcely entitled to the dignity of a village, consisting of but a few cottages, mostly inhabited by fishermen, a house lately erected for the water-guard, and one or two neat cottages, let during the bathing season to visiters.

The chief objects of curiosity here, are the caves of conglomerate, on the sea-shore, about three hundred yards from the mouth of the river. There are three of these, very curious and very interesting subjects to the naturalist; one of which, of very considerable magnitude, is used for housing cattle in the winter; the others are used for car-houses, boat-houses, and various other purposes.

These caves are formed of the conglomerate, spoken of before, and are beneath a cliff called Cranagh, 123½ feet in height. This, however, is an escarpment of the Ieveragh, near Cushendall church, where the sand-stone attains an elevation of 522 feet above the level of the sea, its greatest altitude in this district.

The conglomerate of which the caves are formed, contains large pebbles of quartz, and more rarely of hornstone porphyry: also a species of greenstone porphyry; and finally, mica slate. The coarsely granular variety consists of quartzose pebbles, sometimes imbedded in an argillocalcareous cement. It has been observed, that this cement has often passed from a mechanical to a chemical state, and assumed all the characters of a regular clay porphyry, of a reddish colour.

On the northern side of the river, are seen the mansion and

grounds of —— M'Neill, Esq., beyond which are the ruins of Castle Carra,* from whence to the bay of Murloch, beyond the point of Tor, the cliffs of Cushleak consist of mica slate, containing subordinate beds of primitive lime-stone, syenite, and felspar porphyry. The hills behind the cliffs, as they approach Murloch bay, become covered with beds of red sand-stone, and chalk towards the summit, and some of the highest points exhibit caps of basalt. The point of Tor is about five miles distant from Cushendun, and is a projection of the cliffs of Cushleak. It is the nearest point of land to Scotland, being not more than 18 miles from Cantyre. This proximity of countries was turned to an important purpose by the Scots, who invaded and seized on territories in the county of Antrim: they used to kindle great fires upon the point of Tor, whenever they apprehended danger from the Irish, to warn their countrymen of its approach; in consequence of which Tor point was formerly called "The Scots Warning Fire." Upon the head of Tor are the remains of an old building, called Dunavarre, and also the great fort. It is supposed to have been erected by giants, whose burying place is shewn at a little distance from the fort, called Sleacht-na-Barragh.

A little beyond Tor is Murloch bay, from whence the basaltic hills are visible, whose formation has just been described. The promontories, on the north side of the bay, exhibit cliffs at the base composed of beds of mica slate, below which are immense lines of rude fragments of primitive rock. On the beach is a very remarkable basaltic dyke, rising in a projecting crag; and to the north is the detached conical mountain of Drimnakill, formed by a vast

* Probably a corruption of Carey.

subsided mass of columnar green-stone, thrown together with the most inconceivable disorder and confusion. Close by the Whyndyke, in the bay, the conglomerate of Cushendun again present themselves; so that this rock appears to limit the primitive formations of Cushleak cliffs at either extremity. The base of the cliff, from this to Fair Head, continues to be strewn with enormous fragments; amongst the masses, columnar green-stone forms the prevailing feature: and here the chalk and red sand-stone withdraw and yield their elevated position to the great columnar basaltic masses which form the majestic unrivalled cliffs so well known in the mineralogical kingdom by the name of Fair Head.

This little excursion from the bay of Cushendun by the cliffs of Cushleak, the point of Tor and Murloch-bay, is intended for the pedestrian whose object is the study of mineralogy, geology, and the great mysteries of nature in the formation of this region: nor is he the only one to whom this excursion will afford infinite variety and endless sources of admiration and astonishment; for, no part of the coast possesses more sublimity and boldness. Besides, the very distant view of the Scotch coast enjoyed in this excursion is extremely interesting, and excites feelings of a very peculiar nature, both as to the intercourse between these countries in former ages, and the possibility of their being once not divided by the unsocial waters which now intervene, whose greatest depth across does not exceed 53 fathoms.

To accommodate those who are unable, from various causes, to pursue the bold shore to Bally-castle, let us return again to Cushendun, and retracing the road for about a mile, turn at the bridge, up the vale of Glendun, and crossing the river Dun, ascend the mountain. To

the left lies Glendun, a long, narrow, fertile vale; down the very centre of which flows the river, which gives name to the valley and the mountain: this is the most inland of the three roads, by which Bally-castle may be reached; it is much the best for carriages, and commands a more extensive prospect than the middle one; but is certainly very inferior in point of interest to the shore road, which is unfortunately impassable by any but pedestrians.

Ascending Grange hill, the road crosses an extensive wild unprofitable waste: turf is sometimes cut here, but in a coal country even this produce of the soil becomes unprofitable. After a patient journey of four miles through this *moor*, the Island of Raghery appears in front, the paps of Jura in the distance, and the straight between Raghery and Fair Head. To the left, across the mountain country, are discovered the lofty hills of Knock-Lade, 1820 feet high, and * Sliebh-na-aura, 1530 above the level of the ocean. Bally-castle soon becomes visible in the low country to the left, and beyond it, projecting into the sea, are seen the snow-white cliffs of Ken-baan.† As the traveller is above Fair Head, the flat table land upon its summit, and the little loughs, which have collected in that very elevated situation, alone are presented to his view.

The descent to Bally Castle is very rapid, the scene before you is converted into a more minute view of what

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* Sliebh-na-aura, is also written in the maps, Slieuenorry, and Nory. In the M.S. in the possession of the Countess of Antrim Sliebhnahoragh.

† Ken-baan, *i. e.* the white-head.

was but indistinctly seen from the heights of the Carey Mountains; and passing Acrevally and Culfeightrin Church, the Abbey of Bona-Margy is seen close to the road, within a walled cemetery: this ruin is sufficiently perfect to excite interest, and to indicate the style of its architecture, and the burial ground is preserved with more respect for the miserable remains of mortality than is to be found in the cemeteries in the country parts of Ireland in general. The mountains of Knocklead and Sliebh-na-aura, which were seen on the approach to Bally Castle, are objects of very considerable interest, and the reader will consequently find them spoken of more fully after his arrival at Bally Castle, which appears the most appropriate place for the introduction of any anecdote or fact connected with them.

The Abbey of Bona-Margy was founded in the year 1509 by Charles M'Donnell, for Franciscan Friars of the third order, and is one of the latest monastic edifices erected in Ireland. In 1595, Æneas Voighragh, who was slain by O'Neil, at the battle of Glenshiesk, was interred here. And here also rest the ashes of the famous James M'Sorley, who defeated the last of the M'Quillans.

The chapel measures about one hundred feet in length, by thirty-four in breadth, and is now unroofed. The eastern end is ornamented by some tolerably executed bas reliefs, and the eastern window was of considerable dimensions, and highly enriched with sculpture. On the south side is a tomb, bearing this inscription, in Roman capitals:—

Here lyeth the bodie of JOHN M'NAGHTEN, first Secretaire to Randal, first Earl of Antrim, who departed this Mortalitie in the year of our Lord God 1630.

On the North of the choir, may be seen the ruins of the refectory, dormitory, and other apartments generally attached to religious houses; and a small oratory has been lately roofed, within which the illustrious family of Antrim are interred. Over the window, in Roman characters, now nearly obliterated, is the following commemorative inscription:—

In Dei, Deiparœque Virginis honorem, nobilissimus, atque illustrissimus, Randolphus M'Donnell, Comes de Antrim, hoc sacellum fieri An. Dom. 1621. *M. S. Manwaring Stewart.*

About one mile from Bona-Margy is that part of the town of Bally Castle * usually denominated the Quay, from a quay or pier, formerly erected here, but since demolished by the violence of the tides; and less than half a mile further, is the town of Bally Castle.

The tourist is now conducted to the N. E. point of Ireland, along the eastern coast, to a distance of about 120 miles from Dublin. The part of the coast which occurs between Carrick Fergus and this point, was scarcely ever attempted to be brought before the inquiring public, although the portion from Fair Head to the Causeway has been the subject of much philosophical controversy, and of many interesting publications.†

The town of Bally Castle, anciently Bally Cashlain, or Castlestown, derives its name from a castle erected

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* Bally Castle is 12 miles from Cushendall; from Belfast 49.

† Hamilton's Letters.—Drummond's Poem, "The Giants' Causeway."—Antrim Survey, &c.; and many tourists have minutely and accurately described the wonders and the scenery of the northern coast, from Fair Head to Port Rush.

there, in the 16th century, by Viscount Dunluce, one of the ancestors of the illustrious house of M'Donnell. It is divided into two parts, the upper and lower. The latter is usually called the quay, where are the houses of Captain Boyd, H. Boyd, Esq., E. Macildowney, Esq., and the old Custom-house, now converted into a barrack. On a bank divided from the quay by a narrow channel, stands the Glass-house, in a state of ruin and dilapidation. The upper town is approached by a long, straight avenue, sheltered by rows of lofty full grown trees. At the entrance of this avenue are some excellent houses, and the approach to the town is altogether an agreeable drive.

The town of Bally Castle may be said to be the creation of one enterprising man solely, Hugh Boyd, Esq., to whom Alexander, Earl of Antrim, in 1736, granted a lease in perpetuity of all coals, pits, mines, &c. from Bona-Margy monastery, on the west, to the cliff called Fair Head, eastward; and three miles southward from the sea coast. The only rent paid for this grant is the twelfth ton of coal, delivered at the mouth of the pit: the banking, shipping, &c. are charges deducted from the chief rent, and are estimated at 2*s.* 8*d.* per ton. Mr. Boyd becoming possessed of so valuable an interest in the vicinity of Bally Castle, undertook improving the harbour, as the most certain mode of establishing the commercial character of the place. The situation of the bay is particularly exposed to the north-west winds, which, encountering the island of Raghery in their way, drive in a tremendous sea between that island and Bally Castle. While the shipping were without protection from these winds and turbulent waters, it was in vain to expect Bally Castle could become a place of commerce.

Application was made, and parliamentary aid to the

amount of £. 23,000, granted for the erection of a pier. After the expenditure of this sum, and the erection of glass furnaces, breweries, tan-yards, and various other useful establishments, the violence of the tides overthrew the pier, the harbour filled up with sand, and the trade of Bally Castle appears destroyed for ever. At present, the breweries are in ruins; the glass-house as useless as one of the ancient round towers of Ireland; the Custom-house converted into a barrack, and even the collieries but tamely worked. The upper town consists of about 200 houses, disposed with some regularity. The church, which was built by Mr. Boyd, the founder of Bally Castle, is a handsome stone building, ornamented with a spire; it is surrounded by a wall, and the inclosure prettily planted. The founder was interred here upon the very day of its consecration. In front of the church is an open space, where fairs and markets are held. The other places of worship, besides the church built by Mr. Boyd, are one Roman Catholic chapel, one Presbyterian and one Methodist meeting-house. The parish church is at a short distance from the town. Near this church is a poor school, endowed by Hugh Boyd, Esq. with 20 acres of land, rent-free for ever; and his mother, Mrs. Rose Boyd, bequeathed £. 20 to its support. There are two inns in the town, Fullerton's and O'Haile's, and chaises may be had to hire. There are two springs of mineral water in the neighbourhood, one a chalybeate water, remarkably light, and strongly impregnated with iron; the other an aluminose vitriolic water.

Before we conclude our description of Bally Castle town, both as to what it was and what it is, it may not be amiss to mention why it claimed the advantage of a pier, erected at the public charge, and therefore,

whether a second effort should be made to accomplish its construction. The exports of Bally Castle were, coal; earth used in china manufactories, equivalent to Kaolin; this was procured on Fair Head: granite, from Bally-patrick Mountain, resembling petunse, also used in the composition of china: potter's clay, brick clay, and excellent fire-stones; sand for glass-making, kelp, and manganese. To these may be added free-stone, lime-stone, and flints. From this enumeration, it is obvious, that the wealth of Bally Castle is of an inexhaustible, imperishable nature, and such as to render it a matter of public benefit to re-establish this harbour, upon such improved principles, that the billows of the ocean shall roar against it in vain.

Knock Lade.*

This hemispherical mass, at whose base stands the village of Bally Castle, is composed of three distinct strata, a schistose, a calcareous, and a basaltic stratum. It is situated partly in the parish of Ramoan, and partly in that of Armoy, and is remarkable for presenting the same *phase* in every direction: it rises to a height of 1,820 feet above the level of the sea, and the cap of trap upon its summit is 930 feet in thickness. Cultivation has gradually crept up its sides for the last half century, and even the very

* Sometimes written Laid, Leid, and Laide.

summit is clothed with natural verdure, so that it forms a beautiful back-ground to the view of Bally Castle. Here, various petrifactions are found, particularly bivalves and volutes, of the species which are now extinct.

On the highest point is a large heap of stones, called in the Gælic tongue, Cairn-an-Truagh, *i. e.* the Hillock of the Three: the existing tradition concerning this cairn, states, that three Danish princesses, sisters, after various misfortunes and wanderings, were buried here.* In Seward's Topography of Ireland, there is an accurate description of an eruption, said to have occurred on this mountain in 1788, by which many lives were lost, and the village of Ballyowen destroyed: Seward does not give his authority for the account, but it can be traced to the Dublin Chronicle for June 7th, 1788, where an extract from a letter, supposed to have been written in Bally-castle, minutely specifies the circumstances attendant on the volcanic eruption. The tourist may rest assured, however, that the whole narration is fabulous; for, in the first instance, Dr. Hamilton published a second edition of his Letters in 1790, in which there is not the least notice of such an event; and the writer of this volume made personal inquiry from the neighbouring gentry in 1823, who remember that such a fable was once circulated.† The coal-beds of Fair Head are supposed to extend to the base of this mountain; and if a flame had burst out of the earth here at any time, it would not be likely to

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* Parochial Survey of Ramoan.

† See Topographia Hibernica; also, Dublin Chronicle, June 5th, June 7th, and June 12th, 1788.

meet with so decided a disbelief, as beds of coal do constantly take fire; but the account of the eruption of Knock Lade, does not insinuate even the possibility of any thing but a formal flow of Lava.

Sliebh-na-Aura.

To the south of Knock Lade is seen the beautiful and majestic hill Sliebh, or Slieve-na-Aura, oftentimes the scene of many a deed of blood: it was here that the M'Donalds and M'Quillans fought the decisive battle, which established the title of the one, more powerfully than the laws could then have done, and the total extinction of the splendor of the other.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, the famous battle of Aura was fought, between Sorley-Boy of Dunluce, and the M'Quillans, in which many of the latter were slain, and their army totally routed. This defeat was the result both of bravery and artifice combined; Sorley-Boy resolved to procure, by stratagem, what he feared the alliance of the O'Neills with the M'Quillans might prevent courage alone from accomplishing; and, observing a dangerous bog between the enemy and himself, he caused a number of rushes to be cut in the night-time, and strewn over the surface of the bog, to form a safe path across: in the morning, sending a party to brave the O'Neills, in their very camp, their fiery chief immediately ordered out his cavalry; but the challengers, with real Parthian courage, now fled towards their own camp, by the rush path they had laid, while O'Neill's

cavalry pursuing, were ingulphed in the treacherous road. In attempting to retreat, O'Neill and his followers were cut off by Hugh M'Ilveal, to whom the unhappy chieftain offered, as a ransom, "all the young horses, and all the fair damsels of Claneboy." "Sir," said M'Ilveal, "if all the horses in Ireland were Sorley-Boys, I would rather go on foot," and straightway clove his helm in two.*

Near the summit of Aura mountain, an elevation of 1,530 feet above the ocean, two cairns are pointed out as the burying place of O'Neill and one of his followers.

After the battle of Aura, Sorley-Boy withdrew to the vicinity of Trostan, a lofty and conspicuous mountain, over Cushendall, where he was entertained by Macauley, lord of the glens, and where a cairn was erected to commemorate the place of festivity. "After this conflict," says the manuscript, "M'Quillian leaped across the river Dervog, and so left the Rout for ever. Sorley-Boy enjoyed it eleven years, and dying, was buried at Bona Margy. In one of the feigned retreats, made by Sorley-Boy, to deceive O'Neill, the party was retarded by the inactivity of an officer, named Dool Oge, many years a follower of the M'Donalds. Upon being chid for loitering by Sorley-Boy, he replied, 'Sir, it is impossible for me to run with you, and with your father before you.'

The immense estates, the right to which had here been decided, by force of arms, as belonging to the M'Donalds, was shortly after about to be contended for by two brothers of the same family, Randall and Æneas: but

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* MS. in the cabinet of the Countess of Antrim.—Also notes to Dr. Drummond's Causeway.

this dispute was terminated by the aid of superstition, whose reign was evidently not yet extinct, as the following fact evinces. When the two armies were drawn out, and ready to engage, O'Dornan, the clerk of St. Patrick, stepping in between and ringing a bell, denounced the curse of the great Patron Saint of Ireland upon the unjust claimant. The effect was immediate; the brothers became reconciled, and the right of primogeniture acknowledged.

Fair Head—Collieries.

To the east of Bally Castle bay, the majestic promontory of Fair is seen boldly overlooking the foamy sea that divides it from the Isle of Rathlin. As this sublime and terrific scene is one of such very universal notoriety, we shall suppose the inquisitive traveller to proceed thither from the inn at Bally Castle; and although the collieries are passed upon the way, yet they shall be postponed until the chief object of interest, Fair Head, be minutely described. Leaving the quay, and proceeding by the road along the shore for a distance of about one mile, the precipitous bank which contains the coal mines, and in whose front a stratum of black shining slate is observable, is to be ascended in the first convenient place. The path forward then to Fair Head cannot be mistaken, as the object of inquiry remains always in view. From this elevation the island of Raghery is so very distinctly seen, that houses, fields, &c. are readily recognized. The hills

and isles of Scotland are less distinctly perceived, at various distances. The angry waters between this Head and the Island are either in a continued sheet of foam, or possessing a majestic swell. With every change of tide or wind, a corresponding change takes place in the state of the surface of the waters, so that the view from Benmore is subject to the most infinite varieties.

Fair Head, or as it is generally and more properly denominated Benmore, *i. e.* the Great Head, is incorrectly stated, by Dr. Hamilton, to be the Rhobogdium of Ptolemy. It is not the most northern point of Ireland, which certainly was what Ptolemy meant to designate by this name, nor is it so called in any copy whatever of Ptolemy's map. The name Rhobogdium is evidently and unequivocally attributed in the ancient map of this geographer to Malin Head, or Inishowen Head.

This splendid promontory, whose highest point is 535 feet above the ocean's level, is composed of a body of columnar green-stone, of such colossal dimensions, that its rude articulations are not at first very obvious; but upon surveying attentively one of the gigantic columns, the joints and separatrices are distinctly marked. The whole structure of the promontory consists of two parts; the one, at the sea side, is an inclined plane, strewn with enormous masses of the same stone, in the wildest and most terrific chaos; above this rises the mural precipice of columnar green-stone, 250 feet in height. The scene of ruin at the base of these Titanian pillars is probably not exceeded in Europe. Here the sea heaves in a solemn, majestic swell, the peculiar attribute of the Atlantic waters, and in every retreat discloses the apparently endless continuation of con-

various distances. The angry waters between this
Island and the Island are either in a continued sheet of

vulsive ruin, covered by the waters beneath the promontory. Upon this region of desolation, on the shore, enormous debris, either assuming the character of rude columnization, or in a perfectly shapeless mass, whose weight is calculated at from four to five thousand tons, are thrown together in all the savage sublimity of which we can conceive the wildest scenes in nature capable.

The scene just now described, is discovered below the feet of the traveller, as he cautiously paces along the brink of the precipice. The surface upon which he treads, upon examination, will be found to consist of a regular pavement, formed of the extremities of enormous prismatic masses, composing the precipice, perfectly denuded and completely level. These prisms vary in form; some are quadrilateral, and appear to be composed of a congeries of smaller prisms, aggregated in such a way, as to suggest very obviously the clustered assemblage of shafts, which occur in the formation of a gothic column. In tracing the summit of this bold head, several natural curiosities are pointed out; the first, to the west, is a fissure in the face of the precipice, called Fhir Leith, or the Gray Man's Path: the entrance to the pass, at the top, is extremely narrow; and formerly, a joint of greenstone, which had fallen across it, formed a sort of natural gate, through which the bold inquirer descended; entering, next, a gradually expanding passage, which leads to the chaotic heaps, at the base of the great colonnade. The natural architrave has lately fallen down, and quite choked up the passage. There are one or two similar chasms along the summit, which have frequently proved fatal to the cattle left pasturing upon the head-land. There are several places along the brink of the precipice, where the guide directs

his followers to lie flat upon the ground, and cast the eye down perpendicularly to the foot of the column, a depth of 250 feet; this can be done in many places without the least danger. Some of the columns are magnetical.

Near the highest point of Fair Head is an extraordinary cave, said to be artificial, and called a Pict's house. Not far hence are two small lakes, at an elevation exceeding 400 feet above the sea, called Lough Caolin and Lough-na-Cressa; one of these discharges its overflowing waters into the sea, through the whyndyke, called Carrick Mawr, or the Great Crag. The pedestrian may now continue his excursion along the edge of the precipice for about two miles, after which, the scenery he is already acquainted with reappears. And here we shall suppose him to return to Bally Castle.

The next object of interest and curiosity is the Colliery; of which, probably, a brief history as to its discovery and importance to the country, rather than a minute detail of its geological situation, would be both the most acceptable to the tourist and the most appropriate for a work of this nature.

The collieries occupy an extent of one mile along the coast of the bay; they have been wrought for many centuries, as we shall shortly demonstrate, and were found extremely productive: they once sent from ten to fifteen thousand tons to market annually, whereas, probably, one thousand or fifteen hundred is the present limit. The inhabitants appear to prefer turf fuel, and even the islanders from Raghery carry over turf from the main land. The chief dependance of the collier is upon the Dublin market, whither the Derry ships (which otherwise would be unfreighted) take cargoes, and for which they are

allowed a bounty equivalent to the duty upon English coals. There were twelve coal-pits opened here formerly, of which only four continue to be worked.

The coal found at Bally-castle collieries, particularly in the Gob-pit, is not unlike the coal of Campbell-town, and is called here blazing coal; but there is another species in the same region called blind coal, by no means so useful. In 1807, the miners working this coal came to a fault, consisting of a bed of limpid-shells, which they cut through, and recovered the coal. These two species are never found together, nor are constantly in one place; they are separated by a whyndyke, at a place called Whaley's Folly. The fossils usually attendant upon the coal of this district are iron-stone, black shivery slate, grey, brown, or yellowish sand-stone, and basalt or whynstone; all which strata preserve much regularity, and exhibit their arrangement in the steep cliffs: they are inclined to the horizon in a small angle. These strata are sometimes cut through by vertical dykes, some of which are impenetrable; and these stops, or interruptions, are called faults. There is one remarkable case of a bed of trap, lying in a conformable position between strata of sand, at White-nose-crag, near Port-na-Crea, called here an horizontal dyke: it is about two feet in thickness, yields a black enamel before the blow-pipe, and acts on the magnet. The cliff in which the coal-beds are deposited, is traversed by several dykes: the Carrickmore-dyke, which throws out the measures of the Gob colliery; the Salt-pans dyke, producing a similar effect on the west; the North-star dyke, which is frequently cut through without producing a fault to the miner; but the coal on either side, for a distance of nine feet, is reduced to cinders,

as if the basalt had been poured in in a fluid state. Towards Bally-castle, a subsidence or fault takes place, and the coal-beds are surrounded by trap rocks. The collieries are worked to a considerable distance below the sea, and there is much water within, which, together with the constant attendance of foul air, prevents their continuing below more than eight hours at a maximum.

That the Bally-castle collieries have been worked at a very remote period, is a fact sufficiently established by the following anecdote, taken from Hamilton's learned work upon this coast.

About the year 1770, while the miners were pushing forward an adit towards the bed of coal, in an unexplored part of the Bally-castle cliff, they unexpectedly broke through the rock into a narrow passage, so much contracted and choaked up with various drippings and deposits on its sides and bottom, as to render it impossible for any of the workmen to force through, that they might examine it farther. Two lads were therefore made to creep in with candles, for the purpose of exploring this subterranean avenue; they accordingly proceeded for a considerable time, with much labour and difficulty, and at length entered into an extensive labyrinth, diverging into numerous apartments, in the mazes and windings of which they were completely bewildered and lost. After various vain attempts to return, their lights were extinguished, their voices became hoarse, and exhausted with frequent shouting; at length, becoming completely fatigued, they sat down together in utter despair. Meanwhile their friends without, alarmed for their safety, used equal exertion to indicate their presence, but in vain; at length, it occurred to one of the subterranean wanderers, that

the sound of his hammer against a stone would be better heard than the sound of the human voice, which artifice succeeded in directing their friends to the place where the two young adventurers were seated in despondence, and so ultimately restored them to the light of the sun, after an absence of twelve hours.

Thirty-six chambers were discovered here, all trimmed and dressed by excellent hands; also baskets and mining implements, and other demonstrations of the original miners' knowledge and expertness in the art equal to that of the present age. No tradition remains in the country of the working of this mine; and the peasantry, who attribute all works of antiquity in this kingdom to the Danes or the giants, in this instance prefer the former. But this conclusion is erroneous, as is very satisfactorily proved by the writer of the above extract. Another argument, in favour of the supposition that these collieries were wrought anciently, is derived from this curious circumstance. Bruce's-castle, on the Island of Raghery, appears to have been built with lime, which had been burned with sea-coal, some of the cinders of which may still be detected in the mortar, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Bally-castle coals. Now these coals, in all probability, were brought from Bally-castle, for the English collieries were not then in general use, and this was more than five centuries ago.

Raghery Island.*

Returning to Bally-castle, after visiting Fair Head and the collieries, a very interesting excursion is open to the tourist, namely, a visit to the Island of Raghery. In the voyage to Raghery, the tides and state of weather are to be consulted, nor should the excursion be attempted without a proper boat, and four stout hands. These are both readily procured at Bally-castle for a moderate price. If the tide should be at such a period as to admit of falling down by Fair Head, and then crossing over to Ushet Point, this should, by all means, be accomplished; for in this excursion the view of Fair Head will be found to be the noblest object on the whole range of the Antrim coast. This voyage is somewhat longer than the passage over to Church Bay.

The strait which divides Raghery from the main land, called Slunk-na-Marra, the hollow of the sea, is about six miles broad, and so exceedingly troubled, that its navigation is a matter of difficulty, and sometimes even dangerous, owing to the great current occasioned by the narrow channel: from the continued swell, that even in the

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* This island is called by Pliny, Ricnea—Ricina, by Ptolemy—Riduna, by Antonius—Recarn and Recrain, by the Irish historians—Raclinda by Buchanan—Rachlin, by Ware—Rathlin, by modern map-makers—and Rachery, or Raghery, by the inhabitants. Dr. Hamilton derives the name from Ragh Erin, the fortress of Ireland, which appears rather fanciful. Others have derived it from Riadalean, the habitation in the waters. It was anciently called Rochrime, from the multitude of trees with which it abounded.

calmest weather does not cease, and the conflux of tides, broken and interrupted by islands and headlands, many melancholy accidents have occurred at various periods: lately, a long-boat, containing a water-guard and nine men, was lost; and several boats have been seen to sink in the very midst of this channel, to which, from the instantaneous overwhelming, by the irresistible swell, no assistance could be rendered. But in many cases, the losses have been chiefly attributable to want of sobriety, or total ignorance in the helmsman. An experienced sailor will scarcely ever run any risk in these very troubled straits.

Upon approaching the coast of the island, an exact analogy is observable, in its geological structure, to the main land; and on that point of it lying immediately opposite Kenbaan Head, a singular combination of dykes occurs, apparently continuations of those which, at the latter place, appear to have been attended with such extraordinary disturbances. Three black dykes are here seen traversing the chalk, which is converted into a finely granular marble. These dykes are a little to the west of Church Bay.

Here also, at a place called the Black-Rock, fragments of the old sand-stone are found associated with blocks of syenite, in great abundance. The shores of Raghery rise very abruptly from the sea, particularly about Kentruan, 318 feet above its level. Here the cliffs appear to be continued down under the water with artificial perpendicularity. The principal landing place is at Church Bay, where the visiter must not expect to find either a village or an inn. The island is the property of Mr. Gage, who holds it by a lease in perpetuity, under the Countess of Antrim. This gentle-

man is completely lord of the isle, and banishes his subjects to the *continent* of Ireland for misconduct, or repeated offences against his laws. Raghery is about five English miles in length by three and a half in breadth; it contains about 2,000 acres, one quarter of which grows corn, &c. There are three town-lands, called Shandra, Alla, and Knock-ard, upon which the majority of the inhabitants, generally about 1,000, reside: it appears, from a late census, that its population is not increasing, and varies very little. There are two places of worship here, a Protestant church and a Roman Catholic chapel.

The extreme western end of the island is called Kenramer, and is 352 feet above the ocean: here is the Bull Point, an elevation of 280 feet. At the same end of the island is a fresh-water lake, called Lough Cliggin, whose height above the high water-mark is 238 feet. And near Ushet is Lough Runaolin, only 144 feet above the same level. It may be observed, that the surface is in general greatly elevated above the ocean, the lowest point, Altahony, being 83 feet high, and the highest, Sliebh Ard, 372. The mean elevation is 200 feet. Formerly, distinctions existed between the inhabitants of each end of the island, and the qualifications of Ushet and Kenramer men were looked upon as totally dissimilar. This, however, is now quite extinguished.

Near Ushet, at a place called Doon Point, the disposition of the basaltic columns is very remarkable, some being perpendicular, others horizontal, and others curved. The base of this little promontory is a natural pier or mole; above this is a collection of columns of a curved form, apparently assumed in conformity with the surface on which they rest, and inducing a belief that they were so moulded when in a state of softness; and above both

these arrangements, there is a variety of differently disposed columns, partaking of every position in which basalt has been discovered at other places.

The form of Raghery Island is that of a right angle, whose sides or legs are Kenramer and Ushet points: on the external vertex of the right angle stands Bruce's Castle, and in the internal vertical is Church Bay. In the early ages of our history, the proximity of Scotland and Ireland invited mutual predatory expeditions, to which it certainly appears the Scotch were more addicted than the Irish: in these occasional petit and partial invasions, the Island of Raghery was found very useful, both as a depôt and a place of retreat. In a small plain, in the centre of the island, several tumuli were recently discovered; and upon opening them, they were found to contain various implements of war, brazen swords, spears, &c. A large fibula, found in one of these, is now deposited in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. A stone coffin was also found, inclosing a human skeleton, beside which stood an earthen vessel, in which a residuum was deposited which appeared to be of blood. Collections of bones were found in several of the others.

During the civil wars which devastated Scotland, between Robert Bruce and Baliol, the former fled to Raghery for shelter; and fortifying himself in the castle which now bears his surname, made a bold and successful resistance to his enemies. The short time which Bruce remained upon the island may be very fairly assigned as a reason for his not having been the founder or builder of the castle; besides, in all probability, it was the existence of this strong castle on Raghery Island which induced the exiled king to fly thither for shelter. This is the more insisted upon, as the date of the erection of this building

may help to throw some light upon the date of the period at which the Bally-castle collieries were originally worked, as has been mentioned before, from the lime used in the castle walls having been burned with sea-coal,* some of the cinders of which are discoverable in the mortar.

In the beginning of the fifth century, "Saint Comgall "landed on this island, with an intent to erect a cell; but "he was instantly seized by a band of thirty military "men, who, holding his hands, drove him out of the "Island." We are not informed by whose orders this holy man was so inhospitably received and so rudely treated; but St. Columba, the founder of the Abbey of Derry, A. D. 546, succeeded: he founded a church here, and placed over it Colman, the deacon, the son of Roi. Dr. Lannigan attributes the foundation of this chapel to Segenius, Abbot of Hy, in the year 653. In the year 795, this island was invaded or infested by the Scandinavian free-booters, vulgarly called Danes, who pillaged the church, and burned and destroyed what they could not remove; and in 973, these ruthless despoilers crowned with martyrdom St. Feradach, the holy abbot of this church. In 1551, it was invaded by the English, who were repulsed with the loss of one vessel;† and in 1558, the Scots took possession of Raghery, but were soon after expelled, with dreadful slaughter, by the Lord Deputy, Sussex, who seized upon it for the English Crown.

There is a tradition of a dreadful massacre having been perpetrated here some years back by the Highland clan of

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* See Collieries, page 75.

† Amongst the English captives was found Captain Bagnal, a person of some rank, who was afterwards exchanged for Sorley-boy, then a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin.

the Campbells; and a place called Glar-na-Calleach is pointed out as the scene of a wanton and cowardly murder, committed upon a number of old women, who were thrown over the rocks, at the instigation of a monster, called M'Nalready. In 1575, General Morris landed here with a body of men from Carrick-Fergus; and having killed two hundred and forty of the islanders, seized upon the castle.

Raghery is considered part of Antrim county, and is a rectory in the diocese of Connor; it produces about £.100 per annum to the incumbent.

Road from Bally-Castle to Ballintoy.

About three miles from Bally-castle, on the Ballintoy road, lies Kenbaan, *i. e.* the White Head. This is one of the most interesting and extraordinary promontories in this apparently unnatural region; it is the most conspicuous object in the view, as Bally-castle is approached from the Carey Mountains, from the snowy whiteness of its chalky cliffs, and a nearer survey tends to increase admiration and astonishment. A mass of chalk, about one furlong in extent, is seen in the face of the cliff, abruptly terminated, and with every demonstration of violent convulsion at both extremities. Towards the east, it is both over and under-lain by basalt, and forming a sort of tongue, is at last lost, and inclosed in that rock; here also the chalk, which is horizontal in most other places, is perceived to assume a curved position.

Towards the west, the chalk extends into the sea, and

forms a sharp, narrow tract of land, whose highest point is 70 feet above its surface, connected to the main land by an isthmus completely broken through; over this chasm hang abruptly the ruins of an ancient castle, the gate-way of which is tolerably perfect, once the strong hold of the M'Alisters, a hardy, stubborn enemy to the Queen, in the deputyship of Sir John Perrot: this site, like that of Dunluce, appears to have been selected for the narrowness of its approach, and its consequent security of defence.

Beneath M'Alister-castle, on each side of the chasm, enormous whyndykes may be distinctly traced, and in every direction the promontory appears shattered and convulsed; masses of basalt (mingled sometimes with chalky debris, and flints), are seen protruding through numerous fissures. In some instances, the chalk is converted into a compact crystalline marble, viz. when it comes into contact with these dykes. The entire chalky mass is capped with basalt; but near the summit of the cliffs, which rise to a height of 300 feet, two beds are seen, which at a distance appear like chalk; but, upon a nearer examination, are found to be a breccia, composed of chalk, intermixed with flints and basaltic concretions. The external surfaces of these fragments appear to have undergone considerable alterations, and they are penetrated by nests of a greenish substance, apparently steatite.

Beneath Kenbaan Head are numerous caves in the chalky cliffs, only capable of being visited by a boat, extremely beautiful and curious. These caves are perfectly dry, and are used as boat-houses in winter, and places for boat-building in summer. The excavation usually called Grace Staples Cave, between Kenbaan and Bally-castle, is particularly remarkable for the columnarity

of its sides, and is a miniature of the Cave of Staffa. On the western side of Kenbaan Head is an enormous fissure in the rocky cliff, known by the epithet of Buly, which the guides assert to be the impression of the great Cuchullin's sword. There is no little excursion by water along the coast, more seriously worth the attention of the tourist, than this from Bally-castle to Raghery, and thence along the coast to Ballintoy.

About one mile farther, turning towards Kenbaan Head, lies Ardmoy, or Armoy, the Yellow-hill. Armoy is a fair town, having six of these public markets annually. The base of a round tower* (not enumerated by Ledwich) is found at this place, and about two miles from this, more inland, an old castle, inclosed by plantation, of which the history is lost.

Carrick-a-Rede.

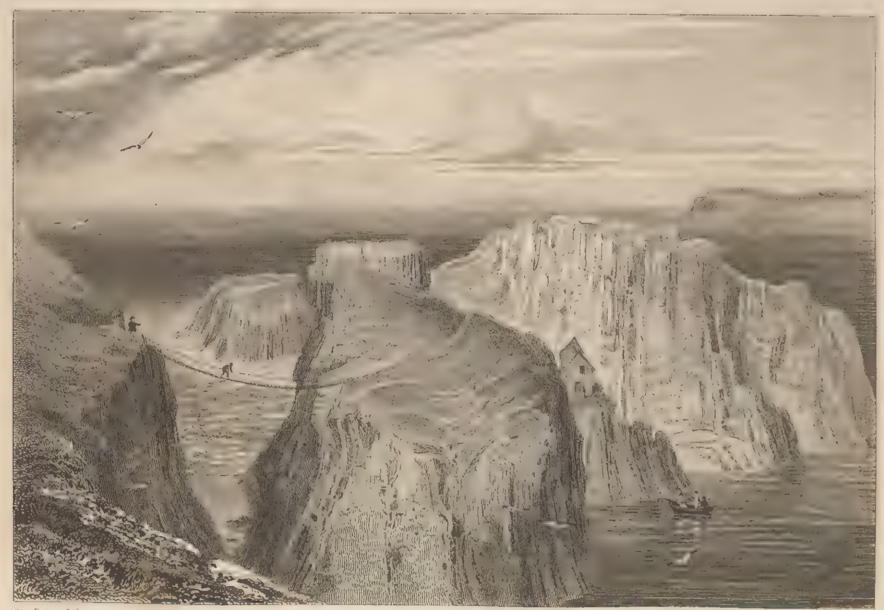
THE next important object of inquiry and curiosity, is the swinging bridge of Carrick-a-Rede, or Carrick-a-Ramhad, *i. e.* the rock in the road; because it interrupts the salmon in their passage along the coast. Carrick-a-Rede is an insulated crag of rudely prismatic basalt, connected with the main land by a bridge of ropes, thrown across a chasm sixty feet in breadth and eighty-four in depth. This flying bridge, which is not unlike the connecting bridge between Holy-Head Moun-

* See dissertation on their uses in Killarney Guide, p. 76.

tain and the South-Stack, is thus formed: two strong cables, parallel to each other, are fastened to rings, inserted in the solid rock, on each side of the chasm, and the narrow interval of the ropes is occupied by a boarded path-way. The danger in crossing is attributable to an irregularity in planting the foot upon the board, which of course recoils against the impression too soon, and precipitates the unguarded and courageous venturer into the deep chasm below. Persons accustomed to walk along planks may safely venture over, and the women and boys attached to the fishery, carry great loads across with the utmost contempt of danger, and apparent ease. This dangerous mode of communication exists only for a part of the year, viz. during the fishing season; immediately after which it is removed, but restored again the ensuing season. It should be remarked, that the Island of Carrick-a-Rede is of nearly equal elevation with the main land, 350 feet. In the cliffs, near the island, is a very beautiful cave, about thirty feet in height, formed entirely of columnar basalt, of which the bases appear to have been removed, so that the unsupported polygonal columns compose the cave.

The chief use of this insulated rock appears to be that of interrupting the salmon, who annually coast along the shore in search of rivers, in which to deposit their spawn. Their passage is generally made close to the shore, so that Carrick-a-Rede is very opportunely situated for projecting the interrupting nets. It will here be inquired, why the fishermen do not spare themselves the trouble of throwing across this very dangerous bridge, and approach the island by water; but this is perfectly impracticable, owing to the extreme perpendicularity of the basaltic cliffs on every side, except in one small bay, which is not

which it is removed, but restored again the ensuing season. It should be remarked, that the Island of Carrick-a-Rede is of nearly equal elevation with the main land, 350 feet. In the cliff, near the island, is a very beautiful cave, about [illegible] formed entirely [illegible]



Geo Petrie del. Geo Cooke sc.

CARRICK-A-REDE, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

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Printed by Fenner

accessible but at particular periods. This fishery, and indeed all those along the northern coast are very productive. The only residents in the little cottage on the Island are the clerk and fishermen, and they remain only during the summer months. The fishermen are paid, and all the expenses of fishing defrayed, by proportionate allowances of salmon.

Ballintoy.

In approaching Ballintoy, the road passes over the basaltic hill of Knocsoghy, where the heads, or extremities of the columns, appear level with the road, and form a sort of polygonal pavement or causeway; the same is observable on Fair Head, but on a more gigantic scale.

The village of Ballintoy contains about seventy houses, boldly and romantically situated, on a sublimely barren and denuded shore. The steeple is a very conspicuous object in so bleak a view, and the spire has now become a useful land-mark to the navigator. The hill of Cruaghmore, an elevation of 471 feet, is exceedingly curious, being totally of basaltic formation, and near the very summit may be seen some basaltic columns: this is a truth of very great importance in the decision of the question as to the origin of basaltes.

Near Ballintoy is Mount Druid, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Trail, on whose grounds a druidical cromlech may be seen; the covering stone is six feet six inches in length, by five feet and a half in breadth, and is supported by four large rocks, one at each end, and the same number on

either side; it was formerly inclosed by a circle of stones, forming an area of thirty-three feet in diameter: enough of these still remain to point out the extent of the inclosure, and the rudeness of their form.*

In the year 1756 a vein of wood coal was discovered near Ballintoy, and worked with so much effect as to be able to supply the salt-works of Portrush and Coleraine. It is usually found in veins varying from two inches to four, of five feet in thickness, alternating with beds of basalt. It is also found in the cliffs of Portnoffer, on the east of the Giants' Causeway, underlaying the columnar strata at Killymorris, near the centre of the basaltic area, and at Portmore, and several places along the eastern shore of Lough Neagh. The beds at Portmore are said to be twenty-five inches thick in two instances, and a third is nine feet thick at the depth of eighty yards. The texture of the wood is often remarkably distinct, and indicates it to be a species of fir; it has been asserted, that the roots and branches of the trees could be traced, and the annual rings are oftentimes perceptible. The wood coal at Portnoffer has the exterior surface of some of its fragments penetrated by small nests of augite, imperfectly crystalized. Some years since the pits of Ballintoy unfortunately caught fire, and continued to burn for several years, until at length the flame was smothered by the falling in of the incumbent basaltic mass. Wood coal cannot be used in forges, and the smell, resembling that of rotten wood, renders it unpleasant for domestic purposes.

Ballintoy is a rectory, in the diocese of Conner; there are

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* See a drawing of this cromlech in the Antrim Survey, p. 532.

three fairs held here in each year, and it has the advantage of a tolerable bay.

From Ballintoy to Bushmills there is no object of attention or interest to detain the traveller, with the exception probably of Dunseverick Castle, an ancient fortress situated on an insulated rock, which is mouldering away with such rapidity, that the work of art in this case appears a more durable structure than that of nature. There is very little of the military or ecclesiastical history of this county yet collected. The wretched epitome of its monastic history, contained in Archdall, is scarcely sufficient for the purposes of a catalogue; and even the learned Dr. Lannigan's ecclesiastical history, a yet more recent work, says but little on the same subject. Of the castles along the eastern and northern coasts, very little information can now be collected; and of this ruin we find only one sentence in Camden, viz. that it was given to Sorley-Boy, about the year 1570; after which time it became the residence of O'Cahan, an Irish chief from the banks of the river Bann, from whom the county of Coleraine was denominated O'Cahan's country; he was the friend and ally of Sorley-Boy, who, together with Bryan Carrough, united their forces with his to oppose the deputy, Sir John Perrot.

The tourist may now proceed without delay to Bushmills, about one mile from the Causeway, where there is a comfortable little inn; this is to be considered the Causeway inn, being the nearest place of rest or refreshment. From Bushmills, then, the tourist is supposed to make an excursion to the Causeway, and along the coast in an eastern direction by Plaiskin. Here, then, we shall commence our description of the great object of inquiry, the Causeway itself; and for this place the various theories

upon the formation of basaltes have been reserved, as the most appropriate occasion of their introduction. We shall first describe the general appearance of the Causeway, and the different curiosities in its vicinity likely to interest every tourist, and afterwards explain, with as little technicality as possible, the objects of scientific investigation; and ultimately take a review of the different and opposite doctrines, laid down by our greatest natural philosophers, upon the formation of the coast of Antrim in general, but of the Causeway more particularly.

On approaching the shore at a place called the Rock Heads, it becomes imperative on the tourist to abandon both vehicles and horses, and trust to pedestrian activity solely for the remainder of the path to the Causeway.

The first object of curiosity, to which one of the many guides who present themselves generally conducts the visiter, is Port Coon Cave. This magnificent excavation is accessible both by sea and land. In the west side are two apertures by which it can be entered at all times, but the violence of the billows at its mouth sometimes forbids the most adventurous sailor to approach. The cave is of considerable length, and boats may row in, an hundred yards at least. The formation of the interior is very extraordinary, and extremely interesting to the mineralogical tourist: the roof and sides are composed of rounded stones, imbedded in a basaltic paste, of extreme hardness. These stones again are formed of concentric spheres, resembling the pellicles of an onion. The appearance of the cave, viewed from the innermost recess is not unlike the side aisle of a gothic cathedral, the roof being a tolerably regular pointed arch: the sides appear greasy, and do actually feel so: one of the unbidden attendants, who takes the trouble to accompany

the party, is generally provided with a loaded piece, upon the discharge of which, a tremendous reverberation of sound is produced: musical instruments also, when played with judicious management, *i. e.* by allowing a short pause between the succeeding notes, will be found to produce most agreeable echoes. This property of affording musical echoes is also attributed to Fingal's Cave in the Island of Staffa.

Adjoining this cave is the little inlet called Port Coon, formed by a very remarkable* whyndyke; it seems to have been composed of seven walls, and to have been separated from the dyke in front of the precipice, by some great convulsion. In this shock a small pyramidal basaltic rock was detached from the great mass, and stands now insulated in the centre of the small bay. The ruins of the whyndyke are attached to its eastern side, separated into a number of distinct walls, exhibiting their construction by horizontal prisms, and forming, altogether, a very instructive object. Beyond the projecting excavated rock, of which Port Coon Cave is composed, is a second of these whyndykes, being one side of the little estuary of Port Nabau.

On the west of Port Coon Cave and Dyke, in the dark perpendicular cliff, is a deep and lofty cave, accessible by water alone. The entrance assumes the appearance of a pointed arch, and is remarkably regular. The boatmen are very expert in entering these caves; they bring the boat's head right in front, and, watching the roll of the wave, quickly ship the oars, and sail in majestically upon

* The construction of whyndykes was originally observed by Dr. Richardson, and will be found very ably detailed in the appendix to the Antrim Survey.

the smooth rolling wave. The depth of Dunkerry Cave has not been ascertained, for the extremity is so constructed as to render the management of a boat there impracticable and dangerous; besides, from the greasy character of the sides of the cave, the hand cannot be serviceable in forwarding or retarding the boat. Along the sides is a bordering of marine plants, above the surface of the water, of considerable breadth. The roof and sides are clad over with green confervæ, which gives a very rich and beautiful effect: and not the least curious circumstance connected with a visit to this subterranean apartment, is the swelling of the water within. It has been already frequently observed, that the swell of the sea upon this coast is at all times heavy; and as each successive wave rolls into the cave, the surface rises so slowly and awfully, that a nervous person would be apprehensive of a ceaseless increase in the elevation of the waters until they reached the summit of the cave. Of this, however, there is not the most distant cause of apprehension, the roof being sixty feet above the high water mark. The roaring of the waves in the interior is distinctly heard; but no probable conclusion can be arrived at from this as to the depth. It is said too, that the inhabitants of some cottages a mile removed from the shore, have their slumbers frequently interrupted in the winter's nights, by the subterranean sounds of Dunkerry Cavern. The entrance is very striking and grand, being 26 feet in breadth, and inclosed between two natural walls of dark basalt; and the visiter will enjoy a much more perfect view of the natural architecture at the entrance, by sitting in the prow with his face to the stern as the boat returns.

Landing again, and returning to the Causeway road,

pursue its windings beneath the wild and barren cliff for about a quarter of a mile, when the first view of the Causeway is afforded. The impression at first produced, is that of the building of an extensive pier, for which the stones, blocked out, had many years ago been laid upon the beech; but from some great national calamity, or other unknown cause, the work was interrupted, and the labourers all dismissed. And so the natives believe, that the giants once commenced this colossal task of forming a causeway into Scotland, but that, being expelled by the ancient Irish heroes, they left the great work imperfect. It is not, however, the magnitude of the Causeway which surprises, nor the distant view which commands attention; the wonder and admiration of the tourist are to be reserved until he steps upon the very surface of this great work of nature, when the expectation of the most sanguine and the amazement of the most experienced traveller will indeed be fully realized.

To the left are seen some bold projecting rocks, called the Stookins, forming a partition between Port-na-Baw and Port-na-Gange; and a little farther west, close to the shore stands the insulated rock called Sea-Gull Isle; and between Port-na-Gange and Port-Noffer the Causeway runs out into the sea.

The Causeway consists of three piers or moles, projecting from the base of a stratified cliff, about 400 feet in height: the principal mole is visible for about 300 yards in extent at low water, the others not more than half that distance. It is composed of polygonal pillars, of dark coloured basalt, so closely united, that it is difficult to insert more than a knife-blade between them; and the formation of a continuous surface at each point in the pavement, by polygons, whose angles vary so much in

value, would have surprised even Proclus, yet no artificial formation can exceed this in accuracy. Towards the centre of the whole mass the pillars ascend; and from the peculiar appearance of the surface, this vertex is usually called the Honeycomb. The pillars are irregular prisms, of an uncertain number of sides, varying from three to nine: there is one of three sides near the centre of the Honeycomb, and several of nine have been detected, but the hexagonal form prevails most generally.

Each pillar is in itself a distinct piece of workmanship; it is separable from all the adjacent columns, and then is itself separable into distinct joints, whose articulation is as perfect as human exertion could have formed them, the extremities of each joint being concave or convex, which is determined by the terminations of the joints with which it was united; but there is no regularity as to the upper or lower extremity being concave or convex; the only law on this point is, that the contiguous joints are the one concave, the other convex. In order to ensure stability to this piece of architecture, the angles of the inferior joints frequently overlap those of the superior so finely, that the force required to dislocate them, frequently fractures the joints. If the concavity of any pillar be examined, it will be found to represent a circle inscribed in a polygon; the interval in each angle intercepted between the periphery of the circle, and the sides of the polygon being perfectly horizontal. To make this more intelligible—suppose the extremity of the pillar or joint had been originally in a soft state, but in a polygonal form, and that a heavy iron ball, whose diameter was equal to the shortest diameter of the polygon, was laid upon it, and being removed again, left a basin-formed impres-

sion on the stone; this would give a perfect idea of the appearance which the concave ends exhibit: the convex, on the other hand, appears as if the ball was inclosed within the pillar still, and a portion of the sphere projected through the extremity of the column. This very mathematical appearance of the circle inscribed in an irregular polygon, has led some fanciful theorists to suppose, that these curious columns might have been formed by the compression of a number of liquid globules, which at first only touched at one point, but when the pressure was increased indefinitely, were formed into angular masses.

Though the polygons are all irregular, yet the contiguous sides of the adjacent pillars are equal, so that the contact of the columns is complete. And we have already mentioned, that notwithstanding the number and different values of the concurring angles in each point, yet their sum is found to be so precisely equal to four right angles, that there is not the smallest aperture or open space left over the whole arena of basaltic pavement. So close is the flooring of this natural quay, that whenever any subsidence of the surface has occurred, water will be found to lodge, and remain for a length of time. And this suggests also a curious circumstance, to which the attention of the visiter will be called, upon his arrival at the Causeway; that, although the union of the columns has been just represented as impervious to a lodgment of water, yet on the west side of the Causeway is seen a spring of water bubbling up between in the interstices of the columns through which the blade of a knife could, with much difficulty, be introduced. This is called, of course, the Giants' Well, and the water found in it is extremely pure. It may be observed also, that the pillars, between which the water issues, are not the least

worn, nor are their angles less accurate than those of any pillar in the Causeway.

In the early ages of natural history, many ridiculous questions were proposed relative to this extraordinary piece of nature's architecture, which would degrade the naturalist of the present age; amongst the rest, it was seriously proposed, as a difficult and important question, to discover the depth which the Causeway pillars run perpendicularly into the ground, and in the Encyclopedia Britannica we find this solemn sentence: "How deep they are fixed in the strand was never yet discovered." But the modern geologist can assure these sage inquirers, that the mole or quay, called the Giants' Causeway, is only the continuation of a basaltic stratum, whose breadth may be measured in various parts of the range along the coast, and is ascertained to be 45 feet in thickness or depth. The answer to the query, to what distance does it extend under water, is not so satisfactory in a nautical point of view; but it is supposed to obey the same law here as the stratum to which it belongs is found to do elsewhere.

The Causeway, which is entirely composed of basaltic pillars, is inclined to the horizon in a small angle, and may be traced up the cliff in an easterly direction, and culminates at the distance of one mile from the Causeway, where it attains the height of 250 feet above the level of the sea. It still proceeds towards the east, and ultimately immerges at Portmore. This is not the grandest nor most magnificent stratum of basalt: the next stratum but one to this forms the noblest natural colonnade in the world, the columns being more perfect in their articulation than the great columns of Fair Head, and of more colossal dimensions than those of the Causeway.

An expert guide will afford much satisfaction to the tourist in pointing out the variety of form and position in the different columns around the Causeway; some are remarkable for the great length of their joints, others are seen in the lowest range of the precipice, lying in an horizontal position; but this is evidently attributable to external causes, as all the columns in these have a vertical position. In the face of the bold stratified cliff east of the Causeway, some very perfect and regular colonnades of clustered pillars are seen, the most perfect of which are called the organs, from a very striking resemblance which the façade bears to the range of frontal tubes in a large church organ. And opposite these is another, called generally the Giants' Loom, but the term giant has lost its distinguishing power in this vicinity now, as every stone around derives an epithet or name from its relative situation amongst these great men's supellectilia, their chairs, their well, &c.

The scenery east of the Causeway is truly sublime: the dark precipitous cliffs which rise regularly in gradually retiring strata, certainly suggest the idea, of their having been deposited age after age, as Werner thought; and the extraordinary appearance of the various colonnades might, for a moment, seduce the fancy of the contemplating visiter, and lead him to imagine, that here whole palaces have been overwhelmed in ruin. These successive capes, which are visible from the Causeway, are but a part of one great headland, called Bengore, the rival of Benmore or Fair Head, and similarly formed. On a lofty projecting cliff, east of the Causeway, stand a few shattered columns, usually known by the appellation of "the chimney tops," said to have been mistaken by the crew of the vessels composing the invincible Armada of Spain,

who forthwith fired upon the inoffensive columns, and registered in their fronts their foolish error. The Spaniards might probably have been led to mistake the chimney tops for a castle, from the very bold situation in which they might have observed the castles of Kenbaan, Dunseverick, and Dunluce: other traditions say, that the Spaniards thought they recognized the chimney tops of a village in these detached columns, and directing their course thither, their unwieldy vessels were cast away upon the cliff beneath. A little to the east also of this place is a small bay, called Port-na-Spagna, to perpetuate the occurrence of this event. The bay between the Causeway and this is called Port-Noffer, in which stands another insulated basaltic mass, called the Lion Rock. In this port or bay are three of these extraordinary whyndykes, the most remarkable of which is called the Rovinvalley Dyke; when viewed from the sea, it exhibits the appearance of a wall running through the front of the cliff, and is only interrupted in one place, and there but for a few yards.

In Port-na-Spagna is another dyke, not so readily detected, which emerges in the rubble at the foot of the façade.

If the tourist has taken boat at Port-na-Baw, he can sail along the coast under Pleaskin to Bengore, and back again, which will be found the most desirable mode of visiting the scenery in this spot; for if he should proceed along the summit of the cliff to Pleaskin, he overlooks the interesting part of the view, the front of the cliff; nor is it very practicable to proceed along the shore by the foot of the precipice. However, a walk of two miles will accomplish the excursion to Bengore from the Rock Head, and little more than one that to Pleaskin. The little bays

look very curious from the top of the cliff, and the descent to them is very dangerous, it was here that Adam Moring lost his life, whose story has been transmitted down to after-ages with so much elegance and feeling by Dr. Hamilton.

The land above the shore is a bleak pasturage for some miles, and the extraordinary property which it possesses, of being elevated towards the sea, and dipping towards the centre of the county, is no where more conspicuous or obvious than in the walk to Bengore.

It now remains to describe the stratification of Pleaskin and Bengore, and the appearance they exhibit to the unpractised eye; after which, we shall introduce a brief review of the various theories of the formation of basaltes now before the world. At Pleaskin the natural basaltic rock lies immediately under the surface; about twelve feet from the summit, the rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and is formed into ranges of rudely columnar basalt, in a vertical position, and exhibiting the appearance of a grand gallery, whose columns measure 60 feet in height. This basaltic colonnade rests upon a bed of coarse, black, irregular rock, 60 feet thick, abounding in blobs and air-holes; below this coarse stratum is a second range of pillars, 45 feet high, more accurately columnar, nearly as accurately formed as those of the Causeway itself; and in general it may be observed, that the lower the range, the more accurate the columnarization will be found to be. This latter range is supported by a bed of red ochreous stone. These natural façades, with the intervening strata, form a perpendicular height of about 154 feet; and from the base of this precipice, a sloping bank is continued to the sea, strewn with debris and clothed with verdure, whose altitude is about 200 feet, making alto-

gether a height of 354* feet above the sea. The stratification in Bengore, which lies a little to the east of Pleaskin, is not so distinct, nor is the headland itself so beautiful, so that the description now given of the strata at Pleaskin will answer for both. Although the entire aggregate of capes near the Causeway, properly speaking, composes the headland of Bengore,† yet there is one precise cape so called, whose height is 328 feet above high water. Here a vein of wood-coal was found, between the strata of basalt, but it did not repay the expenses of working. In the severe season of 1817, a vein of fossil coal was discovered near the Causeway, which the poor, who were then much distressed for fuel, commenced working for themselves; but, being situated under a stratum of basalt pillars, the roofing fell in, and several persons unhappily perished: this unlucky event has deterred others from renewing the attempt. Fossil coal has been already mentioned as existing at Ballintoy, on the road from Bally-castle to the Causeway; it has also been discovered at Knocnagor, in the county of Down.

Travellers visiting the Causeway, will be presented by the poor miserable beings who crowd around, with collections of augite, calcareous spar, steatite, and zeolite, some of which are very beautiful: there is a very extraordinary substance found in the precipitous cliffs, hanging over the Causeway, for which no technical name has yet been discovered; it very much resembles cinders, and is known by no other name here: being very porous and light, it

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* Statistical Survey, and Hamilton's Antrim. The Survey makes this height 374 feet, but late admeasurement has ascertained the exact height to be 354,8.

† *i. e.* the Goat's Head.

will be found to float upon the water: the guides know it by the name of cinders, and will provide specimens for their employers without the least delay or trouble.

The term Basaltes is derived either from basal, iron, or the Greek Βασαλιζω, to examine diligently. It is a hard, heavy stone, either black or green, consisting of prismatic crystals, the number of whose sides is uncertain. The English miners call it cockle, the German schorl; its specific gravity to that of water is 3,000 or upwards to 1,000. It frequently contains iron, and consists either of particles of an indeterminate figure, or of a spongy, fibrous, and striated texture. It has a flinty hardness, is insoluble by acids, and is fusible by fire. It has a very strong resemblance to lava, and was for many years considered identical with it; but this error is now fully rectified: although it was more difficult to correct from the circumstance of basaltes having been constantly found in volcanic districts as well as in other places. It was originally discovered in Ethiopia, and in the river Tmolus; it is also to be met with in Russia, Poland, and Saxony, both in a columnar and massive form, but the noblest basaltic areas in the world, are those of the county of Antrim, and of Staffa in the western isles.

Great quantities of basaltes are likewise found in the vicinity of Mount Etna in Sicily, of Hecla in Iceland, and of the volcano in the Isle of Bourbon. These three are the only active volcanoes in whose neighbourhood it is to be met with; but it is found adjacent to many which are extinct, particularly the silent craters of Italy, although not about Vesuvius. The area of basaltes, in the county of Antrim, is probably the most extensive known; it underlays the whole of the county, and passes through Lough Neagh, in the direction of its diagonal. In Staffa one end of the island

rests upon basaltic columns, about 50 feet high, formed into colonades projecting or receding in an analogous form to the sinuosities of the shore; and this continued colonading stands upon a firm basis of unformed rock. The basalt of the Causeway is both the most accurately crystalized and the grandest specimen in the world; and the pillars of Pleaskin and Fair Head exceed all others in magnitude, the latter being 250 feet in perpendicular height. Sir Joseph Banks observes, that the bending pillars of Staffa differ considerably from those of the Causeway; for that in the former they lie on their sides, formed into circular segments, and in one place resemble the ribs of a ship, while at the Causeway they are vertical; but he was not sufficiently acquainted with the northern coast of Ireland, or he would have known that the comparison of the ribs of a ship is also applicable to the basaltes of Ballintoy, and of Doon Point in Raghery Island.

The rocks of the Cyclops, in the neighbourhood of Ætna, exhibit magnificent basaltic columns, which at first view greatly resemble the Causeway pillars; but on a close inspection, a very remarkable difference will be found to exist. The Cyclopian pillars are divided into distinct families or groups, of six or seven in number, assembled round a larger and central column, which they appear to respect; while the Causeway pillars are not observed to respect any point or centre, but are each independent and complete. The basaltes of these rocks also abound in small crystals, not unlike rock crystal, but much softer, and yield to the action of the air.

The promontory of Castel d'Iaci, which terminates the basis of Ætna, is almost entirely composed of basaltes, but of a different kind from what has been just described.

It consists of a number of cylinders, whose diameters vary from six inches to twenty feet. Some of these are solid, others hollow, like cannon; some extended in layers; others like rolls of tobacco compressed; some are like globes inclosed in the rocks, while others are curved and bent into a variety of forms.

Basalt was early known to naturalists. Pliny states, that the largest block of basalt ever seen, was placed by Vespasian in the Temple of Peace. It represented the figure of the god Nilus, with 16 children playing around, denoting as many cubits of the rise of the river; and according to the same author, the statue of Memnon in the Temple of Serapis at Thebes, which emitted a tremendous sound at the rising of the sun, was of the same species of stone.* By the ancients it was usually called lapis Lydius, the Lydian stone, where it was found in abundance; the moderns call it touchstone, it being useful in detecting base coin.

There are two very distinct and opposite theories of the formation of basalt, called the Plutonian and Neptunian, the one attributing its origin to fire, the other to water. There are other theories not deserving of distinct titles, being but deductions from these; but there is a third class of naturalists who appear disposed to an amicable adjustment of the dispute, who allow that both the elements of fire and water are, or may be, instrumental in the production of basalt. The argument adduced in support of the igneous or volcanic origin of

* This certainly does not correspond with the stone of which the colossal Egyptian heads and hands in the British Museum are composed, which is evidently red granite.

basalt may, with some degree of accuracy, be reduced to the following:—

First. That basaltes and lava agree almost entirely in their elementary principles.

Secondly. That the iron of basaltes is, in a metallic state, capable of acting on the magnetical needle, which is also the case with that found in compact lava.*

Thirdly. Basaltes and lava are both fusible *per se*.

Fourthly. Basaltes is a foreign substance, superinduced upon the lime-stone soil of the country, in a state of softness capable of allowing the flints to penetrate considerably into its inferior surface.

Fifthly. The beds of red ochre found in basalt regions are supposed to be an iron earth, reduced to that state by the powerful action of heat.

Sixthly. Zeolite is presumed to be a constant attendant of volcanic products. Instance, the volcanic regions near Hecla in Iceland, and also in the Isle of Bourbon.

Seventhly. The substances found in our basalt country, such as crystals of schorl, peperino stone, pozzolana earth, pumice-stone, &c. are all found in volcanic districts.

There are many other arguments of a less obvious nature, which consequently are passed over in a sketch of this nature; but it would be an unfair state of the argument not to mention the assertion of Sir William Hamilton, that lavas running into the sea, have a tendency to

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* The action of basalt upon the needle is only partial: some of the columns at Fair Head are found to derange the compass, while the adjacent columns do not possess that power.

crystalize; and also Mr. Ferber's argument, derived from the crystals which he discovered in the black lava, with which the road from Rome to Ostia was paved.

These are the arguments urged by the Neptunists, who suppose, that our northern coast was once the scene of aqueous ruin and devastation; while the Vulcanists urge others equally numerous, to prove the origin of this extraordinary substance to be igneous, whether subterraneous or submarine. And an opportunity occurs of asking, why do we seek the origin of basaltes with more energy than that of any other rock; and why do we suppose it to have been formed by different means, and at different periods, particularly as we find that it is not peculiar to one or two countries; but scattered, like other rocks, over the surface of the globe? The great basaltic region of Saxony unites with a second region of a similar kind in Lusatia; from thence they join with those of Lower Silesia, of the country of Glatz, and of Upper Silesia; and they continue as far as the Carpathian Mountains. Proceeding eastward, basalt occurs in Armenia, in Persia, and to the very extremities of Asia. Hindostan, the Isle of Bourbon, in the South Sea. Beyond the Baltic Sea it re-appears in Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Iceland, the Hebrides. To the west of Saxony, * again, it is found in Franconia, and the country bordering on the Rhine. Beyond that river, it is found in Burgundy, in Auvergne, and among the Cevenes in great quantities, and again in Spain and Portugal. This discovery of so very general an existence of basalt, may tend to diminish the astonishment of the philosopher at finding it in Ireland, and pro-

* Daubuisson, on the Basalt of Saxony, p. 152.

bably contribute to moderate the boldness of his theories in attributing its formation to so many and such irregular causes.

The celebrated naturalist Bergman, was of opinion, that basalt might derive its origin from both the aforesaid elements, fire and water.

In answer to the different arguments advanced for the volcanic origin of basaltes, we shall say, *gradatim;* first, *the basalt agrees with lava in its elementary principles:* this is very easily and very readily refuted by various arguments, but probably best of all by this, that basalt is altogether destitute of any internal marks of fusion, and that it presents a fine earthy fracture, devoid of all lustre, except that which proceeds from a few hornblende crystals.

Secondly, as to *the magnetic property of basalt,* that is attributable to the iron contained in its composition; but as to the manner of its operation we are in total ignorance; besides, the operation of basalt upon the magnetic needle is uncertain and partial, as some pieces of basalt will affect the needle, while others will not have the least influence on it;* and, besides stones, not of volcanic origin, garnets, hornblendes, &c. possess the same property.

The arguments derived from the identity of attendant minerals is exceedingly fallacious; because, suppose any district which originally abounded in basalt and its accompanying fossils, to be inundated by a volcanic eruption, then all the aforesaid minerals would be found existing in a volcanic region; and, further, the very lava

* Mr. Griffith's Geological Lectures in the Dublin Society, for 1823.

would be basalt fused, that is, identical with lava. This case should weigh very strongly in the decision of the formation of the Antrim basaltes, as every possible argument derived from the present appearance of the face of the country, contradicts a volcanic, though not a Vulcanic origin.

The subject, however, is altogether too abstruse, and too little satisfactory in its conclusions, to occupy the general reader, or summer tourist, longer; we shall conclude, therefore, our basaltic dissertation, by a statement of the conclusions arrived at by the most distinguished naturalists of the last century upon the subject, and then resume our less tedious narrative of the coasting and inland scenery to Coleraine.

In the most modern, and one of the most elegant treatises upon the formation of basalt now in being, we find the following epitome of the conclusions of many philosophers.*

"It appears," says Klaproth, the celebrated chemist of Berlin, "that naturalists emancipated themselves, by degrees, from the volcanic illusion. Bergman, the first of the chemists, who employed himself with diligence and success in examining mineral substances, and who, to an intimate acquaintance with the effects of heat, joined an extensive knowledge of mineralogy, could not bring himself to consider basalt as a product of volcanic eruptions. The Swedes adopted his view of the question. It is some forty years, since every body in Germany considered basaltic mountains as ancient volcanoes. Werner raised the Neptunian

* Daubuisson, on Basalt of Saxony, translated by P. Neil, F.R.S.

standard; and now among all the German mineralogists, of any reputation, I know of but one (Voigt) who still maintains the old doctrine. We have seen how Klaproth, who had most opportunities of observing the effects of fire on mineral substances, and has besides studied the history of basaltic mountains, with that correctness for which he is remarkable, has pronounced upon the subject. In Ireland, Mr. Kirwan was a supporter of the volcanic doctrine; but the numerous chemical experiments which he made on minerals, and other considerations, led him to a change. Dr. Mitchell, one of the best mineralogists, and Professor Jameson, author of the Mineralogical Travels in Scotland, and the greater part of the British naturalists, consider basalt as having been produced in the humid way. The celebrated geologist of the Alps, Saussure, found reason to yield, to a certain extent, to the Neptunian theory; and Dolomieu, who was at the head of the volcanists, but in whom the love of truth was paramount to the spirit of party, admitted, that some basaltes might have been produced in the humid way."

Thus stands the question at the present day: a few arguments, however, for the Neptunian theory, may be added, to militate against a charge of partiality in deciding in favour of the marine deity, without allowing our reader sufficient opportunity of concluding for himself.

First, it is acknowledged, that in stones composed of many ingredients, transitions or gradations are frequently observed, from the more simple to the more compound, or, *vice versâ*, &c.; so that if any term of the transition be volcanic, the whole graduating series must be of like origin; and if, on the other hand, any of the terms be decidedly of Neptunian origin, the whole series

must be Neptunian. This is Werner and Kirwan's argument. Secondly, Beddoes has shown an evident connection between basalt, trap, and granite; and a connection of this sort, extorted from Ferber an avowal, that basalt might be produced in the moist way. Thirdly, some singular basaltic pillars were lately discovered in Bohemia, containing indurated marl, with the impression of a vegetable resembling cerastium or alpine Mouse-ear. The consequence is plain. The difficulty, then, which now remains, is to account for the prismatic or columnar form; but this is more easily explained by the Neptunian than by the volcanian theory. For we can produce many instances of similar prisms in fossils, produced in the humid way *undoubtedly*, and none at all *undoubtedly* formed in the dry way. This form, according to Kirwan, seems to proceed from the sudden bursting of basaltic masses, either from drying, or the absorption of the air. Kirwan was confirmed in this opinion, from the occurrences of a similar kind which took place in a large block of calp brought to Dublin, for a foundation-stone of the present Custom House; this stone split into as regular prisms as those of the Causeway. This stone resembles basalt in its composition, but contains a much larger proportion of calcareous earth, and a much smaller of iron.

Again, in the province of Volatean, Mr. Dolomieu found micareous marls to assume a prismatic form on drying. Near Capo del Bove, he found tufas split into regular hexagonal pillars, six or seven feet long. Mr. Strange discovered granitic pillars in the Euganeon Mountains, undoubtedly formed in the same manner. Several columnar porphyries have been observed. We should therefore, with the learned mineralogist, no longer

wonder at seeing basaltic pillars formed by the same accidents.*

We have now visited the great object of inquiry, and certainly one of the most extraordinary and unexplained works of nature; for although much learning and more ingenuity have been employed in the development of the mysteries of nature, in the operation whereby basalt has been crystalized, yet candour extorts the confession, that upon this one point of the dispute, no satisfactory result has been attained. As to the aqueous origin of basalt, in the chief points we agree, although we would willingly permit both elements to be considered instrumental, and suppose Vulcan to have interposed through the medium of his more cool and placid brother Neptune; but this only as a conjecture.

The coast to Portrush is of a similar structure to many parts of the coast already described, but the peninsula itself requires more accurate description. It is about one mile in circumference, formed on the west, north, and east, by low cliffs; those on the west presenting a rudely prismatic green-stone; those on the north and east, tabular masses of the same stone, sometimes alternating with a very remarkable rock, which is still a subject of discussion amongst the advocates of the opposite theories. It is a flinty slate, exactly similar to the indurated clay slate of Carrick-Maur dyke, in the Ballycastle collieries. In this flinty slate are contained numerous impressions of the *cornu Ammonis*, invested with pyrites, the shells being similar to those

* Appendix to Kirwan's Mineralogy, p. 338.

found in the slate clay underlaying the chalk near Ballintoy.

The Neptunists consider this rock as a variety of the basalt, and refer to its included fossils triumphantly, as affording a decisive argument against the Vulcanists.

But, on the other hand, Professor Playfair, the advocate of the Vulcanian, though not of the Volcanian system, in his Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory, expresses his belief, "that the rock containing the shells, is the schistus or stratified stone which serves as the base of the basaltes, and which has acquired a high degree of induration by the vicinity of the great ignited mass of whynstone;" and in this opinion, Mr. Conybeare, in his Geological Relations of the North-East of Ireland, entirely concurs. The Skerries Rocks, at some distance from the shore, and the little village of Portrush, may be seen distinctly from the heights near the Causeway; but if we except the interest excited by its mineralogical subjects, there is no inducement to the tourist to visit Portrush.

Dunluce Castle.

From Bushmills to Coleraine, by way of Dunluce, is a very pleasing ride; it is rather more circuitous than the inland road; but the ruin and site of Dunluce-castle, one of the ancient residences of the Earls of Antrim, who derive the title of Viscounts of Dunluce from this castle and barony, seduce the traveller from the shorter way.

The ruins of Dunluce-castle stand on a perpendicular

insulated, or rather detached rock; the entire surface of which is so completely occupied by the edifice, that the external walls are in continuation with the perpendicular sides of the rock. The walls of the building were never very lofty, but from the great area which they inclose, contained a considerable number of apartments. One small vaulted room is said to be inhabited by a *Beanshee*, whose chief occupation is sweeping the floor: this story originates in the positive fact, that the floor is at all times as clean as if it had been just then swept; but this difficulty can in all likelihood be explained, without the introduction of Maw Roi, the fairy, by supposing that the wind gains admittance through some aperture on a level with the floor, and thus preserves the appearance of cleanliness and freedom from dust, just now described. In the north-eastern end is a small room actually projecting over the sea, the rocky base having fallen away, and from the door of this apartment there is a very awful view of the green sea beneath. The rock on which the castle stands is not surrounded by water, but is united, at the bottom of the chasm, to the main land, by a ledge of rock, a little higher than the surface of the ocean. The castle was entered by a bridge, formed in the following manner: —two parallel walls, about eight feet asunder, thrown across the chasm, connected the rock with the main land: upon these, planks were laid crosswise for the admission of visiters, and removed immediately after the passage was effected. At present, but one of the walls remains, about thirteen inches in thickness; and the only path-way to the castle is along its summit, over the awful rocky chasm. The distance at which the other parallel wall was placed, may be perceived by the traces of its adhesion to the opposite rock.

insulated, or rather outstanded rock; the entire surface of which is so completely occupied by the edifice, that the

Geo Petrie del

Printed by Penner

On the main land, close to the castle, a second collection of similar buildings are seen, erected at a later period, by one of the Antrim family, in consequence of a melancholy occurrence amongst the domestics in the castle. A small apartment on the verge of the rock gave way, and fell into the ocean, which so alarmed the female part of the family, that additional apartments were erected for their accommodation upon the main land. This is said to have happened during the occupancy of Catherine Manners, widow of George Villiers, the great Duke of Buckingham, who married Randal, the first Marquis of Antrim.

Beneath the rock on which the castle stands, is a cave, penetrating completely through, from the sea to the rocky basin on the land-side of the castle; it may be entered by a small aperture in the south end, and at low water there is a good deal of the flooring uncovered, which consists of large rounded stones; this form is the consequence of the action of the waves. The sides and roof are of basalt, possessing merely the usual characters: here also is a very remarkable echo, when the surface of the water is unruffled.

Though all accurate knowledge of the date of erection, and name of the founder of Dunluce Castle are completely lost, yet the history of its proprietors for the few last centuries is extremely interesting, and affords a very characteristic account of the state of society in the feudal periods of the 15th and 16th centuries. It has been conjectured, that De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, originally founded this castle; but the architecture is not of so very ancient a date. In the fifteenth century it was held by the English; at which period it appears to have fallen into the hands of a noble English family, called by Camden, M'Willies,

from whose hands it passed into the possession of the M'Donalds of the Isles, and to their descendants it belongs at this day. The M'Willies, now generally called M'Quillans, were the descendants of the De Burgos, a noble English family, who were once lords of that part of the county of Antrim usually denominated the Rout.

In Hamilton's Letters is a tolerably perfect account of the unfortunate family of the M'Quillans, from the first moment of their intercourse with the M'Donalds. The following is nearly the same; whatever variations occur in the narrative, rest upon the authority of a MS. in the possession of the Countess of Antrim, from which her Ladyship permitted these and many other little extracts in this volume to be made.

About the year 1580, Colonel M'Donald, brother to James, Lord of Cantyre, came into Ireland* with a band of men, to assist Tyrconnell against the great O'Neill, with whom he was then at war. In passing through the Rout, he was hospitably received and entertained by M'Quillan, the lord and master of the Rout and Kilconery. At that time, there was a war between M'Quillan and the men of Killiteragh, beyond the Bann; the custom of the people was to rob from every one, and the strongest party carried it, be he right or wrong.

On the day when Colonel M'Donald was taking his departure to proceed on his journey to Tyrconnell, M'Quillan, who was not equal in war to his savage neighbours, called together his militia, or *gallogloghs*, to revenge his affronts over the Bann; and M'Donald thinking it uncivil not to offer his services that day to

* To settle the dispute between Irish Coll and M'Quillan.—Antrim MS.

M'Quillan, after having been so kindly treated, sent one of his gentlemen with an offer of his assistance in the field. M'Quillan was right well pleased with the offer, and declared it to be a perpetual obligation on him and his posterity. So M'Quillan and the Highlanders went against the enemy; and where there was a cow taken from M'Quillan's people before, there were two restored back; after which M'Quillan and Colonel M'Donald returned back with a great prey, and without the loss of a man.

Winter then drawing nigh, M'Quillan gave Colonel M'Donald an invitation to stay with him at his castle of Dunluce, advising him to settle there until the spring, and to quarter his men up and down the Rout. This M'Donald gladly accepted; and in the mean time seduced M'Quillan's daughter, and privately married her: upon which ground the M'Donalds afterwards founded their claim to the M'Quillans' territories. The men were quartered two and two through the Rout; that is to say, one of the M'Quillans' gallogloghs and a Highlander in every tenant's house. It so happened that the galloglogh, according to custom, besides his ordinary, was entitled to a *meather* (noggin) of milk, as a privilege; this the Highlanders esteemed to be a great affront, and at last one of them asked his landlord, "Why don't you give me milk, as you give the other?" The galloglogh immediately made answer, "Would you, a Highland beggar as you are, compare yourself to me, or any of M'Quillan's gallogloghs?"

The poor honest tenant (who was heartily tired of both) said, "Pray, gentlemen, I'll open the two doors, and you may go and fight it out in the fair fields, and he

that has the victory, let him take milk, and all to himself." The galloglogh was soon put to his last breath, after which the Highlander came in and dined heartily. M'Quillan's gallogloghs assembled to demand satisfaction, and, in a council which was held, where the conduct of the Scots was debated, their great and dangerous power, and the disgrace arising from the seduction of M'Quillan's daughter, it was agreed, that each galloglogh should kill his comrade Highlander by night, and their lord and master with them ; but Colonel M'Donald's wife discovered the plot, and told it to her husband. So the Highlanders fled in the night time, first to Knocklade, thence to Bally-castle, and in attempting to escape to Scotland, were driven into the Island of Raghery.

Coll and M'Quillan were restored to friendship, and lived happily together ; but, upon the death of M'Quillan, his nephew, who lived at Ballylough, set up a claim to the property of Dunluce, and the wars which ensued between the M'Donalds and M'Quillans continued for nearly half a century, till the English power became so superior in Ireland, that both parties appealed to James the First, who had just then ascended the throne. James had a predilection for his Scotch countryman, the M'Donald, to whom he made over by patent four great baronies, including, along with other lands, all poor M'Quillan's possessions. However, to retain some appearance of justice, he gave to M'Quillan* a grant of the

* The Antrim MS. states, that M'Quillan and Sir John waited upon the King, and endeavoured to prejudice the suit of M'Donald with him, by representing M'Quillan as an Englishman, being descended from the De Burghs, English settlers.

great barony of Inishowen, the old territory of O'Dogherty, and sent to him an account of the whole decision, by Sir John Chichester.

M'Quillan was extremely mortified at his ill success, and very disconsolate at the difficulties attendant upon transporting his poor people over the river Bann and Lough Foyle, which lay between him and his new territory. Sir John Chichester, who was remarkable for cunning and prudence, took advantage of his situation, and persuaded him to cede his title, by an offer of some lands which lay nearer to his old dominions. Thus, the Chichesters, afterwards Earls of Donegal, became possessed of this great estate, and honest M'Quillan settled himself in one far inferior to Inishowen.

The new estate of the M'Quillans was called Clanaghurtie, which proving unequal to sustain the lavish expenditure to which the proprietors had once been accustomed, soon passed into more frugal hands.

The history of Dunluce Castle, from the marriage of Colonel M'Donald, is inseparable from that of the Antrim family, into whose possession it fell upon the death of the father-in-law of Coll. In 1585, Sorley-Boy, *i. e.* Yellow Charles, lord of Dunluce Castle, still preserving a rebellious disposition, was besieged in his castle by Sir John Perrott, Lord Deputy of Ireland. The following account of the siege is to be met with in the Life of Sir John Perrott.* The Deputy planted a battery of culverins and cannon before the castle, which being brought by sea to Skerries (Port Rush), the Lord Deputy caused to be drawn thither (being two miles from Dunluce) by

* Also in the Antrim Survey, and in the Notes to Drummond's Poem of the Giants' Causeway.

force of men, wherein he spared not the labour of his own servants; and when small shot played so thick out of the fort, that the common soldiers began to shrink in planting the artillery, the Lord Deputy caused his own men to fill the gabions with earth, and made good his ground, until the ordnance was planted, and the trenches made. This being done, the Lord Deputy himself gave fire to the first piece of ordnance, which did no great hurt; but, shortly after, the pile beginning to shake, they sent to the Lord Deputy to be received into mercy, and obtained leave to depart, in order to save the expense of battering the place and re-building it again, it being a place of great importance in those parts.

Shortly after this siege, the castle was again lost to the English by the treachery of its governor. Upon the surrender of Dunluce, the Lord Deputy appointed a pensioner, named Peter Carey, to be constable, with a ward of fourteen soldiers, believing Carey to be an Englishman; but it was afterwards discovered, that he was one of the Carews of the north. The constable confiding in his own countrymen, gradually discharged the English soldiers, and supplied their places with Irish. Two of these, having confederated with the enemy, drew up fifty of them at night with ropes made of withies, and having surprised the castle, assaulted the tower wherein the constable lay; and at first offered him his life and permission to depart, but he chose rather to pay the price of his own treachery, in admitting the Irish to his confidence, and was slain bravely fighting in the midst of them.

After this piece of treachery, the Lord Deputy dispatched Merryman, to reduce Sorley-Boy to obedience, who, having slain Alexander, Sorley-Boy's son, and sent his head to the Lord Deputy, then at Drogheda, who

caused it to be set on a pole, and placed over the castle-gate, so harassed the aged warrior, that he submitted to the conditions offered him, and swore allegiance to the Queen in the Cathedral of Dublin.

In 1642, Dunluce Castle was the scene of another act of treachery of as black a character. In the month of April in that year, General Munroe made a visit to the Earl of Antrim, at this castle, and was received with many expressions of joy, and honored with splendid entertainments; and further, the Earl offered him assistance of men and money, to reduce the country to tranquillity. But this despicable Puritan, when these feats were over, seized on the Earl's person, took possession of his castle, and put the other castles of his lordship into the hands of the Marquis of Argyle's men. Munroe conveyed the Earl to Carrick-Fergus, and imprisoned him in the castle; but from this he very soon effected his escape, and withdrew to England.

Shortly after this period, Ballymagarry became the favourite residence of the M'Donalds; but this noble mansion was accidentally burned, April 9th, 1750; from which time, to the present day, Glenarm Castle has been the family seat.

Road to Coleraine.

About one mile from Dunluce, on the summit of a rising ground, a very beautiful and minutely articulated colonnade of basaltic pillars is observed; this is usually called Craig-a-huller. The stratification here is that which is common to the basalt of all countries, but its

position on the apex of a hill is rather contradictory to the volcanic formation.

The city of Coleraine,* or Bannina, as it was anciently styled, lies about two miles and a half from this curious basaltic structure; the road, passing the seat of —— M'Naghten, Esq. is rather an agreeable ride. The county of the city of Coleraine, otherwise called O Cahan's country, is of ancient appointment; it was divided, as we learn from the Hibernica of Harris, into *ballyboes*, as Tyrone, and contained 547 of these measures, or 34,187 acres. The town appears to have been originally laid out by Sir John Perrott, Lord Deputy of Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth. In the centre was a space in the form of a parallelogram, built round with tolerable regularity, now usually called the Diamond. The energy which appears to have pervaded all classes of persons in the employment of the state during the life of Elizabeth, is no where more conspicuous than in this country; first, in the exertions of her officers to reduce it to obedience; and secondly, in their perseverance in endeavouring to colonize and build. Coleraine was planted with English colonists, and the very houses are said to have been framed in London, and sent over here to be erected. Until very lately, some of the black oak frames filled with plaistered wicker, were to be seen on one side of the Diamond.

After the retirement of Sir John, Coleraine fell greatly to decay; in 1618, the walls and ramparts were built of sods; there was no provision for the mounting of a single piece of artillery, and the number of inhabitants scarcely sufficient to man one-sixth part of the walls.

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* Coleraine is derived from Cuil-rathen, the corner of ferns; or Cuil-rath-ean, the fort on the bend of the river.

But the introduction of a manufacture and enjoyment of a free trade, united with the industry and good conduct of its inhabitants, have rendered Coleraine not only the second town in the county, but a flourishing, beautiful, and happy settlement.

Coleraine, at present, is about three quarters of a mile in length, and is intersected by several cross streets: the old town stood on the east side of the Bann, but Captain-street and the suburb of Killowen are now included in the precincts of the city. There is an excellent linen-trade carried on here, and it is a market, post, and fair town. Before the Union of 1800, it returned two members to parliament; but that privilege ceased with the enactment of that measure. The family of Hanger derive the title of Barons from this place.

About the year 540, St. Carbreus, a disciple of St. Finian of Clonard, was made first Bishop of Coleraine. To him succeeded St. Eonall, who was Bishop in the time of St. Columb, the founder of the Abbey of Derry. In 930, Ardmedius, Abbot of Coleraine, was cruelly murdered by the Danes; and, in 1171, Manus M'Dunlave plundered this church and several others. In 1213, Thomas M'Uchtry and the Gauls of Ulster, erected a castle here, for which purpose they raised all the pavement, and destroyed every part of the Abbey, the church only excepted.

To the west of the town stood a monastery, called the Monastery of the Bann, founded in the fifth century, by the noble family of O'Cahans, or by the M'Evelins. In 1244, it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and, in 1484, was reformed by the Dominican order. In 1560, Sir Robert Savage, of Ulster, Knt. an excellent soldier, was buried here. And in 1644, this monastery was

erected into an University, by the general council of Rome. In the Hibernia Dominica many interesting particulars are recorded of this ancient establishment; amongst others, a remarkable triumph of the Virgin's image over the Scotch Bishop, Brutus Babington, and his attendants, is detailed at full length.

The landed property of the Monastery of the Bann was resigned into the hands of commissioners employed by James the First, and by him granted to the London Society. The last prior was Shane O'Neill. The present church is parochial, and kept in excellent repair. Coleraine is a rectory in the diocese of Connor.

The bridge of Coleraine, over the river Bann, is neither strong nor elegant; it is built of stone and wood; the piers are stone, the flooring, span pieces, and ceiling of wood. Such bridges are very proper, where there is both a rapid current and a great body of water. This bridge is much inferior to the wooden one at Derry, built by Lemuel Cox, an American. From the bridge on the north side, is seen the pretty seat of —— Jackson, Esq.; and to the south, the river view is extremely rich and beautiful. The fishery of the Bann has long been celebrated for its productiveness; it was, at different periods, the property of different persons and bodies; viz. the Protector Cromwell, the Earls of Donegall, the London Society, &c. At present, one fishery of this river belongs to the Society, the other to the Donegall family. The value of the fisheries, of course, varies with the prices of provisions; the average rent of each is probably about 1,000 per annum. The Bann salmon have but one season, having thirty miles and upwards to proceed in seeking for a spawning place.

The navigation of the Bann is very difficult, owing to

two causes, the extreme rapidity of the river, which repels the tide, and the bar at its mouth: this formidable obstruction is the result of the conflict of the river and the tide, and requires a skilful pilot to bring over a vessel whose burthen exceeds 200 tons.

The navigation of this river is certainly a subject of great interest to the northern counties of Ireland, for it would appear practicable to open a communication from the Irish Sea to the Atlantic, through Lough Neagh and the Newry Canal; and then, by the assistance of the Black Water, which falls into Lough Neagh, almost all the northern countries could have a correspondence with each other by water-carriage.

Near the embouchure of the river is a vale, covered with shells and various marine exuviæ, generally called the "Old Bann;" this evidently was the ancient bed of the river, which in the course of time is so completely varied; its present direction is much more circuitous, and probably, on that account, the rapidity of the current less violent than that of the ancient stream.

The tourist will find Coleraine a very agreeable resting place and station for excursions; it is sufficiently near the Causeway, Dunluce, Down-hill, &c. and the neighbourhood affords very pleasing rides and walks. There are two comfortable inns here, Miss Henry's, and M'Groty's; the proprietress of the first has been frequently remarked by intelligent travellers, as possessing a very courteous and lady-like address, accompanied by a good deal of pleasing and general information. Chaises, cars, &c. are to be had to hire by the day, week, &c. at very moderate rates. The mail, between Belfast and Derry, passes through every day.

Ballymoney.

The tourist has now visited not only the great object of his inquiry, the Causeway, but the boldest and most magnificent coast scenery in Ireland—I mean the eastern shore of Antrim. There remains another object of attraction, however, Lough Neagh, which shall be spoken of when Randal's town is reached, but only briefly and in a popular way, for it does not properly fall within the limits of our tour, nor are the chief phenomena and probable advantages of its improvement of a nature calculated to afford general interest.

From Coleraine to Ballymoney* is a distance of about six miles; the road lies along the banks of the river for about a mile and a half, and then turns from the prospect of town and river in a southern direction. If it was the office of the guide to detail all objects of interest in this country, he would find but a scanty supply afforded by nature; fortunately, his only duty is now to conduct his fellow-traveller in safety to Belfast again.

After a drive of six miles, Ballymoney is reached; this poor village is yet the principal assemblage of houses in the barony of Dunluce: it consists of about 300 habitations, irregularly scattered over an extent of about three quarters of a mile, from Militown, on the Rathsharkin-road, to Roaden or Rawdon-foot. The population has been estimated at 1,900 souls. There is a monthly market of linen held here, and a tolerably good trade in butter carried on with Belfast. Ballymoney is also a

* The Inns at Ballymoney are kept by Neal and Read.

post, and fair town, and a rectory in the diocese of Connor.

The road to Ballymena* passes through a country of a like ungrateful aspect to him, whose eye is seeking out for nature's loveliness; a very dreary and uninteresting tract lying open upon either side, changing from a level cultivated land to an expanse of bog.

The wretched hamlet of Dunloy and the coal pits of Killymorris are passed at the distance of five and six miles from Ballymoney; and about five miles farther, near the bridge across the Main, is seen a Danish rath, called Dun Dermot. The meeting of the Clough and Main rivers occurs one mile further, and the former is also crossed by the road. Ballymena lies about three miles from the union of these streams, and cultivation here is more attended to and more successful.

The town of Ballymena is a very thriving place, more so than any inland town in the county; it is said to contain 500 dwellings and about 3,000 inhabitants. An excellent linen market is established here, and regular sales of butter for exportation. There is also a barrack here, in which a garrison is lodged, and there are two fairs held in each year. There is one excellent and wide street of modern erection, and some very old-fashioned houses, having gabled fronts, like the old English cottages: near the centre of the town is a large and convenient market-house, ornamented by a steeple, sixty feet in height, and behind is seen a rath or moat, whose elevation is about fifty. Ballymena is a curacy in the diocese of Clogher.

* Ballymena, fifteen miles from Ballymoney.

At the distance of one mile and a half from Ballymena, on the Ahoghill-road, and on a rising ground opposite Gilgorin-castle, is a settlement of Moravian brethren, founded in 1746, called Grace-hill; the village is said to contain above 400 inhabitants. Not far from this is a noble seat of the Lord Mountcashel.

There are two roads from Ballymena* to Randalstown; one by Kells or Disert, a little to the east, the other nearer the Main, which is the mail road. Kells is a very neat little village, once remarkable as being the site of the most wealthy and important religious establishment in the county.

The Randalstown road lies through a very uninteresting tract of country, capable of improvement by cultivation, but totally destitute of picturesque features. The village of Randalstown is very agreeably situated in a wooded glen, on the banks of the river Main. The plantations of Lord O'Neill and the vicinity of his noble demesne, afford shelter and ornament to the landscape, which the tourist has not been accustomed to during the whole circuit of the county. There is a very pleasing view from the bridge, both up and down the river, of a rich sylvan character; the woods of Lord O'Neill's park hang over the water with a very beautiful effect. There are a church, meeting-house, and barrack here; in front of the last-mentioned building is a parade for the military, which is now the village mall. There is a very tolerable linen market held on the first Wednesday in the month, in a handsome market-house, over which is an assembly-room; and fairs are held here on the 16th of July and 1st of November. Be-

* Ballymena to Randalstown, seven miles four furlongs.

fore the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, Randalstown returned two members to parliament, the patronage being in the O'Neill family. About one mile from this village, upon the banks of the Main water, iron-works were formerly carried on, but they have ceased to be worked for some years, either from want of ore, or want of fuel.

If the tourist should be fortunate enough to have perfect control both of time and mode of conveyance, he may enjoy a very beautiful ride, by making the demesne of Shane's Castle his road to Antrim.*

The demesne of Shane's Castle, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord O'Neill, is very extensive, and beautifully situated upon the banks of Lough Neagh. Of the great variety and quantity of timber with which it is planted, some appears to be of natural growth, viz. the majestic oaks, while many thousand have been planted by the noble proprietors. The splendid mansion of Shane's Castle, anciently Edenduff-Carrick, was unhappily destroyed by fire in 1816, and we understand there is no immediate intention of restoring it.

The castle and demesne of Edenduff-Carrick were formerly the property of the O'Neills, of whom we had occasion to speak in detailing the civil wars which deluged this country, during the reign of Elizabeth, and subsequently. At this day scarcely any traces of this ancient and martial race are to be found in the neighbourhood, with the exception of a monumental stone of rude workmanship within the demesne, bearing the following inscription: " This vault was erected in the year 1660, by Shane M'Phelimy M'Brian M'Shane O'Neill, Esq. as a

* Antrim is four miles from Randalstown.

burying place for himself and the family of Clanneboy." Adjoining the demesne of Shane's Castle is the ancient and stately residence of the Skeffingtons, who derived their title from the barony of Massareen in this county. The entrance, which is adjacent to the town of Antrim, is very grand and striking, being a large gothic or pointed arch of rusticated masonry.

Near the town of Antrim, on the Kells road, is an ancient round tower, about eighty feet in height, and tapering gradually towards the top; there are abutments inside for the support of flooring, and each story is lighted by loop-holes. There are four of these extraordinary buildings in this county, viz. Antrim, Ram's Island, Trummery, and Armoy. The Antrim tower preserves rather stronger indications of their uses than the generality; and certainly determines them to be of Christian purport; for over the entrance door a cross will be found distinctly carved upon the stone, and of workmanship evidently coeval with the building itself. There is also a scriptural device over the door of the round tower of Brechin in Scotland, which is believed to have been erected by Irish missionaries.*

Lough Neagh.

This great expanse of water, which may well be styled an Inland Sea, is bounded by five different counties, Armagh on the south, Tyrone on the west, London-

* See Guide to the Lakes of Killarney, "Round Towers," p. 76.

derry on the north-west, Down on a small part of the east, and Antrim on the north and east. It was anciently called Lough Eagh, *i. e.* the wonderful lake, and by corruption Lough Neagh; about the beginning of the sixteenth century it was generally styled Lough Sidney. It is the largest fresh-water lake in Europe, with the exception of Ladoga and Onega in Muscovy, and of Geneva in Switzerland. Its surface varies very considerably in extent or area, according to the season of the year, the waters overflowing considerable tracts of low grounds in winter, which are perfectly dry in summer. The superficial area has been computed at 100,000 plantation acres, but later measurements have proved this to be inaccurate. Mr. Lendrick reduces its contents to 58,200, and the Antrim Survey estimates it at 60,361 Irish, or 97,775 English acres. Its depth is not considerable; at the lowest height in summer time, it is about forty-five or fifty feet, and to this seven feet may be added for the increase in winter; it was once known to have risen seven feet nine inches at Shane's Castle. The overflowings of the lake and indentations of the banks are attributable to the great supply derived from the influx of seven large rivers, and many tributary streams into the same basin, from which they have no mode of escape, except by the narrow and obstructed channel of the Bann. The waste occasioned by these inundations is very great: around the lake there are about 70,000 acres of bog, and 60,000 acres of profitable land are covered with three feet of water every winter. The Downshire front to this lake has been sometimes overflown to a distance of eight miles from the usual margin of the waters.

This evil of inundation has been progressively creeping

on for ages, and eminences which were once peninsulas and promontories are now detached from the main land, and converted into islands. Ram Island, which is now three miles from the shore, was probably formed in this way, the channel between being very shallow.

The means of remedying this evil has long occupied the attention of the ingenious and sagacious persons who surveyed the surrounding counties; and Mr. Townshend, in his Report upon the Bogs of Armagh, suggests a plan both practicable and efficacious: he suggests first, the removal of the bar at Toome, which is only 15 inches high; secondly, the partial removal of the rock declivity at Portna, where the Bann descends 17 feet in the distance of half a mile: and thirdly, by diverting the river Main into the Bann, by a new cut, above Randalstown, where the Glanwherry river joins the Main; at the same time deepening the channel of the Main. These alterations would leave a depth of ten feet water in the Bann for navigation, and afford an increase of 80,000 acres of available land on the banks of the lake.

Another object would also be attained, by confining this body of water to more definite limits, viz. the absolute site of its basin would remain the same, which has lately been ascertained to vary, and the waters appear to have inundated one region while they have retreated from another: of this a sufficient proof is afforded by the discovery of a boat 23½ feet long and six broad, under four feet of bog, and lying beside a quay or pier: near this place a canal also was distinctly traced. The boat was of the canoe kind, hollowed out of a solid trunk of oak, which must have been upwards of seven feet in diameter. This curiosity was discovered at the foot of Knocklough-rain, about four miles west of Lough Beg.

The royalties and fishery of Lough Neagh were granted to the Earl of Donegall, under the name of Lough Sidney or Lough Chichester, and they are held in lease by the Viscounts Massareen, or their representatives. The species of fish which visit periodically are the salmon and eel; there are others which are permanent inhabitants, viz. the bodach or churl, some of which are found to weigh upwards of thirty pounds; its flesh is of a deep red, and has an excellent relish. The pollan, or fresh-water herring, called by the English the shad, or mother of herrings, is taken here in great quantities: it is scaled and shaped like a herring, but the back is of a lighter blue, and the head smaller and more pointed: it is found in Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh, but not in such abundance, and several have been taken in the rivers Thames and Severn, and it has been asserted that one was caught in the Liffey near Dublin.

There are besides, pike, trout, roach, and bream, in great abundance, and they are easily taken; and finally, the salmo alpinus or charr, which was supposed peculiarly to inhabit the English lakes, frequents this great lake also. We had occasion to mention the occurrence of this species of fish in our Guide to the County of Wicklow, and refer the reader to the article upon Lough Dan for whatever information it was deemed expedient to afford upon either its natural history, or place of existence in the British Islands.

There are two extraordinary properties of this immense sheet of water, yet untold, viz. its healing and petrifying qualities. The first of these I take to be fabulous; but as very grave and learned naturalists have not hesitated to mention this property, I shall quote their words, without vouching for their authenticity: "The healing pro-

" perty of Lough Neagh is supposed to be confined to " that part of the lake called the *Fishing-bay*, which is " bounded by the school lands of Dungannon. The occa- " sion of first taking notice of this bay for cure, is said to " have been in the reign of Charles II, in the in- " stance of the son of Mr. Cunningham, who had an evil " to that degree, that it run on him in eight or ten " places. He was touched by the king (to whose royal " touch a virtue was at that time ascribed of healing this " distemper), and all imaginable means were unsuccess- " fully used for his recovery: his body was so wasted " that he could not walk. At length he was bathed " in this lake for eight days, when his sores were dried " up, and he grew healthy, and married, had children, " and lived many years."—*Downe Survey.*

The very name of Neagh, which is probably a corruption of Neasganulcer, seems to allude to an ancient belief in this healing property of the waters; and also the more ancient name of Lionnmhuine, *i. e.* the Lake of the Sore, bears a similar reference. The fabulous writers of the early ages assert, that Lough Neagh first burst forth in the year 65 of the Christian Era, when Lugaid Rhaibderg ascended the throne of Ireland, at which time there were but three lakes and ten rivers in the whole kingdom.

The petrifying quality of the lake is attended with circumstances of a more interesting nature to the philosopher, and has continued to puzzle our most sagacious naturalists from the time of Nennius, who wrote of this fact in the ninth century, to the present day.

Tradition states, that pieces of holly have been completely transmuted into stone in the space of seven years, by the waters of the lake, while the experiments of the philosopher prove that a lapse of twenty years was in-

sufficient to cause the slightest apparent tendency to petrefaction in pieces of the same timber, similarly disposed. One account asserts, that a holly stake has been driven into the sandy bottom of the lake, so that one portion was buried in the sand, another under water, and the remainder exposed to the atmosphere, and the result was that the lower part was converted into iron, the middle into stone, and the upper part retained its ligneous nature; but this harmless chimera is unworthy of belief. Such an experiment was tried, for the purpose of ascertaining to which of the three elements in question the petrifying quality was attributable, but probably neither the duration of the experimentalist's life, nor the impatience of discovery, permitted the result of a sufficient experiment to be fairly established; and the state of the argument at this day is, that such a property or petrifying quality actually exists in the vicinity of Lough Neagh; but where this virtue resides, whether in the soil, the water, or the exhalations which arise from the lake, is still a matter of controversy amongst the learned.

The strand of the Lough abounds in very beautiful pebbles, much resembling the Scotch, and susceptible of a very high polish; they form an article of profitable trade to the peasantry, who have learned to detect the most valuable with great expertness. Several beautiful specimens may be seen in the excellent mineralogical collection of the Royal Dublin Society.

We have mentioned the various subjects of importance connected with this expansive aqueous plain, viz. its capability of improvement, by lowering the surface and deepening the rivers, so as to form a most valuable Ultonian navigation: also its natural curiosities, and useful productions. The nature of this little sketch prohibits more

than a superficial view; but these subjects have been dwelt upon by very able writers, whose object was to arrest the attention of the legislature.* The tourist must not expect to find in the scenery of Lough Neagh that picturesque character for which most of the Irish lakes have been so much celebrated; the view is one tame, extensive, and unbroken scene, of a cold and monotonous character. There is no bold promontory or overhanging rock, no island crowned with wood to break and diversify the prospect. There are but two small islands in the Lough, Black-water Island, at the mouth of the river from which it derives its appellation, and Ram Island, which is rendered remarkable by its lofty ancient round tower: this latter is about three miles from the shore; and from the shallowness of the intervening channel, is supposed to have been a peninsula when the tower was built. The height of the remaining part of the tower is about forty feet, and is in good preservation. Boats can readily be procured near the village of Crumlin, to make an excursion to the island, which has lately been much improved by Lord O'Neill, who purposes residing there occasionally.

Town of Antrim.

The town of Antrim, to which the tourist is now supposed to be returned, was formerly a place of much more dignity than it is at present. It stands upon the 'Six Mile

* See an admirable little essay on this subject, lately published by a member of the Royal Dublin Society, intituled "Report of the Causes of the Disorders of Ireland, &c."

Water', and is very conveniently situated for the trade of Lough Neagh. There was a custom-house once at this place, the duties of which are now performed at Belfast; and the privilege of returning two members to parliament has been discontinued since the union of 1800. Here stood an ancient abbey, founded by Durtract, a disciple of St. Patrick, the records of which are very imperfect. In 1649 the town was burned by the puritan Munroe, and in 1798 there was a dreadful engagement between a body of 6,000 rebels and the King's troops, in which the former were defeated with great slaughter. There is a tolerable linen market established here, and it is also a fair, and post town. The population, which does not appear to have increased much within the last ten years, amounts to about 2,500. There is a very neat church, adorned with a spire; also two Presbyterian meeting houses, and one Roman Catholic chapel.

The road from Antrim to Belfast* passes through a rich and highly improved country, although the character of the scenery is not very picturesque. Here are several bleach-greens attached to the neat, and sometimes splendid, mansions of the proprietors, who are here totally divested of that mistaken pride which the Irish have been remarked to possess, of disowning their connexion with the source and means of their wealth and respectability. This is not the character of their prudent neighbours of Britain; and the wealth, independence, and happiness of Ulster, is a palpable evidence that a dignified and honourable commercial reputation is an attendant upon national happiness, and one of the first and greatest occasions of national self-gratulation.

* Antrim to Belfast thirteen miles and two furlongs.

The road passes through Temple-Patrick, where stands Castle Upton, formerly the residence of Lord Templeton, an absentee noble; and, passing under the brow of Cave-hill, joins the Carrick-Fergus road on the shore of Belfast Lough, about two miles from that city, where the tourist is to be deserted by his guide, and committed to the fidelity of his memory to ascertain the best and safest road to what the poets call his "*dulce domum*," which we here take Belfast to represent.

We have now concluded our tour of the third great object of curiosity to inquisitive travellers, for which Ireland has long been celebrated; and though the beauties of Wicklow are of an agreeable, fascinating, and refined character, those of Killarney sublime and romantic, so that the one is a deserving rival of its opposing neighbour Wales, and the other may fairly dispute the praise of sublimity and grandeur with the boldest scene amongst the lakes of England; yet the tourist who has visited each of these, untainted by national prejudice, will not hesitate to acknowledge, that while the bold and beautiful shores and glens, upon the eastern boundary of Antrim, are not unworthy of comparison with the most pleasing scenery of either countries, the various natural phenomena, so interesting to the geological philosopher, with which the Causeway is replete, will produce more unqualified confessions of admiration at the Omnipotence of the Great Creator of the universe, than the wildest glens of Wicklow, Westmorland, or Killarney.

THE END.

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